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# High Times

**March**

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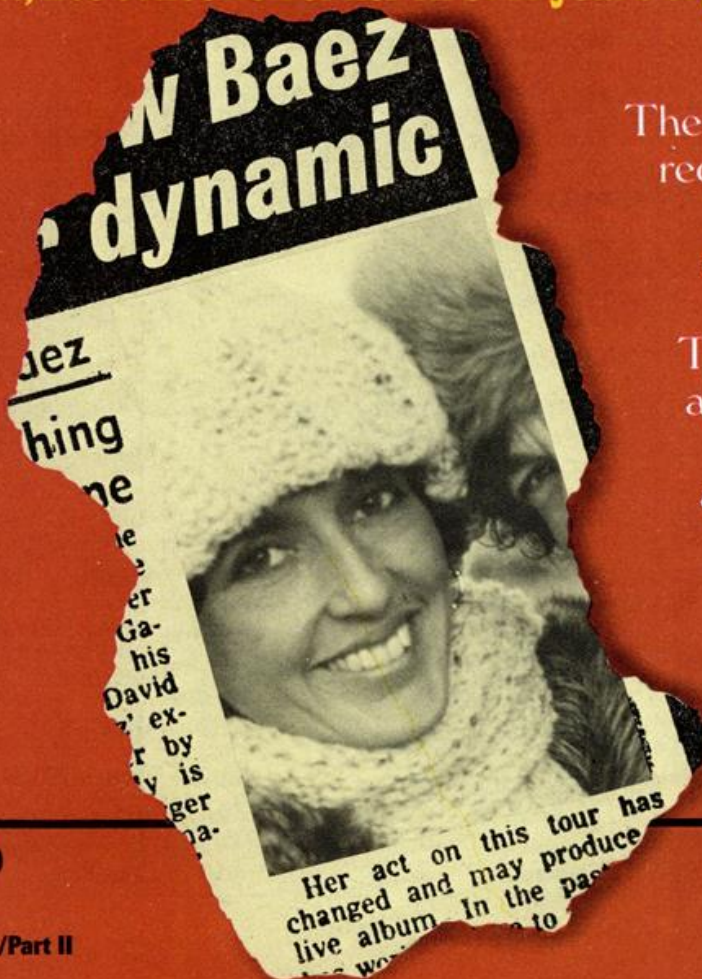
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March No. 8

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# Lines

## Situation NORML

*High Times* is a business—dedicated to bringing you an entertaining and informative magazine about adventures in consciousness. We have no axes to grind—high or low—and within our staff are some who feel that decriminalization should be the limit of pot reform, thus preventing a big-business takeover, while others urge laissez-faire legalization with no holds barred.

Like many other businesses, *High Times* has not taken a public stand in outright support of marijuana law reform. Most of our readers seem to assume that we endorse it; others calculate that we scorn the notion of government-regulated ganja. Both of the above are correct. At any rate, putting out a magazine on a monthly basis allows us little time to participate in the prolonged civic agitation that successful pot reform requires.

However, everyone here agrees that present antimarijuana laws are dangerous. They are unenforceable and breed selective enforcement; they waste precious millions of dollars that could benefit the public; they place an unnecessary burden on the court systems, delaying more important cases and forcing poorer defendants to be caged longer. Worst of all, antimarijuana laws damage the lives and reputations of countless millions of Americans and contribute mightily to the deterioration of our personal liberty.

NORML, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, tackles this problem head on. The Washington D.C.-based national lobbying group is at least partially responsible for more lenient dope laws in six states. This success has been achieved by dint of hard work on the part of NORML lobbyists in those states, who often put in 12 hours a day at their offices, speak to countless civic groups and hit the streets regularly with petitions to gather support.

Most people who've heard about NORML really don't know much about it. From their ads they look to be a well-meaning, liberalish organization that sells knick-knacks sporting its logo to raise funds, and they run ads in expensive magazines like *Playboy*. As a result, it's almost natural to assume that NORML is a pack of well-heeled opportunists who intend to cash in on the inevitable legalization of marijuana, and it is inevitable. Nothing could be further from the truth—or more dangerous to believe.

NORML is chronically broke. Its costly ad campaigns in *Playboy* and *High Times* use space donated by the publishers. The staff at the national and local levels live from hand to mouth. National Director Keith Stroup, for example, earns only \$13,500 a year to support his family and lives in the Washington NORML office. Stroup is a highly qualified attorney who could be earning an incomparably higher income, but he has turned down many lucrative dope cases because he felt they would interfere with his work at NORML. He has recently filed for personal bankruptcy.

With support and financial encouragement, NORML could double last year's victories against antimarijuana laws this election year. In its 1976 platform, NORML has for the first time announced its support of both backyard, home-grown grass and studies of the means by which marijuana will be distributed after legalization. NORML is not merely interested in the theoretical right to get high; they are committed to the practice.

The Playboy Foundation has been NORML's single angel from its start, but recent corporate troubles have forced Hugh Hefner to lower this year's pledge. *High Times* has decided to contribute a similar amount on a per-month basis. We feel that the future is at stake.

*High Times* hopes not only that its support for NORML is an investment in the future but also that it will convince our readers that something must be done in actions as well as words. Those out there who are smugglers, dealers or just everyday smokers with \$10, \$10,000, \$100,000 or \$1,000,000 they wouldn't miss would do well to send it to NORML. ☐

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# Letters



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### Tortured American Writes Home

I'm stuck in Santa Marta Prison in Mexico City with 40 other American women. I just read the Dec./Jan. issue of *High Times*. The brief mention of us there prompted me to write and tell you a little more about what's going on down here.

Besides the women, there are about 90 men incarcerated in the infamous "Black Palace." Most of us were busted for importation of cocaine while in transit through Mexico City to the United States from South America. The penalty is seven to 18 years, with no parole or probation.

There are many violations of our constitutional and human rights. For example, the use of cattle prods is in vogue with Mexican *federales*. Everyone here—without exception—was denied a lawyer upon arrest.

An American grandmother was made to stand barefoot in cold water while she was repeatedly shocked on the genitals. She was then forced to urinate in the presence of five *federales*. A Viet Nam vet had a cattle prod at full power shoved up his rectum. A young woman had her pierced earrings ripped out of her ears, her jawbone chipped by an officer's fist, and was forced to watch her husband be tortured during an eight-hour interrogation at which a DEA agent, Arthur Sedillo, badge number 1944, was present.

An early American law, statute number 1732, states in effect: If the President is informed that American citizens imprisoned in foreign prisons have had their rights violated, he must take all steps, short of war, to secure the release of those citizens. Now there is an organization by that name—1732—that is compiling information and taking action for our release. Their address is 12612 Inglewood Ave., Hawthorne, Ca. 90250.

—Robyn Everman, Santa Marta Prison,  
Mexico City, Mexico

High Times reports in "Law" this issue on a recent Mexican Supreme Court decision that will free some prisoners from Mexican jails. What about the others?

—Ed.

### Boo Blossoms in Nebraska

In your Aug./Sept. issue you published a letter warning about the dangers of picking weed in Kansas which said "it's just not worth the trouble" because wildweed "has very little potential for getting one high."

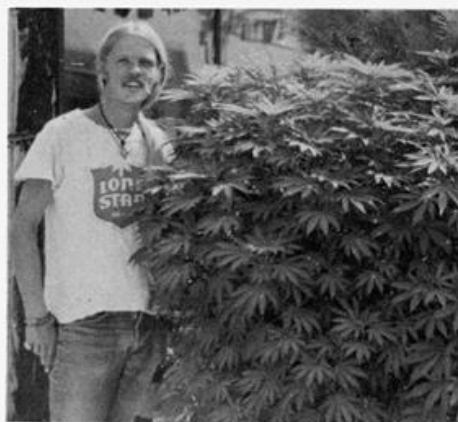
The letter was right on one point: picking wildweed can be dangerous sheriffwise. But it was dead wrong about not being worth the trouble.

I favor Nebraska wildweed myself, being a native of that state. Watch carefully the turning of the seasons, and in early fall, when the plants are in blossom, pick only the flowering tops. After curing, separate the pollen and flowers from the leaves and stems. The resulting flour can then be used to make the most bodacious brownies on the face of this earth.

"Bought stuff" just can't compare with Nebraska flowers!

—Anonymous, Columbus, Ohio

### Texas Tike



In your Oct./Nov. issue, you printed a photo of a large baby pot plant from Alaska and challenged Texas to match it.

This adolescent was born and raised in Texas by myself and some friends. We can't wait 'til the ice melts.

—D.H., Berkeley, Ca.

### Breast Leaves Bad Taste

As a woman and a *High Times* fan, I am writing to complain about your October/November cover photo. I resent the use of a photograph of a woman's breast, a part of my body I consider both beautiful and personal, being used to attract attention and sell magazines. I expected more awareness from your collective head than to exploit the female anatomy a la *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and the rest of that dehumanizing genre of magazines.

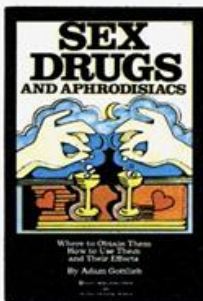
Expanded consciousness hopefully leaves Bosco, silicone and the female breast out of public relations and advertising.

—Marilyn S. Kessler,  
Takoma Park, Md.

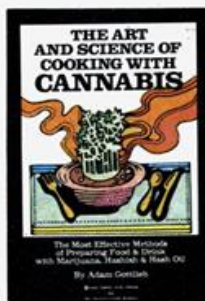
If we used sex to sell issue after issue, your point about our collective consciousness would be well taken. However, the fact that the breast is beautiful and personal should not disqualify it from ever appearing as cover art on a magazine. Let us not return to the prudishness that *Playboy* rightly sought to destroy.

—Ed.

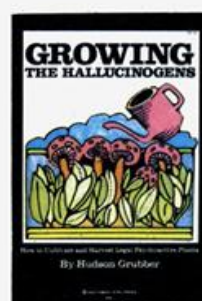




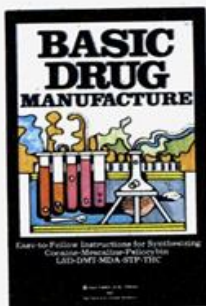
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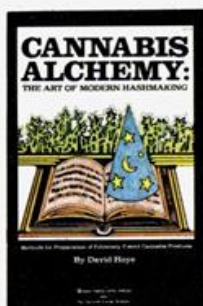
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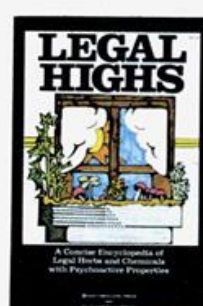
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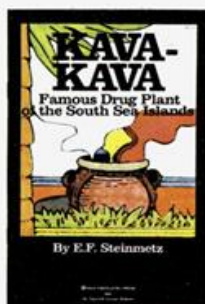
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Each is manicured, sticky to the touch, spicy, seedless with pods and a perfect compliment of pollen.

—Name and address withheld

## Buckeyes Get New Bag

I thought you might be interested in a new idea in packaging that has been developed in Ohio. The "Ohio bag," a Zip-Lock plastic parcel of commercial Mexican weighing 100 grams (the legal maximum for simple possession fines under Ohio's new dope law), has hit the streets. At \$40 a bag, that figures out to about \$11.70 an ounce—a hard deal to beat around here.

For some more good news, domestic is turning up that looks, smells, tastes and works like the gold of last summer. Ohio growers seem to be getting their shit together.

—Tom Y., Cincinnati, Ohio

## Just Plains Sex



Here's a picture of one successful venture on the High Plains. These are one and a half months old. Through experimentation I discovered that if you love your plants they will return that love many times over.

So I fuck them. —C.L.H., Rose Hill, Ks.

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### DMT, C'est la Vie

We are now serving time for attempted manufacture of DMT, and we thought we should warn anyone with similar ideas to beware of friendly sales reps from chemical companies. In January '75, I purchased the chemicals necessary to produce approximately one gram of DMT, and it seems the man at the chemical company (General Scientific Co., Richmond, Va.) became curious and checked with the narcs. The narcs in turn checked my record and set me up for a bust.

They followed me in a helicopter to my home and watched me until I left to "do my thing" at the "lab." Lacking a better excuse, the big pig in charge swore that he had smelled ether from 20 feet away from a 15-foot-high window in the wind and rain. I just hope this will help turn others on to the lengths narcs will go to protect "their" society from the so-called drug subculture.

—Name withheld, Petersburg, Va.

### Brick Beauty



This was some of the finest Colombian in Baltimore all season. This beauty weighs in at 15.7 pounds and is one of 15 such bricks with weight between 12.6 and 15.9 pounds that have since departed. I can say with pure pleasure that I personally unwrapped all but three.

—Name withheld, Baltimore, Md.

### Baba BooBoo

While appreciating J.B. Alexander's fine comments upon *Guru Gita*, by Baba Muktananda, I would like to take this opportunity to clarify a few mistakes.

Baba Muktananda, or Swami Muktananda Paramahansa, which is his full title, is not an artist renaming himself after his master, as stated in Mr. Alexander's review. Nor is he "a black American jazz musician who journeyed to Guru Gita's camp in Ganeshpuri, India, some time ago in search of the inner spirit." On the contrary, he is the master. He has thousands of followers the world over and is currently on a world tour extending his message. "God dwells within you," to all who are able to hear.

*Guru Gita* was recorded several years ago by Baba Muktananda at the request of his followers. It was done at his ashram headquarters in Ganeshpuri, India, on a small portable tape recorder. It is not a modern professional recording, nor does it pretend to be. It is certainly "meditative," as the review stated, and that is precisely what it is supposed to be, for meditation is the spiritual practice that Baba Muktananda recommends for the achievement of the highest spiritual goal.

Thank you for your time. Baba quite enjoyed the review—he laughed a lot.

May your hearts overflow with the bliss of the Lord.

—Arjuna, SYDA Foundation,  
Oakland, Ca.

### Nippon Highs

Japan is an alcoholic culture—but the weed is making inroads slow but sure. For years the local freaks have burned out their brains on glue or meth, which is a damn sad way to get high. The airplane glue freaks used to be called *Futenzoku*, the Tribe of Heaven's Wind—but most of them are dead or vegetables by now.

Young Japanese who've traveled abroad know what they want when they get back to this island nation, but have a tough time getting it. Thai sticks come in through GIs, merchant seamen, etc., but are hard to come by and cost an arm and a leg. Legal penalties are also quite severe. There's some domestic production in the mountain provinces as a spin-off from the rope and birdseed industries. The quality is low to moderate, the supply erratic and the prices sky high. In a country where a shot of booze can be had some places for \$30, it's a long old haul.

—Taima Tom, Tokyo

### Rolled Gold



Please find enclosed a photograph of what we believe to be the world's largest joint—11.7 feet long, 1.4 feet in diameter, and 117.3 kilos in weight.

I tossed a coin to decide if I should send it to you or to the *Book of Records*. You lost.

—Bob Davis, Denver, Co.

### Correction

The coauthor of "The Subsidized High," *High Times*, Dec./Jan., is Michael Krummel. ☐

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## Hopscotch Gold

**Q:** We've heard that crossing weed with hops will produce an unidentifiable pot plant, so we've been trying to find a source for hops seed—specifically *Humulus lupulus*—but our search has been a bust. We believe that the commercial name for these hops is "Brewers Gold" or "Bullion." Could you tell us if we're on a wild goose chase or not?

—Weasle Weed and Buzzard Buttons, Gary, Ind., and B.K. and M.K., Philadelphia, Pa.

**A:** Sorry, but you are on a wild goose chase. Yes, *Humulus* and *Cannabis* are the two genera comprising the family Cannabaceae and can be successfully grafted. The *Cannabis* section of the graft will produce cannabinoids characteristic of the particular strain used.

If your desire is to produce a plant that won't be recognized as cannabis, then you must graft a hops scion (top) on a Cannabis stock (bottom). However, the hops top will not produce psychoactive cannabinoids, since these products are characteristic only of Cannabis tops and are not translocated from the Cannabis stock to the hops scion.

Cannabis scions on hops stocks produce cannabinoids in concentrations characteristic of the particular strain used, but then the plant is easily recognized.

## No Fungus Among Us

**Q:** Is the growing and eating of psilocybin mushrooms legal in the U.S.?

—Julia Wynecki, Albany, N.Y.

**A:** No! Contrary to popular belief, psilocybin, even in the mushroom form so common in the United States, is not a legal high. It is prohibited even for medical use. Under Schedule I of the Controlled Substances Act of 1970, psilocybin enjoys the same status as marijuana—and federal law lumps them both together with heroin. Most states have adopted similar statutes, following the federal guideline.

## Manhattan Silver

**Q:** Here are two dope trivia questions I've wanted to get down for a while now. First, does the extremely difficult-to-obtain "Manhattan Silver" really grow beneath sewer grates? Is it albino? Is it the most dynamite shit on the planet, or is it regular weed laced with something good?

Also, are there really blind alligators in the sewers of New York?

—J. Apostoli, Fairfax, Ca.

**A:** The myth of "Manhattan Silver" growing in the sewers of New York began in 1967, the year of the great "underground" put-ons. Marijuana does not grow in the sewers of Manhattan, and there is no such thing as albino marijuana. Enterprising dealers often use the epithet "Manhattan Silver" to boost sales of any light-colored grass they may have in stock. A few small alligators have been found in the N.Y.C. sewer system. Whether they were blind or not, we don't know.

## Old Saint Pete: Cactus Facts

**Q:** We are trying to get a San Pedro cactus to grow in the less than friendly Maine climate. How much of the plant is required for an average trip? What is the best way of preparation?

—Mary, from Maine

**A:** The San Pedro, somewhat similar to peyote, but legal, is a tall, branching cactus indigenous to Peru and Ecuador, but it should grow in Maine if properly cared for.

To prepare, cut a three-inch diameter piece, three to six inches long, peel it and eat. Scrape the meat that clings to the inside of the skin, since it is the most potent. Or mash or cut the cactus into small pieces and boil in a quart of water for two hours, strain and drink slowly. Takes one to one and a half hours to come on, lasts about six hours and is more tranquil than peyote. You should be able to "top" the branches of the San Pedro without injuring the plant.

## Climate Affects Crops

**Q:** I came across the following quote while reading a marijuana growing guide: "If you take good Mexican seeds (Acapulco, for example) and grow them in Seattle, the first harvest will be high potency, but that strength will decrease after four or five years until the dope is no better than domestic Seattle."

The article also suggested that the reverse is true: by taking seeds from domestic Seattle weed and growing them in Acapulco, the potency will increase over several generations until it is equal to most Acapulcan.

Is this true? —Lobo, Northern Indiana

**A:** Almost. But just why this is so has never been satisfactorily explained, nor has any scientific study actually moni-

tored a change in potency through several generations.

The change has to do with natural selection, but the particular selecting agent and its action have not been identified. Ultimately, a wise farmer anywhere maintains quality by carefully selecting his most potent plants to pollinate and produce seed.

## Rainbow Weed

**Q:** Perhaps you could tell us how the different kinds of exotic dopes get their distinctive colors. Are you aware of any processes used by growers or harvesters to turn pot from, say, brown to green, to a more attractive gold or red? And how can we get rid of that sickening homegrown smell?

—Paul Davis, Bloomington, Minn., and Mike Rowe, Stevens Point, Wis.

**A:** Commercial marijuana is often harvested after the seeds are well developed (increasing the weight) and the plant has begun to dehisce. At that time, the plant is dying and the chlorophylls that give the plant its green color disintegrate, leaving the accessory pigments, with their characteristic brown, gold and yellow colors. This is the same phenomenon that gives trees their fall colors. The actual colors will vary from strain to strain and with the local environment.

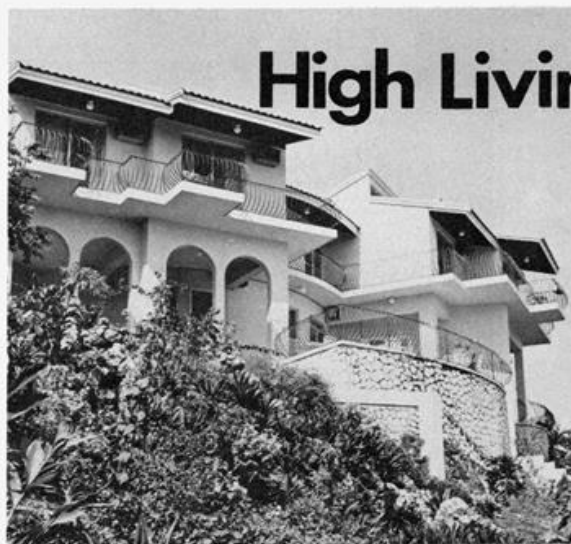
Color is also affected by the amount of resin and by nutritional deficiencies. Red stems, from anthocyanin pigments, are characteristic of some strains as well as indicating potassium deficiency. Red petioles result from a lack of phosphorus or a severe nitrogen deficiency. Potassium and nitrogen deficiencies at the end of the growing season are common with commercial grass, for which farmers use just enough fertilizer to carry the plant into its flowering phase. These deficiencies will also cause the leaves to yellow or brown before harvesting.

Curing can affect color but is more likely to alter taste and aroma. Homegrown is usually well tended, and the plants are healthy and green when harvested. If quick-dried, the plants retain their green color and chlorophyll taste. Slow curing in a warm, humid climate will change the grass to a more familiar taste.

More often, homegrowers use a slow-cure process to improve taste and texture. The plants are hung intact at room temperature for a few days, until the leaves begin to feel dry but still do not crumble when touched. The main stem is removed, and the grass, still attached to the



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smaller branches, is loosely placed in a paper or burlap bag. The bag is closed and then opened each day to allow moisture out and to prevent the grass from accumulating in a tight pile, which will develop molds or mildew. This procedure is continued until the grass is comfortable to smoke and has a texture like fresh pipe tobacco. Some growers use glass jars for this final curing (called sweating), but the process is essentially the same. If at any time molds develop (the unpleasant odor is obvious), the grass must be removed and quick-dried with heat.

## Morning Glory Story

**Q:** In *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, by Tom Wolfe, there are several references made to eating or swallowing morning glory seeds for a psychedelic experience. Is this just another banana peel jive, or is there something to it?

I now live amongst several acres of the stuff and hate to see a good trip go to waste. I once heard that there was something poisonous about the plant, so I thought I'd check with you.

—Patrick Davis, Acampo, Ca.

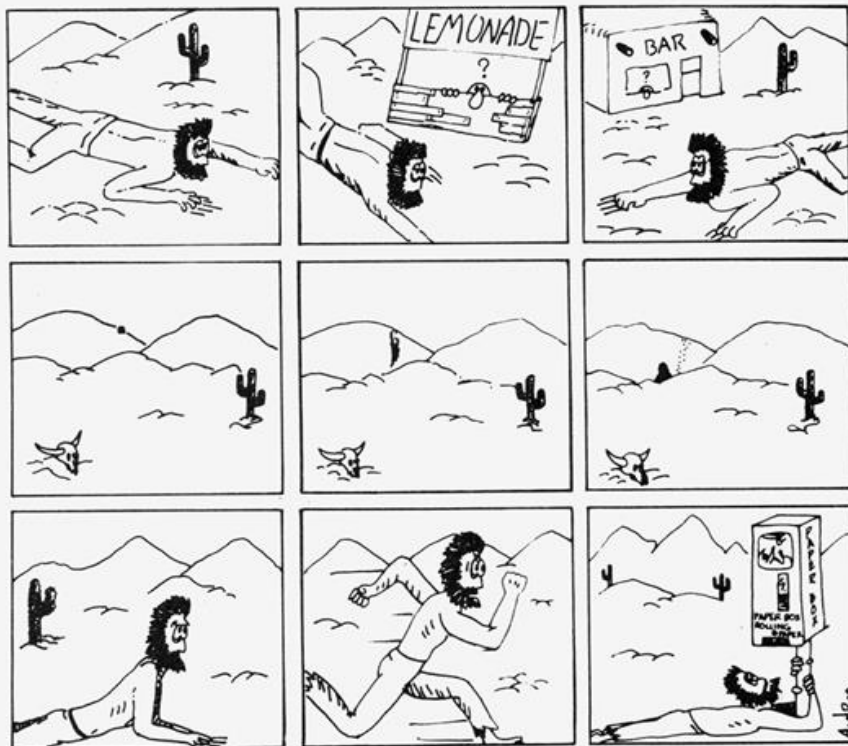
**A:** Morning glory seeds are indeed an effective psychedelic, inducing a mild LSD-like trip lasting for several hours, often with time distortion. They should not be eaten by pregnant women, nor by anyone with a history of hepatitis.

If you're not growing your own, make sure the seeds you buy have not been chemically treated. The best varieties to use are Heavenly Blue, Pearly Gates and Flying Saucers. Dosage is about 5 to 10 grams, or 300 to 600 seeds. They may be chewed and swallowed as is, or prepared in a drink or cooked with food.

Morning glories do produce some natural toxins, so even if your seeds are untreated, don't be surprised if midway through the trip you develop some alarming symptoms of nausea, shaking, stomach cramps and diarrhea. These will all pass after a couple of hours. You'll be in no danger of dying, although you may wish you could.

**High Times DOES NOT recommend morning glory seeds as a way to get high.**

All questions about getting high will be considered for "Forum," and those of most interest will be answered. Be as specific as possible for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ■



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# Law

## Mexican Violations Curbed

A landmark decision by the Mexican Supreme Court may hasten the release of some 500 Americans who are currently behind bars in Mexico. This comes on the heels of mounting American condemnation of questionable tactics used by Mexican police.

The high court ruled in a 3-2 decision that foreigners cannot be searched and detained if they are merely changing planes in Mexico City or are aboard an airline that lands in Mexico for refueling. Mexican police have taken wanton advantage of the previous situation to bust hundreds of travelers who were merely en route from South America to the U.S. and Canada.

Nearly 600 Americans are presently incarcerated in Mexico on a variety of dope-related charges. Most of them were arrested in the Mexico City Airport.

## Informant to Profit from Bust

The 10th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has ruled that informant Ronald A. Nocenti should receive the \$17,400 profit from a dope smuggling deal that sent three people to federal prison.

Nocenti's cooperation in busting an alleged cocaine smuggling scheme resulted in the prosecution and sentencing of Eugene Louis Maldone, Craig Mundt and Larry Merkowitz in Denver.

Nocenti claims that federal agents he worked for promised him he could keep what money was left over from the \$18,500 deal he allegedly negotiated for three kilos of Peruvian rock. The agents later tried to keep the money, Nocenti says.

Aside from the \$17,400 that will be delivered to him in the event that the government does not appeal, Nocenti received \$16,000 for his services as an informant.

## Denver Dopers Can Be Searched

Undercover agents invited into a home and offered dope have the legal right to search the premises, according to a recent ruling by the Colorado Supreme Court.

The ruling overturned the decision of a Fort Collins, Colorado, judge who said evidence seized in the drug arrest could

not be used at trial. Larimer County District Judge Conrad Ball had suppressed evidence largely because the undercover officer used a six-day-old warrant.

The case involved Joyce Nisser, who invited the agent into her home, provided him with marijuana and was busted. The agent had gone to her home with the warrant and with the intent to make another "buy." Defense attorneys claimed the six-day delay in executing the warrant was an abuse of process and an invasion of the woman's Fourth Amendment rights.

"We disagree," said the court. "The defendant invited the agent into her home. The agent in no way relied on the arrest warrant or the color of his office in order to gain entry."

"It is well established that there is no unreasonable search when an undercover agent, posing as a willing participant in an unlawful transaction, gains entry by invitation and observes or is handed contraband."

It might be a good idea to ask what your visitors came for before handing them a joint.

## California Law Still Stings

Marijuana still carries criminal penalties in California despite statements that dope has been decriminalized under the state's new marijuana bill.

Possession of any amount of marijuana—even less than one ounce, which subjects a violator to a traffic-ticket-like fine—remains a misdemeanor. A person found with small amounts of grass for personal use must provide an officer with proper identification.

Since January 1, it has been legal to be in a place where others are smoking, assuming one has no dope in one's possession and is not "responsible" for any weed at the location of the "crime." In addition, being high has been legalized in the Golden State, although it remains illegal to drive under the influence of marijuana or any other drug.

Three or more marijuana convictions in a two-year period require the offender to participate in the Drug Offender Diversion Program, under which arrest and conviction records may be wiped out after two years.

Police have the option of arresting people under felony or misdemeanor charges if they are found with more than



an ounce of grass. Possession with intent to sell and actual sale remain felonies. The maximum penalty is six months in jail and/or a fine of \$500, though a judge may order the offender in the diversion program.

Possession of "concentrated cannabis," resin (crude or refined), hash and hash oil, may be prosecuted as either a misdemeanor or a felony, but the arresting officer will make the charge a felony and the court will decide whether the charge should be reduced to a misdemeanor. Maximum penalty is one year in county jail and/or \$500 fine, or one to five years in state prison. There is no destruction of records.

Transporting and giving away an ounce or less of marijuana are treated the same as possession.

Anyone arrested and/or convicted of a dope charge before January 1 has the right to apply to the superior court where the arrest or conviction occurred to have the records destroyed. The court will hold a hearing, and if the finding is favorable, even the petition and erasure orders will be destroyed.

The law still stings, according to some police officers, but it is definitely a step in the right direction for dopers. California NORML advisors plan to bring the new bill under further scrutiny this year, using the constitutional arguments that led to legal marijuana in Alaska.

## Military Court Ponders Canine Search

Illegal search is the contention of a suit brought before the Court of Military Appeals by Marine Corps Pvt. Steven A. Thomas, who claims that evidence used to convict him of marijuana possession was the result of illegal search.

According to Thomas, when his barracks came up for routine inspection, all the occupants were herded into a classroom. Thomas was told by one of the searchers to open his locker, and after he had done so, a dog was brought into the room.

The dog allegedly "darted into the partially opened locker and brought out a bread wrapper containing marijuana." The searchers then went to Thomas' commander to ask for permission to search the locker.

Government counsel said the dog should have the same credibility as a police fingerprint or a ballistics expert.

Thomas' counsel contended that when such a dog, trained only to sniff out drugs, is led on an "inspection" through a barracks, the inspection becomes a warrantless search.

The CMA, which is expected to rule in the case in the next few months, will have to decide how reliable a dog must be and how that reliability must be proven to an authorizing officer before the search is okayed. It also must decide when such a dog can be used without permission to search.

The ruling could influence other cases currently in litigation, since there is little precedent for canine search and seizure.

## New York's Dope Hope

According to sources close to *High Times*, New York Governor Hugh Carey's upcoming dope bill will decriminalize both possession and sale of marijuana in amounts up to two ounces. Penalty reductions for possession and sale of more than half a pound may also be in store.

Manufacturing or growing of marijuana will be classified as a violation rather than a crime—violators being subject to 15 days in jail and/or a fine.

Last minute controversy over the bill centers on whether to reduce simple possession and sales offenses to a status subject to short jail terms—or to make violators subject to traffic-ticket-like fines, as other states have done.

## Seeks Continued Federal Busts in Texas

Representative Richard C. White of El Paso, Texas, has asked U.S. Attorney General Edward Levi to continue to prosecute street narcotics offenses in El Paso County.

White sent a letter to Levi when he learned that U.S. Attorney Jack Clark of the Western District of Texas had announced that all but large dope cases would be turned over to state, not federal, prosecutors.

Clark's announcement came at a time when the decision was reached to cut back the Drug Enforcement Administration task force in El Paso for alleged misappropriation of funds within the local DEA office. ■

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## Marijuana Aids Cancer Patients

New research indicates that marijuana is effective for alleviating the vomiting and nausea that plague thousands of cancer patients undergoing chemo-therapy, and should be used as a treatment for such side effects.

In a report published by researchers at the Sidney Farber Cancer Center, a branch of the Harvard Medical School, there was at least a 50 percent reduction in vomiting and nausea in 12 of 15 cases involving marijuana drug treatments. Five patients suffered no nausea at all. There was no decrease in vomiting or nausea in 14 control cases on whom a placebo was used.

Patients in the study received delta-9 THC, the active ingredient in marijuana and the one responsible for pot's euphoric effect.

## Tear Gas Caused Cancer Among '60s Demonstrators

A Washington, D.C., medical researcher reports that some police and demonstrators exposed to routine tear gassing during antiwar and other demonstrations of the 1960s may be suffering from skin cancer.

Dr. Robert Dyer, director of the D.C. police and firemen's clinic, says there seems to be one chemical component in tear gas that causes the cancer known as *malignant melanoma*.

Dyer revealed that over the past five years he has treated 12 officers of the D.C. force who have contracted the cancer. A case check of each of the 12 officers' histories found that all of them had been exposed to tear gas during antiwar demonstrations. He suspects that demonstrators may also have been affected by the gas.

Symptoms of the malignancy include black moles on the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet and the genital organs.

## Medical Evidence Suggests Possible Health Hazard to Pot Smokers

A smoking machine that toked 2,000 joints of U.S. Government-issue Mexican reefer produced possible bad news—if the results of the research study are applicable.

Dr. Milton Novotny, associate professor of chemistry at the University of Indiana,

reported to the First Chemical Congress of the North American Continent, held in Mexico City, that a chemical analysis of the reefer residue indicated "higher concentrations of several known carcinogens are encountered in marijuana smoke as compared to tobacco smoke."

Other researchers questioned whether tests done with a machine could be applied to humans. Also, they pointed out, almost everything contains "carcinogenic" substances.

## Electro-Pollution Worries Soviets

Studies in the Soviet Union have targeted high voltage power lines as another form of environmental pollution, and not because of the way they look.

The Soviet scientists found that people working near 400,000-volt lines began to display an instability of pulse and blood pressures, tremors of the arms and legs, sweating and even a decrease in sexual vigor.

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency has recently opened a formal investigation into the impact of high voltage power lines on nearby populations. The Soviets set limits on power line voltages back in 1971.

## Drugstore Dope Ad Claims Termed "Shocking"

Caffeine is the only "mood" drug proven safe and effective among all the ingredients found in nonprescription sleeping pills, stimulants, etc., on which Americans spend millions of dollars annually, this according to a preliminary survey by the Food and Drug Administration. The three-year study of over two dozen ingredients revealed "shocking" advertising claims about various remedies. The review recommended the FDA work with the Federal Trade Commission to crack down on phony and exaggerated claims by manufacturers.

It is also suggested that labeling on daytime sedatives—such as relief of "nervous irritability" or "calming down and relaxing" should be banned.

The Proprietary Association, which is the industry trade organization, accused the panel of ignoring evidence that daytime calmatives and sleep aids are safe and effective.

The FDA report is a preliminary to setting up a committee to determine whether some drugs should be taken off the market and it should be left up to the

industry to prove the effectiveness of certain chemicals.

## Acid Veterans Found "Normal"

A California-based dope researcher reports that the dope-using young people of the 1960s are not now morons permanently destroyed by their sometimes heavy use of psychedelics.

Doctor Stephen Pittel of the Berkeley Center for Drug Studies followed the lives of nearly 250 "flower children" from 1968 into the 1970s. He reports that by 1972 they were for the most part much straighter than they had been in 1967.

Pittel's study was funded by the National Institute of Mental Health. However, Pittel has complained that the NIMH lost interest in his research when his results began showing that most drug users had escaped unscathed by their psychedelic years.

Pittel also said that in spite of a loss of interest in most psychedelics by 1972, many of his subjects remained strongly influenced by the psychedelic vision.

## Tap Water Menace

A biochemist at Case Western Reserve Medical School says he has found that water sitting in household pipes often contains dangerous levels of cadmium, copper, iron, lead, manganese and zinc. People who drink water straight from the tap in the morning may risk metal poisoning as a result.

The scientist, Doctor William Strain, suggests that people let the water run a while in the morning before taking the first gulp.

## California Curbs Drug Industry Profiteering

California Governor Edmund Brown Jr. has signed into law a bill that gives pharmacists the right to substitute less costly generic drugs for certain brand names.

The bill would forbid substitution only when a physician specifically prescribes that only a certain drug be used.

A recent Federal Trade Commission price analysis of brand name and generic drugs indicates that consumers can save from 20 percent to 1,500 percent on the cost of their prescriptions by using generic drugs.

The FTC hopes in the next year to strike down state laws that prohibit drug-





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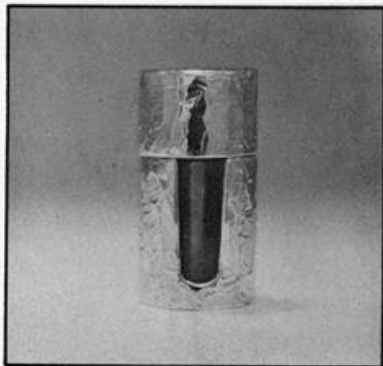
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price advertising, an action that could take effect following public hearings.

## Banned Pharmaceuticals Sold to Third World

Drugs banned in the U.S. are regularly turning up in Latin America and the Caribbean, according to a United Nations staff member.

Robert Ledogar, author of *Hunger and Profits: U.S. Food and Drug Multinationals in Latin America and the Caribbean*, claims, for example, that the Winthrop Company, a subsidiary of Sterling Drugs, sells Winstrol in Latin American countries, where it is advertised as an appetite stimulant for underweight children.

In the U.S., Winstrol is considered too toxic for all but the narrowest uses.

## New Bringdown Invented

An "anti-acid" treatment found to be effective in animals has been developed by microbiology professor Edward Voss of the University of Illinois.

Voss says injections given laboratory animals have been effective in ending LSD "trip" symptoms.

## Biofeedback Replaces LSD for Drunk Therapy

Biofeedback is now being used more often in the treatment of alcoholism at Topeka, Kansas, Veterans' Administration Hospital, where as many as 1,200 patients once took the acid cure.

"It's [biofeedback] a more effective means," said Dr. Mark Ardis, director of the hospital. "We can control and predict results with this program more than we could with LSD."

## Vets Were Drugged

An inquiry into the excessive use of psychotherapeutic drugs at Brecksville, Ohio, Veterans' Hospital has been called for by state Representative Ronald M. Mottl.

Mottl called for the investigation when a report filed in June 1975 disclosed that 550 of the 598 psychiatric patients at the institution were taking psychotherapeutic drugs.

Abnormally high dosages were also reportedly being used on the long-term mentally ill veterans. ■

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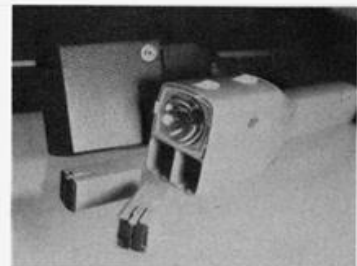
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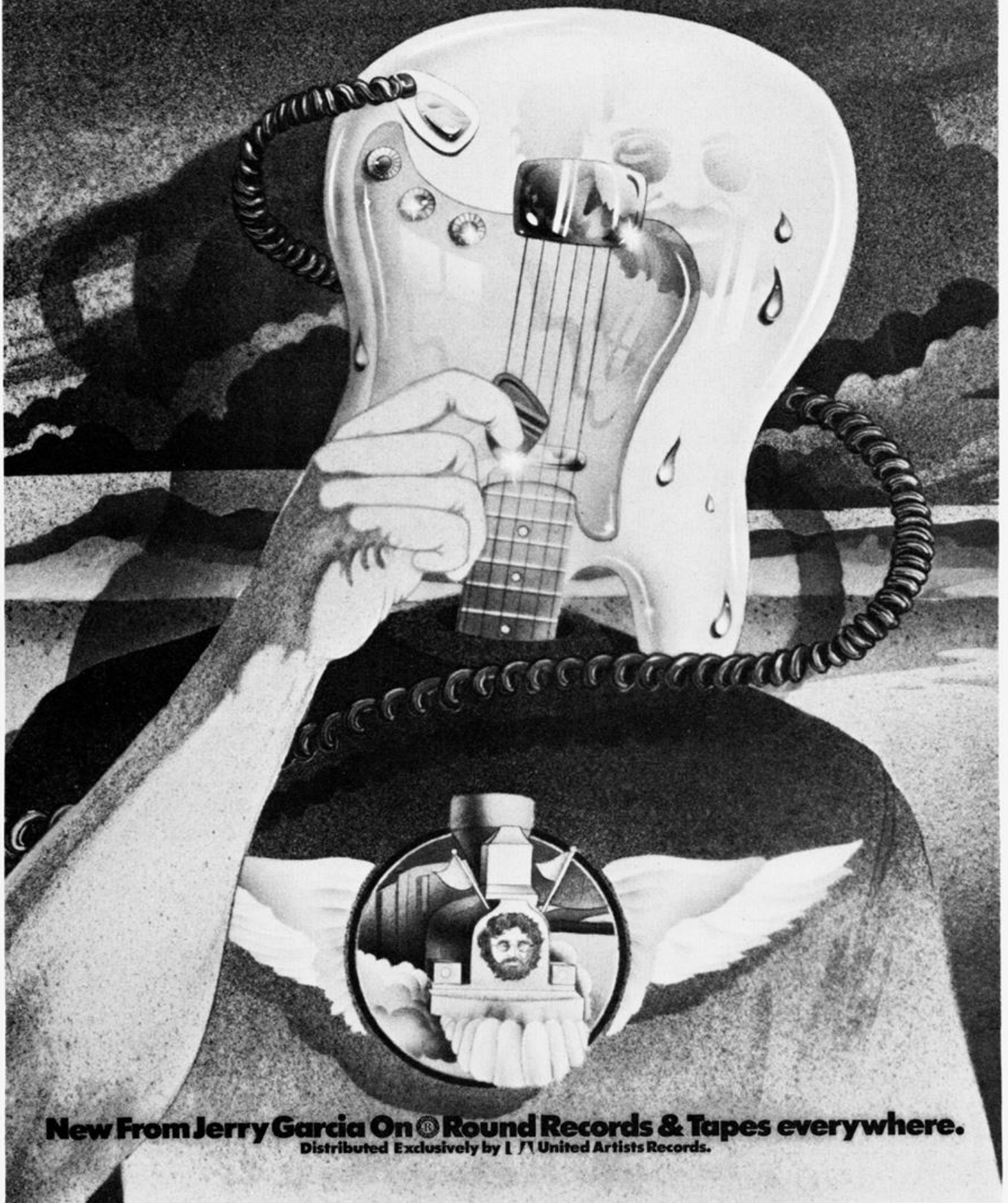
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## Art Kleps, Chief Boo Hoo, Neo-American Church

By Ed Dwyer and Robert Singer

**Art Kleps** Neo-American Boo Hoo Church is far from the worst. At least it is the oldest permanently established, tripping acid game of our time.

From 1963 to 1968, Kleps' Church, Tim Leary's League for Spiritual Discovery and William Haines's Sri Ram Ashram comprised the core of energy behind the psychedelic experiment. Headquartered at William Mellon Hitchcock's estate at Millbrook in Dutchess County, New York, Kleps, Leary, Haines, Richard (Baba Ram Dass) Alpert, Ralph Metzner and Michael Hollingshead spread the gospel of LSD around the planet. By the time G. Gordon Liddy's narcs closed the estate down in 1968, the Millbrook lifestyle had become a pattern for a new world, with LSD, peyote and marijuana as the religious sacraments of new faith.

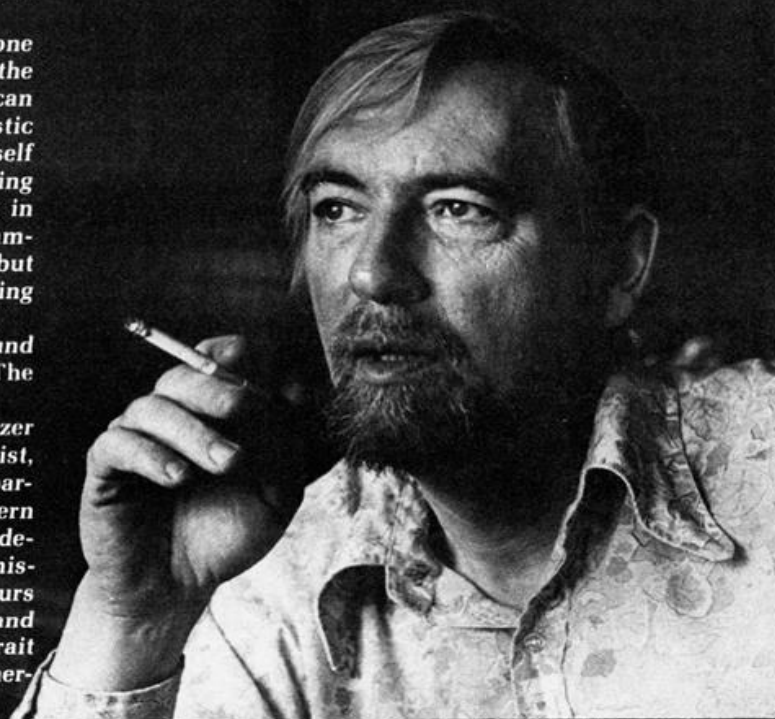
Following the destruction of the "temple," Kleps alone remained steadfast as a man of God—or more properly as the God of man. For, as the Chief Boo Hoo of the Neo-American Church, Kleps became the leading apostle of nihilistic solipsism—solipsism being the doctrine that only the self exists or can be proved to, nihilism the creed that nothing exists or should. It means that everything exists only in Kleps' mind and that he is the undisputed God and champion of his 12 Neo-American Churchpersons—a small but auspicious number of disciples for any up-and-coming deity.

With the publication of the best-selling underground classic *The Boo Hoo Bible* and a successful follow-up, *The Psychedelic Coloring Book*, Kleps was established.

The son of a Lutheran minister, an unreconstructed boozier who hasn't touched a drop in years and former psychologist, Kleps is a dazzling conversationalist whose discourse sparkles with learned allusions to Western philosophy, Eastern philosophy, acid philosophy, bar-room philosophy and decidedly ungodlike sarcasm, irony, self-mockery and miscellaneous jokes. Talking with Kleps for eight or nine hours is like rapping existentialism with Trotsky, Savonarola and your mother rolled into one while they escape from a strait jacket tied with chains in a bank vault under water. Further-

more, Kleps punctuates his sermons with snorts of white powder from a mustard bottle (it's baking soda, for his alehouse stomach).

Art Kleps is 43, lives monogamously in Vermont, and fills up 20 or 30 issues of the official church bulletin, *Divine Toad Sweat*, every year with closely reasoned attacks on heretics like Tim Leary and the Roman Catholics for, among other sins, the error of "occultism": using rituals and rhetoric to manipulate and misinform. Although Kleps feels a little bullshit is okay, as this interview clearly shows, the official slogan of the Neo-American Church is "Victory Over Horseshit."



Ron Kelleher

**High Times:** Is the Neo-American Church the church of being stoned?

**Art Kleps:** Yes. We consider getting stoned to be the be-all and end-all.

**High Times:** And this is because being stoned is closer to the dream stage?

**Art Kleps:** No, because being stoned is knowing the truth.

**High Times:** Which truth?

**Art Kleps:** The truth is whatever you're thinking at the moment, only it seems extremely true at the moment when you think of it. In other words, knowing it's a dream is the benefit of being stoned.

**High Times:** Who runs the Neo-American Church?

**Art Kleps:** I am the church. It's a monarchical church and I don't make any bones

about it. I claim that my understanding of the human situation, the nature of human nature and the meaning of the psychedelic experience is far and away superior to that of any competitor.

**High Times:** Who are your competitors?

**Art Kleps:** Timothy Leary again rears his charming countenance, and I could now go into a big thing about Timothy Leary. But let me rephrase myself: Timmy and I are not really in competition in a genuine sense, since I regard him to be a thorough fraud.

**High Times:** But you are in competition in some sense?

**Art Kleps:** He's a politician. But I think he is all fucked out now. Unfortunately for religion, as part of his assumption of the leadership of the psychedelic move-

ment in a political sense, Tim found it necessary to play the role of the wise man, the philosophic teacher. It is assumed to be part of the act. That was his way to make friends and influence people.

**High Times:** Your acquaintance with Tim Leary goes back to 1963 and the Millbrook Estate group, right?

**Art Kleps:** That's right. It's all in my book *Millbrook* for everyone to read.

**High Times:** Don't you feel guilty about kicking a man when he's down, or appears to be in 1976?

**Art Kleps:** Down, shit! That fucker will never stay down. That's the problem. He relies heavily on the famous short memory of the public.

**High Times:** What about the informer



charge against him?

**Art Kleps:** It wouldn't surprise me if it were all true, but I consider him a candidate more for a Section 8 rather than a dishonorable discharge. Communicating with Kohoutek and other similar shit ... Tim is fundamentally an intellectual whore.

**High Times:** Why do you covet the leadership of the psychedelic movement?

**Art Kleps:** First let's correct a difference in image here. My image is of leadership in a religious sense, in a philosophic sense. I call it the first estate. I claim nothing else, and I'm not saying I am the natural political leader of the psychedelic movement. I'm a philosopher.

**High Times:** Who does the Chief Boo Hoo of the Neo-American Church count among his philosophical predecessors?

**Art Kleps:** Emerson, Thoreau, Berkeley, Hume.

**High Times:** So what is your concept of this psychedelic movement, philosophically?

**Art Kleps:** The psychedelic movement is the ingestion of psychedelic drugs and the effects of the ingestion on consciousness. That's what it's all about. I represent an ancient school of thought concerning these matters. Timothy Leary and the occultists in general represent another ancient way of looking at it. The Jesus freaks are another variant. I represent absolute nihilistic solipsism. By that I maintain that life's all a dream—that's the bottom line. What's more, it is all my dream. I have come to that conclusion.

**High Times:** What are the psychedelic drugs?

**Art Kleps:** LSD, marijuana, peyote, nitrous oxide, STP.

**High Times:** Do you remember when Eldridge Cleaver put Tim Leary under "house arrest" in Algiers and charged him with nihilistic solipsism?

**Art Kleps:** Tim stole that from me. Tim has stolen practically every good idea he's ever expressed.

**High Times:** When did he start stealing your ideas?

**Art Kleps:** As soon as he started hearing them.

**High Times:** What were his own ideas?

**Art Kleps:** Neurological, and that's basically still where he's at.

**High Times:** But how does philosophical talk of solipsism apply to the everyday life of a head better than a neurological explanation like Leary's?

**Art Kleps:** Generally speaking, when you take that big trip, you encounter the realization that the world, that life, existence, is not strictly as it is commonly represented to be in our society in a purely materialistic sense. There are very few acid heads who are materialists. I deny the externality of relations, I deny that there is anything out there beyond myself for the simple reason that I see no reason why I should assume there's anything out there. Nobody can show me

any good reason why I should.

**High Times:** Don't terms like "solipsism" and "nihilism" and names like Emerson and Hume turn off a lot of potential members of the Neo-American Church?

**Art Kleps:** The reason they do is that no magazine with a circulation of 500,000 has ever given these ideas a fair shot at the consciousness that you're addressing. I'll make a prediction that this philosophical question will, within a very short period of time, become the philosophic question of the age.

**High Times:** Whether to decide on nihilistic solipsism?

**Art Kleps:** This is the basic factionalism. On one side or the other.

**High Times:** Would you like to sabotage people like the Maharaj Ji and expose them?

**Art Kleps:** Let's face it, they're all has-beens. But every now and then I think, maybe for the sake of amusement, I wouldn't put it past me to indulge in a little Machiavellian intrigue now and then, if that's what you're getting at. These people fast appear and disappear, to which I think I can claim a contrast of endurance, one of my outstanding characteristics.

**High Times:** Are you still actively ingesting the supreme sacrament [LSD]?

**Art Kleps:** I haven't ingested any large amounts for two years.

**High Times:** What's been stopping you?

**Art Kleps:** The question of set and setting has been holding me back, but any day now, I assure you—because I can tell from the synchronicity that now is the time.

**High Times:** What do you do for a living now?

**Art Kleps:** Welfare and the Neo-American Church. The church income is enough to keep the church going; it's not enough to keep me going. One of our Canadian members recently lent the church a thousand dollars, all of which I intend to give back to him someday in gold coin. My wife, Joan, our daughter and I live in this little cabin with a Franklin stove—a beautiful wife and a beautiful child. I've written a book I'm proud of, and things are getting better all the time.

**High Times:** What was life like back at Millbrook with Tim Leary as "guiding light"?

**Art Kleps:** Did you ever read John Fowles's *The Magus*? That was one of Tim's hot books that did in the Millbrook thing. The idea of putting on a big charade for the benefit of warping one person's head. He really got into that during his most Mephistophelian period. But then he also went through a Jesus Christ period; he would repose in different spots. One day Bill Haines had visitors coming through, and they'd have to step over Tim Leary to get up the stairs. Haines would just say, "This is Dr. Leary."

**High Times:** What would happen when Tim went out of the way to warp somebody's mind?

**Art Kleps:** I have a problem with this. I never tripped with Tim in any intimate situation. I tripped with Tim only at big parties, and by that time it was clear that he wasn't going to get me and I wasn't going to get him.

**High Times:** How about the others, like Haines, Alpert and Billy Hitchcock—what were their experiences?

**Art Kleps:** It was the same thing with Haines, the same thing with Hitchcock, in a sense. I asked Billy Hitchcock one time after he tripped with Tim, what was it like? He couldn't give me a coherent answer; he rolled his eyes up, shrugged his shoulders, shook his head and said "Never again" and "Oh Jesus," something like that. You see, Tim hoaxed it out like crazy. One time everybody sat in a circle and held hands, and there was this girl who was chanting "Skies of blue, skies of blue" and wearing this blue robe, and she sat next to Tim in this circle. And Tim insisted that everybody repeat some Sanskrit mantra. Haines took about an hour of this shit before he and his ashram people stood up as one man and left Tim with his group upstairs.

**High Times:** How do you feel about the accusations that Billy Hitchcock was an informer?

**Art Kleps:** Oh, that smear. He was just bored.

**High Times:** Do you see Millbrook as an antidote to a possible swell of nostalgia about Timothy Leary, the late Sixties and whatever happened in that period?

**Art Kleps:** I don't want it to be an antidote to the nostalgia. I believe in nostalgia. Many of the things about Millbrook were utterly beautiful.

**High Times:** But they are tremendously demystified in Millbrook. The people involved seem no more unique than other people thrown together in a commune; they have the same kind of hostilities, the same kind of headiness, the same kind of games. . . .

**Art Kleps:** I present the simple truth of what was a classic moment.

**High Times:** Was it a classic moment, or are the people who were involved in it overestimating the importance of it?

**Art Kleps:** Of course they were. That's what makes it so classic. The story demonstrates not only what we have to offer but what we're up against.

**High Times:** Who is "we"?

**Art Kleps:** Stoned people.

**High Times:** What relevance does the whole experience at Millbrook represent today to someone who gets high, someone who gets stoned, someone who reads *High Times*?

**Art Kleps:** It represents a classic pious experience which anyone can have, the experience of enlightenment.

**High Times:** Enlightenment to what?

**Art Kleps:** To the truth.



**High Times:** Who fucked it up?

**Art Kleps:** I fucked it up. As a solipsist I have to say I did. Ultimately.

**High Times:** As author of the *Boo Hoo Bible*, *Millbrook* and innumerable pieces of correspondence, do you consider yourself a man of letters?

**Art Kleps:** No. I consider myself to be the Chief Boo Hoo of the Neo-American Church. But I'm very interested in the art of literature, and I'd like to think I have a style that has some redeeming qualities.

**High Times:** Who are you addressing the style to?

**Art Kleps:** Heads.

**High Times:** And why are they ready for you?

**Art Kleps:** Because they've gotten bummed out on every son of a bitch who came along and made a general claim of the type I make.

**High Times:** Which is...

**Art Kleps:** That they understand, that they have a superior understanding of the situation. Give me a minute to expand on that; it's crucial. People are becoming, as you might call it, seduced. Intellectually seduced.

**High Times:** By whom?

**Art Kleps:** By me, for one.

**High Times:** How do you feel about TM, est, Scientology...?

**Art Kleps:** I believe they're all charlatans.

**High Times:** But you're not?

**Art Kleps:** I'm the real thing.

**High Times:** How many people do you think you're leading right now?

**Art Kleps:** Well, I have a dozen people that I can call my seconds.

**High Times:** Do you hold meetings, do you schedule meetings in towns or places?

**Art Kleps:** Organizationally, any time Neo-American people get stoned together is a meeting.

**High Times:** If one Neo-American person is at a party with five or six people getting stoned, what does he or she do to promote the Neo-American cause?

**Art Kleps:** I hope they get up and rant and rave. With every party you've got to have somebody who is going to rant and rave, right? Why shouldn't it be the Neo-American member?

**High Times:** What was the Old American Church?

**Art Kleps:** Judaeo-Christianity.

**High Times:** You've accused *Playboy* of having an overly "Jewish" influence. Was that meant to be anti-Semitic?

**Art Kleps:** Jewish in the religious sense. The Jewish religion is the great bummer of humanity. At least, Western civilization has been bummed out by this religion. Not only in its original form, but in its Christian form. The Old Testament is just a series of bad trips. It's not that I blame Moses. I want to make that clear. I'm not prejudiced against Moses. If I was surrounded by a fucking horde of savages, I might have taken a chisel and gone

up the mountain and knocked out the Ten Commandments myself, and at least tried to put them into some semblance of order.

**High Times:** But you do have ten commandments in your church. For example, "Don't cheat at poker."

**Art Kleps:** Don't forget "Don't poop parties" and "Be loyal to your followers."

**High Times:** Could you explain the "monarchical" structure of the Neo-American Church?

**Art Kleps:** My word is law. Whatever I say goes, and that's it. It's a church—it's not a business or a magazine. It's especially not a government. People get into this thing that churches are like governments, same principles apply, but it's an entirely different game. You can be as democratic as you like as far as political ventures are concerned and still be a member of a totally monarchical church without any trouble at all. In other words, until I fuck up, you're with me. If I fuck up, I die, right?

**High Times:** Why is there such a vogue for occultism right now?

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### Tim Leary started stealing my ideas

as soon as  
he started  
hearing them....

In *Millbrook*  
I present  
the simple truth of  
what was  
a classic moment.

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**Art Kleps:** People are getting more and more stoned and closer and closer to the truth, which is what I've been expressing. They're very scared, and they're scraping the bottom of the barrel for defenses against the truth, one defense after another, trying to avoid the essence of the question. I think the time has come when they're about to pay attention to the question of whether they'll go one way or another as far as denying externality of relations. They're ready to go farther than sitting around and saying, "What pretty colors." I advocate psychedelic trips that are hard, shattering experiences. Experiences which alter the situation.

**High Times:** Do you think LSD was synthesized for the first time in 1943 because it was historically the proper time for it to occur?

**Art Kleps:** Everything is due when it arrives.

**High Times:** When did you first take LSD?

**Art Kleps:** LSD? In 1965.

**High Times:** Who turned you on?

**Art Kleps:** Nobody. I wrote to a dope

chemical company in New York, where it was \$40 a gram for pure mescaline sulphate. This guy I was supposed to take it with chickened out at the last minute. This was 1965 and people didn't know anything about it, and I didn't blame him, so I took it myself and it scared the shit out of me. You must realize I was a typical smart-assed psychologist. I certainly didn't have the philosophy then that I have now.

**High Times:** And how many trips have you taken since then?

**Art Kleps:** Seventy or so. But the first time it made me a visionary. It was way, way beyond any image I had formerly held of the nature of the mind. There wasn't any connection. When I came down, my materialism was blown. I didn't know what was going on, but at least I had lost my materialism. And it took me years of fucking around before I took some acid and sort of came to conclusions about the whole thing. And I think a lot of people get stuck halfway.

**High Times:** Are we at a point in history—if history has any relation to solipsism—that makes it time for a new church to emerge?

**Art Kleps:** Sure, it's long overdue. In my opinion, it's at least ten years overdue. I think this world is really ready for a new religion, and when I say religion, I don't mean some panty-waist contender who has some neat metaphysical prose. I mean something that will really blow your mind, change your whole way of doing things.

**High Times:** How does your religion propose to do this?

**Art Kleps:** With the drug LSD and with the philosophy which I am attempting to convey in this dialog.

**High Times:** Why do you have such an intense dislike for your religious and philosophic rivals?

**Art Kleps:** They are occultists. They're maintaining a kind of half-assed mysticism in which the world is half mechanical and half spiritual. Dualists, basically. They think that by will power and by making deals with other entities and by their own kind of going from one plane to another they can explain existence adequately and explain it in such a way as to become consistent with psychedelic experience. I think they're wrong. I think occultism leads to paranoia, I think it leads to bad trips, I think it leads to people getting all fucked up. It always ends up in some bloody, bizarre, crazy, inhumane, unfeeling science-fictiony nightmare kind of thing. And that's where Tim Leary is at now. He is really at the bottom of the barrel, but he's still functioning.

**High Times:** With what?

**Art Kleps:** With the *Illuminatus* trilogy. [The recently released *Illuminatus* trilogy (Dell), by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson, purports to detail the ultimate cosmic conspiracy.]

**High Times:** Can you explain your theo-



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**I advocate psychedelic trips that are hard, shattering experiences. . . . If people haven't had at least one acid trip, it's almost a waste of time to talk to them.**

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ry on Timothy Leary's involvement in *Illuminatus*, because nobody's going to see his name on the book, and they'll wonder.

**Art Kleps:** It's my personal view that he wrote it, and Shea and Anton Wilson are fronting for him. He has financial reasons for doing this.

**High Times:** Isn't Leary planning to publish a book with Playboy Press this year?

**Art Kleps:** I hereby put a curse on Playboy Press. Sorry, Hef. A book by Tim might be a good thing in terms of the commercial prospects of *Millbrook*, but after all, I do have some higher principles. I'm not in favor of putting people on bummers and spreading paranoia. Tim's recent stuff is really a danger to the mental health of his victims. I mean, inexperienced kids read this shit, and then they take acid.

**High Times:** Are you a character in *Illuminatus*?

**Art Kleps:** I doubt if he would include me. Bill Haines would also be excluded. Probably Dick Alpert would be excluded.

**High Times:** We think Leary himself is a character in the book.

**Art Kleps:** Oh, sure. Timothy Leary is certainly treated with respect in the book written by Timothy Leary.

**High Times:** What will you do if *Millbrook* is published?

**Art Kleps:** I will work myself into a fucking nervous breakdown making absolutely sure that I make the most of my opportunity. In 1968 we had *Millbrook* going, we had a scene, we had potential, we had a millionaire, we had a whole thing. We had the gold, the wealth, the publicity, the intelligence, the imagination. There was a potential. All the stuff was there, all the props were there, all the characters.

**High Times:** What kind of services do you and the Neo-American Church want to provide after your *Millbrook* success?

**Art Kleps:** I'd like maybe a 3,000- or 4,000-acre estate. Up in Dutchess County—that would be as close to New York as *Millbrook* was. Back then we had a miniature railroad around the place, and we had these little villages sort of clustered around.

**High Times:** Have you ever been to Disneyland?

**Art Kleps:** Yeah, like that. And it would have a mazelike aspect to it, with tunnels and paths and streams. You could get lost in it, and the train would maybe stop at random, and you'd have to get off at certain parts without any choice. It's essentially the same as a magical-power sort of thing.

**High Times:** What has nihilistic solipsism done for you?

**Art Kleps:** Well, when one publishing company almost bought *Millbrook*, one of their objections was that it was unorganized, that I needed chapters and chapter headings. The minute I got the letter, I looked at the books over my desk and I pulled down *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, and I started looking through the list of chapter headings and matching them up with the natural divisions in my manuscript, and they matched to the extent that one chapter was titled "Murko," and Murko was one of the leading characters in my particular chapter. Now, Murko is not a very common name. They were all just incredibly simple synchronisms.

**High Times:** But they're very simple chapter headings. There's "The Holy Family," "Morgan LeFay," "Pilgrims," "Luger's Castle"....

**Art Kleps:** They're not all that simple. However, I was also able, with extreme ease, to completely adapt a Twain quotation in every chapter to put under the chapter headings in my book. The empirical proof of nihilistic solipsism is synchronicity. And this is a prevalent condition of being stoned.

**High Times:** What's the most serious daily problem confronting Neo-American Church members?

**Art Kleps:** Our first commandment, "Do not poop parties," is very crucial. You should at least try not to bum people out. If you can't put him up, at least don't put him down.

**High Times:** Would a nonsolipsist or an occultist be a bummer, a party-pooper?

**Art Kleps:** Definitely. You should get stoned with heads and naïve realists over occultists any time. In fact, if the person has not had at least one acid trip, it's almost a waste of time to even talk to them.

**High Times:** You once said, "I must admit that the passions of the moment have influenced my opinion this way and that." That was in answer to someone who asked whether you were a socialist or an elitist. How about it?

**Art Kleps:** I'm both. But I believe in restricted franchise. I think there should be a cutoff point at a 116 I.Q. immediately.

**High Times:** How is that democratic?

**Art Kleps:** In the grand tradition of the American philosophy. Like Emerson, Thoreau or John Jay Chapman—I'm not weird because of that.

**High Times:** What do the Neo-American Church and the Chief Boo Hoo plan to do in the next year or two?

**Art Kleps:** If I had a little capital, then I could get some real estate. Religion—churches, not religion—are very largely a matter of real estate, of providing the set as well as the setting.

**High Times:** Set and setting are very Learyesque terms, aren't they?

**Art Kleps:** I agree completely with Tim Leary on set and setting. It's very important. The Neo-American Church, I hope, can provide good places to get stoned. And good people to help people get stoned in a good way, right?

**High Times:** What are you working on now?

**Art Kleps:** The Neo-American Church has a bulletin, essays, news features and stuff like that. I'm working on a new book called *Snazzm*, *Fazzm*, *McPozzm*.

**High Times:** Does that mean anything?

**Art Kleps:** Yes, but this is about as metaphysical as I care to get. I'm really trying to avoid the inventions of terms. But I think these terms are very useful to try to understand life in terms of how the solipsist hypothesis works and in terms of synchronistic dream interpretation. *Snazzm* is when you assume life is a dream and you interpret everything directly in those terms. *Fazzm* is when you're talking about the world as it appears to be organized in terms of political forces and multiplicity of people, factions—from male, female, left, right, dualities, history, games, poetry, all that stuff. This would be the *New York Review of Books*. You go one more and you get into this *McPozzm*, which is the assumption of a cause-and-effect relationship in a mechanical sense of determining what's happening. You think of yourself as a little animal running around on planet Earth, spinning around and all that shit. I rarely think of myself in those terms.

**High Times:** What do you think the new book's chances are?

**Art Kleps:** If *Millbrook*'s a big hit, then I can suck publishers into printing straight blasphemy the same way Erica Jong is sucking people into reading her stupid poetry just because she wrote a good dirty book.

**High Times:** Admit it, Art, the Neo-American Church is an elaborate scheme to get chicks.

**Art Kleps:** I have no objections to the Neo-American Church being used as an elaborate scheme to get chicks, and I have no objections to the Neo-American Church being used as a way to sell life insurance. It's the same way with all churches. The church is used to represent the organizational form of a religion. It's the religion I care about. The church is to have fun with, right? I'm the founder of the thing. But I must say to readers of *High Times* that I recommend, I definitely recommend, the psychedelic experience to romantic people. The romantic potentialities of getting stoned the right way are phenomenal. ☐

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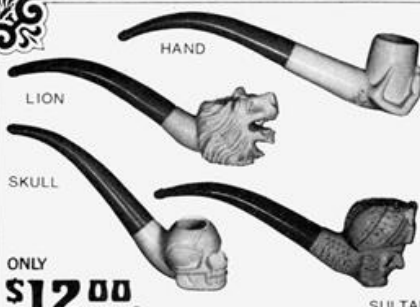


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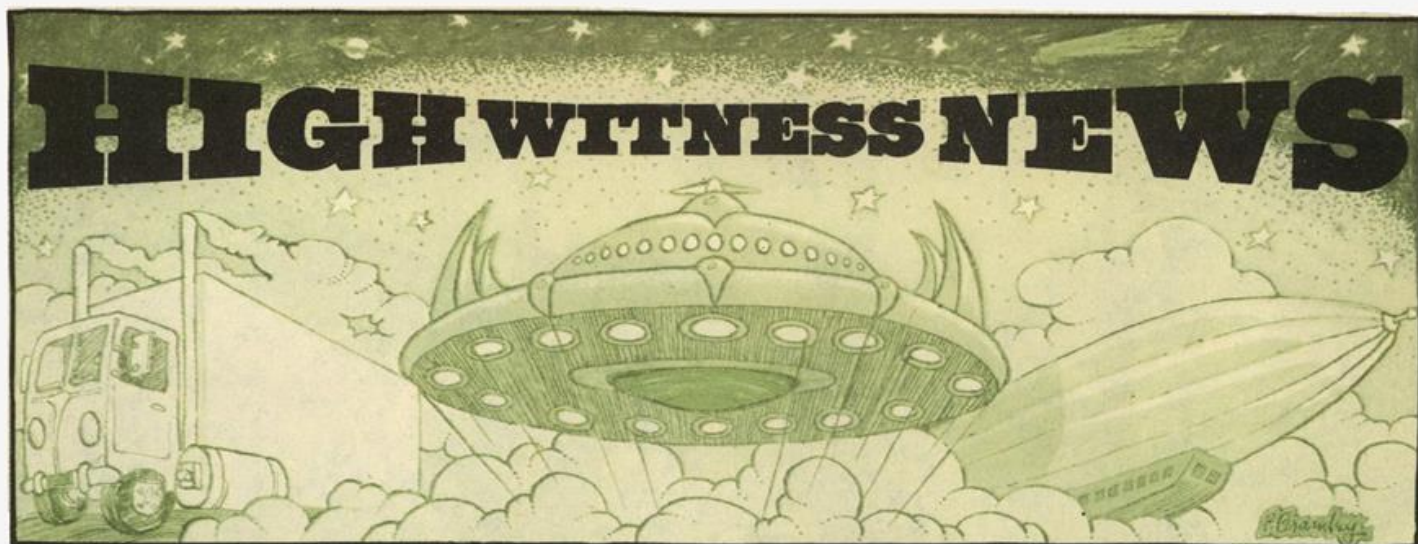
In the Senate, The Marijuana Control Act of 1975 (S.1450) has been sponsored by Senator Javits. In the House, Congressman Koch has introduced an identical measure (HR.6108).

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March '76

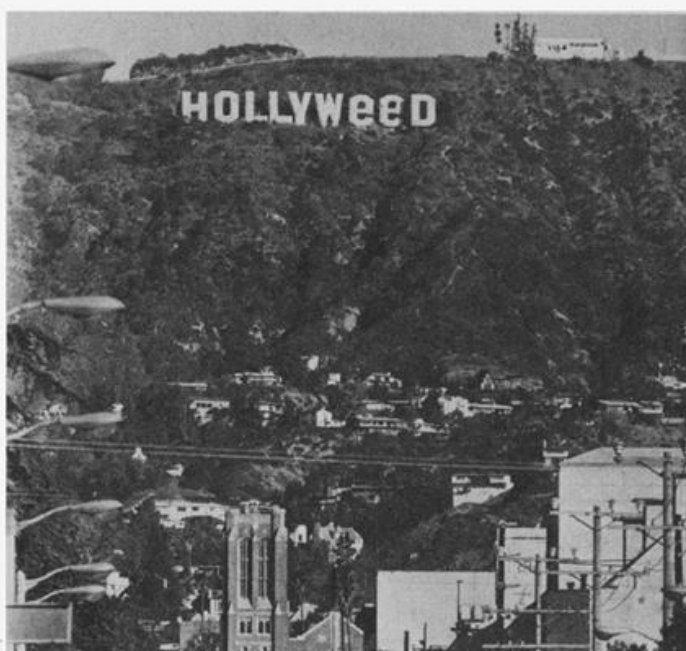
Number 8

## HOLLYWEED

A famous Hollywood landmark was used to celebrate California's liberalized marijuana laws on New Year's Eve, when merry pranksters revised it into a comment that could be seen for miles.

The Hollywood sign, erected as part of a real-estate scam in the 1920s, once read HOLLYWOOD HOMES. High on the slopes of the Santa Monica Mountains overlooking the movie capitol, the 65-foot letters can be seen for more than ten miles on a clear day. Featured on postcards, photos, movie sets and T-shirts, the sign gained its greatest notoriety when a disillusioned starlet threw herself off the thirteenth letter, thus inspiring a hit musical.

The people who take credit for the prank claim they hauled bulky black and white sheets up the hillside and worked through the night to change the sign to read HOLLYWEED.



Pranksters altered a Los Angeles-area landmark on New Year's Eve, to celebrate California's new pot laws.

## DEA Accused of Abuse of Power in Arkansas Dope Case

DEA abuse of power and illegal procedure will constitute the basis of an appeal by six persons convicted in Fayetteville, Arkansas, in connection with a bust that netted federal narcs 8,644 pounds of their own dope, according to informed sources. Defense attorneys claim that the appeal will further expose illegal DEA activities, including unscrupulous violations of the constitutionally provided rights and freedoms of their clients.

DEA agent John Walker testified in preliminary hearings in

Washington Circuit Court in Fayetteville, that he and U.S. Customs agent Don Pettit—working undercover last October 12—flew the grass into the U.S. from Colombia, South America for delivery to a group of buyers in Fayetteville. Walker said that en route he landed the rented DC-6 loaded with dope in New Orleans, Louisiana, where several electronic bugging devices were planted inside the bags of marijuana. He then continued on to Chikasha, Oklahoma, where the dope was unloaded.

The bugging devices later figured prominently in the arrests of several persons in Colorado, Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Walker also testified that he planned to make a 20,000 pound run the following week, but that DEA superiors canceled the flight because they feared the mission was "too dangerous."

In an agency that measures its success by the number of arrests they produce and the amount of dope they confiscate, it is a dismal appraisal that overly ambitious

(continued on page 73)

## NORML Holds National Conference

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) held its annual convention this December 5-7 in an atmosphere of restrained optimism at the swank Marriott motel in Rosslyn, Virginia. Just across the Potomac—under the sparkling lights of Washington, D.C.—NORML members and delegates enjoyed an opening-night banquet donated by General Motors heir and philanthropist Stuart Mott. NORML convened to discuss a workable approach to grass law reform in '76.

Keynote speaker Ramsey Clark urged marijuana law reform and commended the NORML workers for their tenacity and purpose. So did all the other speakers. NORML Director Keith Stroup informed the gathering that 1976 presidential hopefuls are beginning to take sides on the decriminalization issue. Among those favoring forms of decriminalization are Representative Morris

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DEA agents unload some of the 15 tons of marijuana discovered in the guts of the shrimp boat Hurricane III, near Gulf Shores, Alabama.

Mobile Press

## High Crimes

There's nothing high about being busted, so we sincerely hope that you never have to appear in "High Crimes." On the other hand, if you're among the thousands who get popped trying to stay in the game and don't make this column, remember, we can't publicize every bust. Information on particularly impressive busts is always welcome, though. Just drop us a line and we'll spread the tale of sorrow far and wide.

• Ten suspects were arrested and 15 tons of marijuana seized by DEA agents, from a shrimp boat near Gulf Shores, Alabama.

The boat, *Hurricane III*, was moored in the Intracoastal Waterway about a mile and a half from Gulf Shores. It was confiscated by Customs along with 15 shotguns, rifles and pistols, two 1½-ton trucks, a station wagon, a pickup

truck and a car.

Arrested on federal charges for alleged smuggling were: Maury Korn, 31, of Tallahassee, Florida; Richard Hannon, 31, of Gulf Shores; Donald Nicholas, 30, and Peter Stecher, 33, both of St. Petersburg, Florida; Richard C. Eason, 29, of Bristol, Indiana; Michael G. Shiffman, 26, of Micanopy; John S. Thompson, 25, of Pinellas Park, Florida; David Faxson, 29, of Micanopy; Lance Albert King, 26, of St. Petersburg; and Alice Main Mitchum, 25, of Gulf Shores.

• A dope-sniffing canine nosed out Customs agents by finding 70 pounds of alleged hash oil. The contraband was concealed in heat sealed plastic pipe inside the tires of a Mercedes Benz coming into San Pedro, California, from Antwerp, Belgium. According to po-

lice reports, Craig Sans, 25, alleged owner of the car, picked it up and drove it home, unaware that officials had seized the oil. Investigators tailed Sans to the garage in his apartment in San Pedro and arrested him as he removed the first of three empty tires.

• Some 25 New Orleans DEA agents accompanied by local police figures seized over three tons of marijuana near Fayetteville, Arkansas. Nine persons were arrested.

The officials report that they raided a farmhouse near Fayetteville a day after three trucks left with more grass. One truck was allegedly carrying 700 pounds of weed and was stopped near Denver, Colorado, where police arrested three persons.

Another truck was seized and its driver arrested in Manchester,

Massachusetts, after he allegedly delivered 650 pounds of grass to a home there. James D. Malloy, 25, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, was arrested after police followed the truck by plane through Connecticut to Massachusetts.

Richard Kass, 25, of Groton, Massachusetts, was arrested in Vernon, Connecticut, on federal charges of possession of 1,069 pounds of marijuana seized from a rented truck he was driving to Massachusetts.

• El Paso, Texas, police arrested a woman and seized 574 pounds of dope after she allegedly ran an Immigration checkpoint at Ysleta Bridge.

U.S. Customs agents identified the woman as Martha Saucedo Lozoya, 35, of El Paso. Lozoya allegedly ran the checkpoint when Customs officials asked her to open the trunk of her car. A few minutes later she apparently missed a curve and hit an oncoming automobile. Police at the accident scene reported finding the marijuana in one-kilo packages and arrested her.

• Chicago police and DEA agents



arrested three persons and confiscated more than 200 pounds of marijuana at Union Station, in Chicago, Illinois.

James Carson, 27, Vicki Detwicek, 18, both of Tucson, Arizona, and William Griffin, 30, of Kansas City, Missouri, were charged with possession of grass as they were allegedly transferring dope-laden footlockers from the Amtrak Southwest Limited to a Pittsburgh-bound train. Two German Shepards used by police to sniff grass reportedly found the dope.

• A pickup truck was seized on a Brooklyn, New York, dock when a dog named Smack sniffed out 1,050 pounds of hash wrapped in brown paper and tin foil and sealed in wax. The vehicle was shipped from Karam Shir, Iran.

DEA agents arrested Joseph Sherlag, 27, of Cambria, Illinois, alleged owner of the vehicle, when he arrived to pick up the truck. Also arrested in connection with the incident was Frederick Leuchel, 26, of Cape Girardeau, Missouri, who accompanied Sherlag to the pier.

• Arona Diop, 29, of New York,

New York, was arrested by Customs agents after they allegedly discovered 70½ pounds of hashish, 51½ pounds of marijuana and 1¼ pounds of opium in a package addressed to him.

Diop, an art dealer, was detained when he came to pick up a 600-pound crate of African wood carvings at Kennedy International Airport.

• Three men were arrested in Tucson, Arizona, in connection with an alleged smuggling operation that reportedly used commercial trucks to ship dope to the east coast.

Victor Papadinis, 29, of Winchester, Massachusetts, Glenn Donahue, 31, of Tucson, and Ronald Lovell, 26, of Wellesley, Massachusetts, were arrested and charged with possession of marijuana for sale and conspiracy to sell and transport weed.

Officials say the accused packed the dope into large crates labeled as machine parts and took them to trucking companies. Unknowing truckers would then make door-to-door delivery of the crates in Massachusetts.

• Two men were arrested and

## Michigan Considers Harsher Coke, Smack Laws

Michigan State Representative Paul Rosenbaum is promising a hard push against heroin and cocaine dealers this year by introducing two bills that would provide up to mandatory life sentences for "high-volume dealers" in "hard drugs." His thesis: "We'll never get rid of the heroin unless we take the profit out of it."

Rosenbaum intends to render deals involving hundreds of thousands of dollars less attractive by providing sentences without time off for good behavior and without parole. His two bills would require:

- a mandatory life sentence without parole be handed to anyone dealing in more than 650 grams of heroin or cocaine.
- that anyone convicted of dealing between 225 grams and 650 grams would be imprisoned for not less than 20 years nor more than 30.
- that dealing between 50 and 225 grams would mean a 10-to-20 year prison term, while less than 50 grams could mean up to 10

years and a \$25,000 fine.

Rosenbaum has also introduced a companion bill, giving police wiretap authority in dope cases. According to the provision, "A court-ordered wiretap could be placed only after every other method of law enforcement is used." Before a tap is authorized, police would have to show a probable cause to believe the target is committing a dope offense and that the tap would provide information on the alleged offense.

Among the rules governing the wiretap provision are instructions that: officers not listen to all conversations on a tapped telephone, but only to those conversations between the target of the tap and other individuals which pertain to narcotics; if the target is not a party to a conversation then the officer must turn off the machine, stop listening, and stop recording; the target must be notified within 60 days after a tap is closed that he or she has been the subject of electronic eavesdropping.

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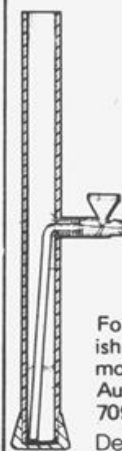
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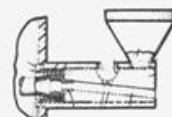
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# HIGHWITNESSNEWS

1,650 pounds of marijuana seized by Mexican officials when the camper truck they were allegedly driving was brought to a halt by the *federales* and a contingent of Mexican army troops, at a roadblock south of Palomas, New Mexico, along the Casas Grandes highway.

The two, both U.S. citizens from Michigan, were identified as William Cameron, 27, and John Marshall, 24. According to Juarez Federal Judicial Police Chief Daniel Acuna, the marijuana was reportedly brought up from Michoacan.

- Georgia Bureau of Investigation agents and local officials arrested four men and seized an estimated two pounds of suspected THC and one pound of suspected MDA in a raid in Duluth, Georgia.

Two of the men were identified as Hank Grady Howards, 21, of Duluth, and Johnny Taylor, of Marietta, Georgia. Both were charged with violation of the Georgia Controlled Substance Act. The other two men, both from Alabama, were not identified.

- Three Texans were arrested near Austin, Texas, and police seized 800 pounds of suspected marijuana when DEA task force officers staged a raid on Bee Caves Road outside Austin. Arrested were Edward James Merrick, Jr., 31, of San Marcos; Ruben Calvillo, 27, of McAllen, and James Edward Daffron, 23, of Dallas.

All three were charged with possession of marijuana.

- An informant's tip to DEA agents led to the arrest of three men and the seizure of 347 pounds of suspected marijuana in El Paso, Texas.

Hector Manuel Sarabia, 25, of El Paso, Michael Franklin Tarasoff, 25, of Anchorage, Alaska, and Terry Michael Teets, 25, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, were arrested when an informant directed agents to 215 pounds of alleged weed in the trunk of Sarabia's car.

Agents reportedly discovered another 132 pounds of pot in Sarabia's home.

- Three men were arrested and 239 pounds of suspected marijuana seized by county narcotics task force agents in San Diego, California. Charged with conspiracy and possession of marijuana were: Charles A. Deturenne, 22, from Mountain Lake, California; James M. Urness, 22, from Edmonds, California, and Ronald B. Dixon, 32, of San Diego.

Agents reportedly received information from the Seattle DEA office that two men were flying into San Diego with a suitcase full

of money to buy some grass. Agents trailed the men for two days, finally arresting Deturenne and Urness in Point Loma after they returned a rented truck. Dixon was arrested at his home.

- Two California men were arrested in Fort Collins, Colorado, and charged with possession for sale of 500,000 amphetamine tabs.

A Sheriff's office spokesman identified the men as Benny Joe Seeley, 38, of Costa Mesa, and Robert H. West, 39, of Whittier. They were arrested after they allegedly sold two suitcases of suspected amphetamine pills to the undercover agents, thus climaxing three months' work by members of the Colorado Bureau of Investigation, Denver Vice and Drug Control, and the Larimer County Sheriff's office.

- The largest dope sweep in Massachusetts history, involving 170 lawmen, netted 36 persons arrested and 19 more indicted in New Bedford. Nearly all of those arrested were charged with distribution of drugs, or other drug-related charges, mostly to do with alleged PCP.

Police in New Bedford, expecting a last minute rush and backup to book prisoners, commandeered the local State Armory, where suspects were charged, booked, fingerprinted and photographed before being taken to the New Bedford Police Station.

- Law enforcement officers in the tiny town of Bracey, Virginia, uprooted a marijuana field off Route 712, and transported the weed to the Mecklenburg County School Bus Shop for incineration.

Two unidentified young men

the Rio Grande, where they were allegedly seen loading a van. Agents followed the van and stopped it as it was entering a freeway ramp.

- DEA task force agents arrested four persons and seized 509 pounds of suspected marijuana in El Paso, Texas.

The alleged suspects were identified as Manuel Rivera, 27, Jerry Sanchez, 29, and Felipe John Sowle and Rebecca Sowle, all of El Paso.

- San Diego County Narcotics Task Force agents arrested five Californians and seized 1,000 pounds of suspected marijuana and 800,000 suspected amphetamine pills.

Charged with possession of controlled substances were: Michael Miles Ramsey, 30, and Roger Howard Fisher, 31, both of San



*Leyden, Massachusetts, police and the DEA seized three tons of weed growing in a field and transported it to the Greenfield County dump for incineration.*

- DEA agents in Leyden, Massachusetts, arrested one man and seized more than three tons of suspected marijuana growing in a field.

Sherman T. Rhodes, who officials report owned the 3½-acre farm on which the weed was found, was arrested on a federal warrant in connection with one of the largest amounts of marijuana ever found in New England.

were charged with manufacturing marijuana. They had been spotted in the field by police investigators and arrested.

- Border Patrol agents arrested two Juarez, Mexico, men near El Paso, Texas, and seized 182 pounds of suspected marijuana.

Charged with marijuana possession were Ramon Gutierrez Saenz, 24, and Jesus Herrera Baca, 28. They were arrested near

Diego; Joe Andrew Amame, 31, and Candace Elizabeth Cantreil, 31, both of Chula Vista; and Virginia Martinez, 29.

- DEA agents arrested two men and seized 1,000 pounds of marijuana near Tucson, Arizona.

Charged with possession of marijuana after the truck they were driving was stopped by agents were: Phillip Pretzinger, 28, and Michael Roberts, 25.

Greenfield Recorder



# HIGHWITNESSNEWS

NY Daily News



A canine collaborator outsniffed U.S. Customs men and discovered 1,050 pounds of hashish reportedly smuggled into the U.S. from Iran in the phony floor of a pickup truck.

The two were allegedly seen transferring the dope from a plane that had landed at an airfield near Buckeye, Arizona. The operation was reportedly under aerial surveillance after the plane flew into Arizona from Mexico.

- New Orleans police, along with DEA and Jefferson Parish Sheriff's deputies, arrested three Louisianans and confiscated approximately five pounds of hash oil in New Orleans, Louisiana.

Arrested in a shopping center parking lot and booked on charges of alleged possession of a controlled substance were: Warren Blaker, 29, of Metairie; Harold W. Tinney, 27, of Hammond; and Michael J. Ashe, 25, of Abita Springs.

- Prince George County, Maryland, vice squad detectives seized 177 pounds of suspected marijuana and arrested one man on dope charges during a raid on a College Park apartment.

Charged with possession with intent to distribute marijuana and possession of hash was James Michael Denikos, 25, of Washington, D.C.

- Two men were arrested and 850 pounds of marijuana seized by sheriff's deputies in San Bernar-

dino County, California. Dennis Hearron, 38, was booked for allegedly transporting marijuana for sale after he flew the dope to a pickup point in the Mojave Desert.

Dennis Keith Scharden, 40, was charged on suspicion of transporting marijuana for sale. Both men are from Riverside, California.

- Sheriff's deputies arrested six men and seized 2,500 pounds of marijuana near El Paso, Texas.

The police reportedly stopped a rented van for a routine check when the occupants jumped from the van and fled on foot. Deputies later stopped a car containing six men alleged to have been connected with the abandoned truckload of contraband.

Charged with possession were: Alfredo Cedillas, 27, Margarito Salazar, 24, Jaime Ortega, 19, Raul Arieta Ortega, 38, Candelario Juarez, 18, and Ernest Juarez, 24, all of Fabens, Texas.

- El Paso Border Patrol Station agents who were maintaining a vigilant surveillance at the edge of the Rio Grande arrested one man and seized 350 pounds of pot.

Chester Edward Ennis, 27, of El Paso, Texas, was charged with possession of marijuana when agents

stopped the truck he was allegedly driving as it pulled away from the river bank.

- Four men were arrested and 1,550 pounds of marijuana seized by sheriff's deputies and U.S. Customs agents in two operations in the California county of San Bernardino.

In Crestline, Thomas Barnes, 34, and David L. Jones, 24, were charged with alleged sale and transportation of marijuana after agents reportedly arranged to buy 850 pounds of grass.

In Twentynine Palms, Customs agents arrested Michael McNamara, 31, and Joseph Minton, 32, on sale and transport charges after they landed at Twentynine Palms airport in a plane allegedly containing 700 pounds of marijuana.

- Police seized five pounds of alleged opium and 8,500 suspected amphetamine tablets in Chicago and arrested two persons in connection with the raid.

Ronald Brown, 21, and Anna Bargo, 45, both of Chicago, Illinois, were charged with possession of controlled substances.

Police reported the opium had been doused with perfume to fool dogs used by Customs.

- Three men were arrested in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and charged with possession for sale of 200 pounds of suspected marijuana.

Alan J. Casey, 25, John Larson, 24, and Joseph McCarthy, 23, all of Milwaukee, were arrested in a Holiday Inn after they allegedly agreed to sell the weed to DEA agents.

- Alfred J. Knopf, 26, his sister Debora, 19, Charles Kaufman, 32, and Rhonda Sherry, 23, all of Los Angeles, California, were arrested by Los Angeles narcotics agents for alleged possession of 100 pounds of suspected PCP. The house agents raided had been under surveillance for several days before the police action.

- French police aided by DEA agents arrested a Frenchman, two Britons and five unidentified travelers to Canada and seized 1,200 pounds of hashish.

About 950 pounds of hash was discovered in a villa near Nice owned by Frenchman Jean Foxley. Foxley was busted by a U.S. agent after being shadowed by him for two years.

The dope was allegedly transported to France from Morocco aboard a British trawler. The two Britons were arrested aboard the boat.

The remaining 250 pounds of hashish seized by authorities were taken from five unidentified persons traveling to Canada from Europe.

- Three men got away but their twin-engine Beechcraft Bonanza and nearly 1,000 pounds of grass were seized by police in Winnsboro, South Carolina.

The small plane reportedly set down around midnight in heavy fog on an unlighted 2,900-foot runway. The makeshift strip was surrounded by Fairfield County Sheriff's deputies, agents of the State Law Enforcement Division, and the DEA.

The men apparently escaped



Bracey, Virginia, police put a crop of confiscated domestic to the torch after dousing the dope with kerosene.

South Hill Enterprise





Grant M. Haller

Seattle police weigh burlap-sacked marijuana they nabbed in the largest single bust in Washington State's history—nine tons. Nearly two dozen people were arrested in connection with the seizure.

through the dense ground cover into a nearby wooded area.

- Four California men were charged in connection with an alleged smuggling ring that brought 706 pounds of marijuana into the U.S. by plane.

Robert Hartley Reynolds of Oceanside, Ronald Wayne Edwards of La Jolla, Harvey Anthony Caron of Long Beach, and John Michael Moore of Seal Beach were arrested when they allegedly were unloading marijuana from a plane that Reynolds reportedly piloted to California from Mexico.

- Kansas authorities seized almost seven acres of marijuana and seven bales of processed weed near Fall River City, Kansas in the largest dope raid in the state's history.

Six people were arrested, including four illegal aliens, according to officials there. No one was identified.

The baled boo was found in 21-pound bags stuffed into trash compactors in a barn on the ranch.

- A doctor and two other men were arrested in the East Bay area in San Francisco and charged with alleged conspiracy and sale of two million amphetamine-barbiturate tablets to an undercover agent.

Dr. Zane R. Gard, 43, of Columbia, California, Lawrence Lee Hutton, 27, of Los Angeles, and a third unidentified man were arrested after what authorities called an "extensive investigation."

- Three California men were charged in federal court in San Diego with alleged smuggling and possession of 708 pounds of pot. Ronald Joseph Rego, 29, of Encinitas, Jack Arlyn Beyer, 32, of Del Mar, and William Charles O'Bryan, 57, of Torrance, were arrested at a private airstrip about five miles southeast of the Del Mar Race Track.

- Three El Paso men pleaded guilty and a fourth skipped town before charges of conspiracy and importation of 895 pounds of suspected marijuana.

Entering pleas were Raul Terrazas, Jr., 25, Tito Eugene Contreras, 25, and Roberto Villareal, 19. Luis Eduardo Madrid, 21, failed to appear for arraignment.

- Three men were found guilty in U.S. District Court in El Paso on one count each of possession of 500 pounds of marijuana.

Francisco Maruffo Ramos, 22, John David Paynter, 21, and Warren C. Hagen, 29, were arrested last August following a transaction with two DEA agents.

## DEA Runs International Narc College

Before his resignation as acting head of the DEA, Chief Henry Dogin revealed that the agency operates a special international training school in Washington for "high level police officers" from around the world.

Dogin said in a press conference in Tucson, "We have an important responsibility to train police officers of other countries in the techniques of making, developing and prosecuting narcotics cases."

He admitted that the DEA has mobile teams of narcs "going throughout the world." He referred to an "international association of narcotics officers" around the world who share intelligence. He added that the DEA has offices in U.S. Embassies overseas.

Dogin said that he was strongly against the decriminalization of

marijuana in the U.S., "because it would look bad internationally."

Throughout his talk, Dogin sipped a scotch and water.

Meanwhile, some 70 American officials from throughout Latin America and Washington participated in the Fourth Annual Conference on Control of Narcotics at the Marcato Sheraton Hotel in Venezuela.

Star speakers included Ambassador Shelton B. Vance, senior advisor to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and Administrator for International Narcotics Matters; Jerry N. Jenson, Deputy Director of the DEA; U.S. Ambassador to the Organization of American States, Joseph J. Jova; Robert Dickerson, Deputy Commissioner of Customs; and Deputy Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs William Luers.



# HIGHWITNESSNEWS

## High Rollers

Noble celebrities—writers, musicians, thespians, royalty and streetwalkers alike—have enjoyed and been rewarded by their use of psychoactives. "High Rollers" is dedicated to those who have had their covers blown, not by choice, but by unfortunate chance.

• Tommy Rettig, the original Timmy on the old "Lassie" show, pleaded innocent to charges of conspiring to import cocaine.

Rettig, now 33, was busted along with another man while en route from Peru to California last April. Federal agents claim that the former child star had been attempting to smuggle cocaine by using a chemical process to change the white rock into a liquid disguised as a Peruvian liqueur.

• A former Arizona lawman was sentenced to five years in prison for obstructing justice—a charge linked to an alleged marijuana smuggling deal in which he and 16 others were indicted.

After admitting in federal court that he made \$25,000 by flying three loads of commercial Mexican into the U.S., Richard C. Williams arranged a plea bargaining agreement with the federal prosecutor.

Williams had taken the stand before the sentencing and asked Judge James Battin to grant him probation so he could again "be a good citizen."

• A Minnesota postmaster and his wife were among nine persons charged with giving away or selling marijuana.

The Norman County attorney's office said Shelly Postmaster Brian Larson, 25, and his wife-Marlice, 27, were among nine persons alleged to have transferred a controlled substance to another person for fun and/or profit.

• The Japanese government has reportedly refused an entry visa to Paul McCartney as a result of his marijuana conviction in London

two years ago.

McCartney and "Wings" had been scheduled to perform a series of concerts in Japan in November, but the dates were canceled as a result of the ruling by the Japanese Justice Ministry.

• Just minutes before a jury was due to be selected in his case, a former Customs Patrol officer plea-bargained guilty to one of four counts in a federal indictment involving a videotaped attempt to sell cocaine to undercover agents.

The former officer, George Hough, 33, of El Paso, Texas, now faces a 15-year prison sentence, whereas if he were found guilty on all four charges he would face a maximum of 22 years in prison.

Hough was accused of selling five kilos of cocaine to undercover agents. However, the coke was milk sugar planted by agents to effect the bust. At the time of his arrest, Hough was also charged with using the phones in connection with committing a narcotics violation and alleged marijuana possession for a small amount of weed reportedly found in his personal Customs Patrol locker.

Hough's guilty plea came in the wake of speculation that if he came to trial his testimony would finger other Customs Patrol Officers for their alleged participation in dope-related activities.

• Popular singer John Denver told a press conference in Sydney, Australia, that he gets high on more than Rocky Mountain clean air. He told reporters, "Sure I enjoy hashish. I use it. I have a lot of fun with the stuff. But it's like alcohol. You shouldn't let it get out of hand."

One shocked religious leader in Arizona called for Denver to be deported immediately. A newspaper columnist described the candid quote as "... like Billy Graham announcing he was going into Blue Movies."

## "Amsterdam Connection" Worries City Fathers

European narcs have recently dubbed Amsterdam the "syringe of Europe" and are acting to tie it off.

Officials in Amsterdam say that since the break-up of the traditional "French Connection" at Marseilles, dealers have opened a new international smuggling route

that begins in Indochina and ends in Amsterdam.

The city has responded to the situation by enacting legislation that raises the penalty for convicted smugglers from eight months in prison to five to 20 years.

## Computer Surveillance Planned for Border

The director of the El Paso Intelligence Center recently announced that law enforcement agencies will have the support of the new Pathfinder computer next year. Data will be fed into the computer from intelligence agencies that handle narcotics, including the DEA, U.S. Customs and the U.S. Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

The computer, explained Jacques Kiere, will be available to the agent in the field 24 hours a day. The agents could inquire by phone how many blue-eyed males had flown Cessnas out of such and such an airport in Texas between such and such a time and the computer would tell him.


He said Pathfinder differs from


other computerized law enforcement procedures in that you get output on the machine without requiring a name be put in.

EPIC, a branch of the DEA, employs 23 DEA agents and five Customs agents. Kiere said that number will probably double in January. He also revealed that both DEA and Customs agents will shortly have jets to chase the growing number of smugglers who allegedly come back from Mexico in private planes.


EPIC has records of 72 drug-related air crashes along the border, all of which correspond to known air routes from fields in Mexico and most of which happen in marijuana growing seasons.

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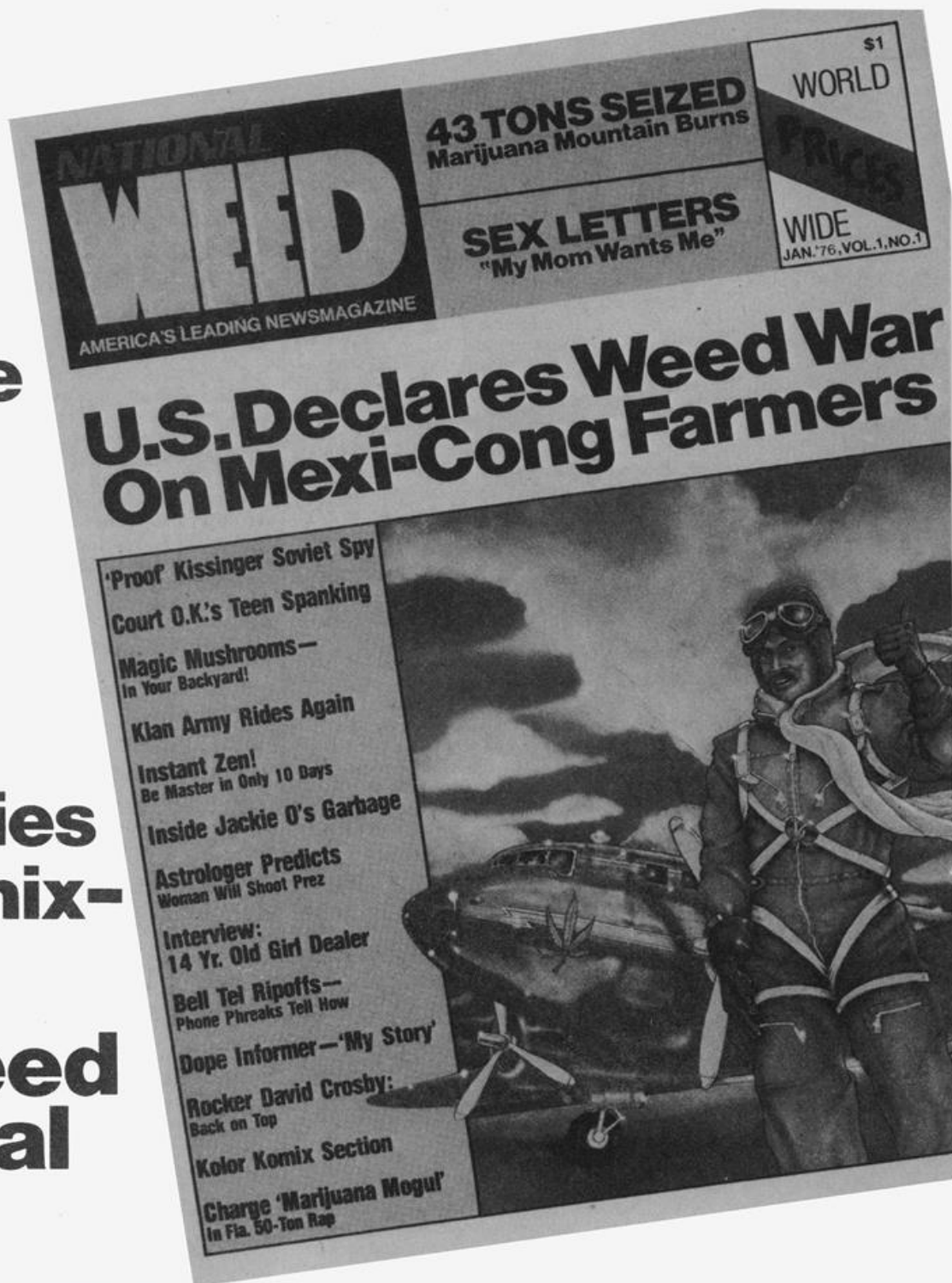
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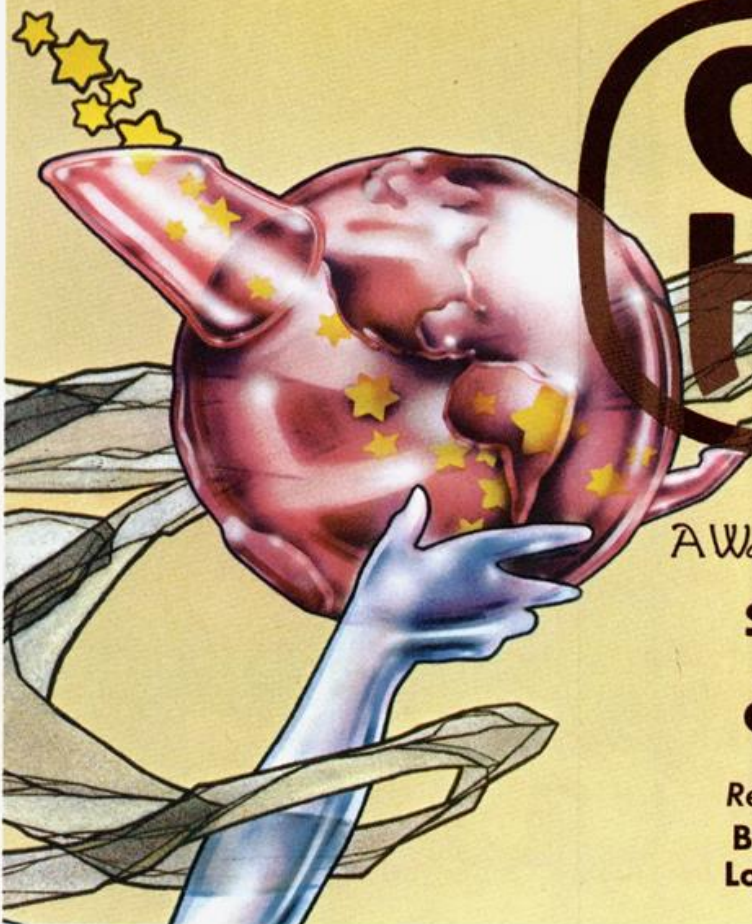
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# “I Want to Are Isolation Shortcut to

“Life is pretty dull if we have no surprises.”

—Dr. John C. Lilly

“Me? I love tanks.” —General George Patton

**T**he mouth of the tank lay open before me. Naked and expectant, I stepped into the warm salty water. I stretched out as the lid was fixed behind me, and began to float and familiarize myself with the surroundings. First, there was total darkness—and then a silence so complete that my breathing and heartbeat became deafening. Still, I could not relax. It was hot and damp, and the salt stung cuts on my hands and in my ears. I imagined suffocating, and, though I fought back my fear, I knew I wanted to escape.

Suddenly I realized that, for a few moments, all awareness of my body, my breathing, my environment and even the salty sweat on my eyelids had been momentarily suspended. A wave of exhilaration swept me and quickly turned to curiosity. How much time had passed? My restlessness returned, and I longed again for a cool breeze when there was an insistent pounding on the lid. I emerged. Physically drained of energy, slightly dizzy, and most of all confused about my experiences, I entered the bathroom and stepped into the shower.

So went my first experience inside an isolation tank. I had come to it virtually ignorant.





# Be Alone”

## Tanks the Nirvana?

By David Rensin

Its history had no meaning for me at all, and the only isolation tank I'd ever seen was in the TV pilot for *Hawaii Five-0*, where it was used to crack U.S. agents—McGarrett, of course, survived the rubber-suit-and-vertical-immersion trial.

My ignorance was convenient. Lee Leibner, who with her partner Glenn Perry owns the Samadhi Tank Company in Los Angeles, insisted that I log my first hour of tank time immediately upon arrival and without benefit of hype. This, she explained in tankese, would avoid a situation of preprogramming and developing expectations. She suggested that I'd need at least five separate sessions in the tank before making any final evaluations.

However, she would be willing to listen to whatever impressions I might care to share after each immersion. (Not immersion in the Baptist sense: one's face is always above the water line.)

As it was, I had enough of my own questions regarding the unknown tank: Would it induce a spiritual revelation? A state of cosmic bliss? A miracle? Or would I drown?

None of these things happened. As I re-discovered later, one cannot be the experience and chase after it at the same time. While the tank can facilitate “getting high” and/or altering one's state of consciousness, there is no chemical alteration, as with marijuana or LSD. This trip is self-propelled.



**Everything was different. The salt sting came and went. The heat was somehow tolerable. Within minutes I moved through all my most accessible "spaces" and saw an infinity stretching ahead.**

Alone in the shower, I reviewed my experience. The "trip" had not been particularly pleasant. I felt stranded between conflicting feelings and perceptions: apprehension and eagerness, fear and wonder, boredom and intrigue. Were I given to cynical wit, this piece might be titled, "Thanks, But No Tanks."

An experience need not be comfortable to be profitable, however, so I let that thought wash away with the brine that soaked my body. The episode justified another try. After all, discomfort or negative reactions might merely be barriers to be transcended. There could be something on the other side.

Dr. John C. Lilly created the physical-isolation unit during his tenure at the National Institute of Mental Health in Bethesda, Maryland, in 1954. He states my crude ethic more succinctly in his autobiographical book, *The Center of the Cyclone* (Bantam, 1973). He offers a generalization based on his own tank experiences over a ten-year period: "Within the province of the mind, what I believe to be true is true or becomes true (in the mind), within limits to be found experientially and experimentally. These limits are further beliefs to be transcended. In the mind, there are no limits."

Lilly's message allowed me to proceed into the second immersion with a positive attitude. Lee still declined to program me, but I'd confided to her that I had taken "est" training, so she suggested I try going into my "space" (a form of meditation/concentration) while in the tank.

*Everything was different. The salt sting came and went. The heat was somehow tolerable. Within minutes I moved through all my most accessible "spaces" and saw an infinity stretching ahead. I was no longer threatened or claustrophobic. I lay perfectly still. Almost at once perceptions and spectral colors flooded my mind's eye. I realized things about home, family, work and personal relationships that I could not center on individually without being distracted. I radiated warmth through a mental smile. My remaining time in isolation was spent lost in isolated body sensations and a semiconscious reverie. I actually resented the interruption of this tranquility at the hour's end. I reentered a world of aching color, singing birds and sunshine with astonishing calm. I liked the way it had felt.*

Glenn Perry was a computer-program writer at Xerox in 1972 when he attended one of John Lilly's workshops. Soon after that, he started the Samadhi Tank Company. *Samadhi*, roughly translated, means "where the meditator becomes the object of meditation."

"John introduced me to the isolation

tank as an integral tool to further self-exploration," Glenn explained. "Being naive, I thought that with just a little extra work I could also make them for other people." Samadhi is presently the only tank manufacturer in the world, so Glenn's "extra work" may be playing a large part in the writing of tank history—aside from Lilly's own experiments.

Lilly and Perry spent many hours designing tanks. It was Glenn's idea to make them "compact for shipping, easily assembled and relocatable, safe, simply maintained and economical." The first result was a rectangular wooden affair that sold for \$900 in kit form. Twenty kits were made. The materials for a second design—constructed from fiberglass and plastic—became prohibitively expensive during the "energy crisis." Only one working model exists. Dr. Lilly uses it at his Human Software, Inc., research facility in the Santa Monica mountains.

In the summer of 1974, Glenn and Lee met and decided to make a living together. Soon, design of the rigid foam model began, and Samadhi required Perry's full-time attention. He left Xerox in November 1974. Lee, a teacher of emotionally disturbed children, pitched in when her school term ended. By September 1975, the first foam model became available for \$650, and the company will introduce a heavy-duty tank soon. Samadhi will sell both models to mental growth centers, university psychology departments, research facilities and private users. Glenn and Lee are compiling all available data on tank use and research in order to keep themselves and other tankers up to date on trade data, in addition to developing info for do-it-yourself tank builders.

*Almost thankfully, I sank into the water and soon felt I had come home again. I lay still and began the process of placing my consciousness in various parts of my body—shoulders, ribs, groin, ankles. I felt relaxed. Suddenly I sat up, opened the lid and wiped my face on a convenient towel. Time had passed, but I didn't know how much. I guessed at 70 minutes, but I didn't know what I'd been doing—only that I hadn't slept.*

*I couldn't concentrate after replacing the lid. Twenty minutes later Lee knocked. My bioclock had been accurate. We spoke into the night. I was supercharged.*

After my fourth immersion, I was getting restless and my ears were holding water. Another tank session would be too painful until the situation cleared up. However, I was convinced that the tank had indeed enhanced the meditative process by eliminating some environmental noise, thereby helping consciousness to focus attention on inner "realities."

The original purpose of the tank during Lilly's 1954 experiments (he immersed vertically and had to wear breathing apparatus) was to ascertain if the brain would sleep when external input was eliminated. Or would it provide its own "input"? It does, but tank experiences—like drug experiences—are different for everyone, and prior programming is desirable. Overall uses for the tank seem to include: removal of mental garbage, problem solving (Glenn designs tanks in the tank), rest and relaxation, meditation, therapy for body injuries and exploring perceptual processes. Like sex, isolation can be experienced with or without the benefit of drugs. John Lilly himself often used LSD-25 along with isolation but warned that one should first be comfortable with the tank before adding drug use. Lilly also advises that the isolee avoid seduction by the drug-euphoria, so as not to deviate from the original purpose of isolation: self-analysis to Lilly.

Tank experiences change from one session to another, but the tank appears to be an improvement over more classical methods of meditation, since it removes external stimuli more thoroughly and with practice, more swiftly. This may account for sensations in novice users of claustrophobia, fear of darkness, fear of drowning, fear of suffocation and the like. Ultimately, your expectations are entirely your own. In-tank discoveries can be an accessory to everyday consensus reality, but again, the answer depends on the person and the discovery. One cosmetic discovery is the need for showering before and after tank use.  $\text{MgSO}_4$  (Epsom salts) makes your hair stiff.

John Lilly, the man who pioneered isolation tank research, spent 12 years investigating human-dolphin relationships, was associated with Esalen for two years; studied with Oscar Ichazo in Arica, Chile; worked extensively in biophysics, neurophysiology, neuroanatomy, electronics, computer theory and medicine; scientifically documented various spiritual realities and expanded states of consciousness, and is currently delving into areas for which verbal equivalents are reportedly hard to find. I find him to be fascinating and enlightening—an explorer of the first order.

It is in Lilly's work that one finds the most complete documentation of tank development as well as its most critical evaluations, arising from the constant review of old and new data over years of continuing use. Even today, after 20 years, Lilly takes to his tank for inner experience of an elevated sort. This is indicative of a severe psychological dependence, the continued employment of a valuable tool—or both. ■



# "MARIJUANA: ASSASSIN OF YOUTH"

by Harry J. Anslinger

When it was published in 1936, "Marijuana: Assassin of Youth" created a panic that drove the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937 through Congress. That law was the first federal legislation passed against marijuana and climaxed a seven-year antipot campaign headed by Harry J. Anslinger, then U.S. Commissioner of Narcotics.

REEFER



**T**he sprawled body of a young girl lay crushed on the sidewalk the other day after a plunge from the fifth story of a Chicago apartment house. Everyone called it suicide, but actually it was murder. The killer was a narcotic known to America as marijuana, and to history as hashish. It is a narcotic used in the form of cigarettes, comparatively new to the United States and as dangerous as a coiled rattlesnake.

How many murders, suicides, robberies, criminal assaults, holdups, burglaries, and deeds of maniacal insanity it causes each year, especially among the young, can be only conjectured. The sweeping march of its addiction has been so insidious that, in numerous communities, it thrives almost unmolested, largely because of official ignorance of its effects.

Here indeed is the unknown quantity among narcotics. No one can predict its effect. No one knows, when he places a marijuana cigarette to his lips, whether he will become a philosopher, a joyous reveler in a musical heaven, a mad insensate, a calm philosopher, or a murderer.

That youth has been selected by the peddlers of this poison as an especially fertile field makes it a problem of serious concern to every man and woman in America.

**T**here was the young girl, for instance, who leaped to her death. Her story is typical. Some time before, this girl, like others of her age who attend our high schools, had heard the whispering of a secret which has gone the rounds of American youth. It promised a new thrill, the smoking of a type of cigarette which contained a "real kick." According to the whispers, this cigarette could accomplish wonderful reactions and with no harmful aftereffects. So the adventurous girl and a group of her friends gathered in an apartment, thrilled with the idea of doing "something different" in which there was "no harm." Then a friend produced a few cigarettes of the loosely rolled "homemade" type. They were passed from one to another of the young people, each taking a few puffs.

The results were weird. Some of the party went into paroxysms of laughter; every remark, no matter how silly, seemed excruciatingly funny. Others of mediocre musical ability became almost expert; the piano dinned constantly. Still others found themselves discussing weighty problems of youth with remarkable clarity. As one youngster expressed it, he "could see through stone walls." The girl danced without fatigue, and the night of unexplainable exhilaration seemed to stretch out as though it were a year long. Time, conscience, or consequences became too trivial for consideration.

Other parties followed, in which inhibitions vanished, conventional barriers

departed, all at the command of this strange cigarette with its ropy, resinous odor. Finally there came a gathering at a time when the girl was behind in her studies and greatly worried. With every puff of the smoke the feeling of despondency lessened. Everything was going to be all right—at last. The girl was "floating" now, a term given to marijuana intoxication. Suddenly, in the midst of her laughter and dancing, she thought of her school problems. Instantly they were solved. Without hesitancy she walked to a window and leaped to her death. Thus can marijuana "solve" one's difficulties.

The cigarettes may have been sold by a hot tamale vendor or by a street peddler, or in a dance hall or over a lunch counter, or even from sources much nearer to the customer. The police of a Midwestern city recently accused a school janitor of having conspired with four other men, not only to peddle cigarettes to children, but even to furnish apartments where smoking parties might be held.

A Chicago mother, watching her daughter die as an indirect result of marijuana addiction, told officers that at least 50 of the girl's young friends were slaves to the narcotic. This means 50 unpredictable. They may cease its use;

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**Command a person high on  
"mu" or "muggles" or "Mary  
Jane" to crawl on the floor and  
bark like a dog, and he will do  
it with no thought of the  
idiocy of his action.**

---

that is not so difficult as with some narcotics. They may continue addiction until they deteriorate mentally and become insane. Or they may turn to violent forms of crime, to suicide or to murder. Marijuana gives few warnings of what it intends to do to the human brain.

**T**he menace of marijuana addiction is comparatively new to America. In 1931, the marijuana file of the United States Narcotic Bureau was less than two inches thick, while today the reports crowd many large cabinets. Marijuana is a weed of the Indian hemp family, known in Asia as *Cannabis Indica* and in America as *Cannabis Sativa*. Almost everyone who has spent much time in rural communities has seen it, for it is cultivated in practically every state. Growing plants by the thousands were destroyed by law-enforcement officers last year in Texas, New York, New Jersey, Mississippi, Michigan, Maryland, Louisiana, Illinois, and the attack on the weed is only beginning.

It was an unprovoked crime some years ago which brought the first realization that the age-old drug had gained a foothold in America. An entire family

was murdered by a youthful addict in Florida. When officers arrived at the home they found the youth staggering about in a human slaughterhouse. With an ax he had killed his father, his mother, two brothers, and a sister. He seemed to be in a daze.

"I've had a terrible dream," he said. "People tried to hack off my arms!"

"Who were they?" an officer asked.

"I don't know. Maybe one was my uncle. They slashed me with knives and I saw blood dripping from an ax."

He had no recollection of having committed the multiple crime. The officers knew him ordinarily as a sane, rather quiet young man; now he was pitifully crazed. They sought the reason. The boy said he had been in the habit of smoking something which youthful friends called "muggles," a childish name for marijuana.

Since that tragedy there has been a race between the spread of marijuana and its suppression. Unhappily, so far, marijuana has won by many lengths. The years 1935 and 1936 saw its most rapid growth in traffic. But at least we now know what we are facing. We know its history, its effects, and its potential victims. Perhaps with the spread of this knowledge the public may be aroused sufficiently to conquer the menace. Every parent owes it to his children to tell them of the terrible effects of marijuana to offset the enticing "private information" which these youths may have received. There must be constant enforcement and equally constant education against this enemy, which has a record of murder and terror running through the centuries.

**T**he weed was known to the ancient Greeks and it is mentioned in Homer's *Odyssey*. Homer wrote that it made men forget their homes and turned them into swine. Ancient Egyptians used it. In the year 1090, there was founded in Persia the religious and military order of the Assassins, whose history is one of cruelty, barbarity, and murder, and for good reason. The members were confirmed users of hashish, or marijuana, and it is from the Arabic "*hashshashin*" that we have the English word "assassin." Even the term "running amok" relates to the drug, for the expression has been used to describe natives of the Malay Peninsula who, under the influence of hashish, engage in violent and bloody deeds.

Marijuana was introduced into the United States from Mexico, and swept across America with incredible speed.

It began with the whispering of vendors in the Southwest that marijuana would perform miracles for those who smoked it, giving them a feeling of physical strength and mental power, stimulation of the imagination, the ability to be "the life of the party." The peddlers



preached also of the weed's capabilities as a "love potion." Youth, always adventurous, began to look into these claims and found some of them true, not knowing that this was only half the story. They were not told that addicts may often develop a delirious rage during which they are temporarily and violently insane; that this insanity may take the form of a desire for self-destruction or a persecution complex to be satisfied only by the commission of some heinous crime.

**I**t would be well for law-enforcement officers everywhere to search for marijuana behind cases of criminal and sex assault. During the last year a young male addict was hanged in Baltimore for criminal assault on a ten-year-old girl. His defense was that he was temporarily insane from smoking marijuana. In Alamosa, Colorado, a degenerate brutally attacked a young girl while under the influence of the drug. In Chicago, two marijuana-smoking boys murdered a policeman.

In at least two dozen other comparatively recent cases of murder or degenerate sex attacks, many of them committed by youths, marijuana proved to be a contributing cause. Perhaps you remember the young desperado in Michigan who, a few months ago, caused a reign of terror by his career of burglaries and holdups, finally to be sent to prison for life after kidnapping a Michigan state policeman, killing him, then handcuffing him to the post of a rural mailbox. This young bandit was a marijuana fiend.

A 16-year-old boy was arrested in California for burglary. Under the influence of marijuana he had stolen a revolver and was on the way to stage a holdup when apprehended. Then there was the 19-year-old addict in Columbus, Ohio, who, when police responded to a disturbance complaint, opened fire upon an officer, wounding him three times, and was himself killed by the returning fire of the police. In Ohio a gang of seven young men, all less than 20 years old, had been caught after a series of 38 holdups. An officer asked them where they got their incentive.

"We only work when we're high on 'tea,'" one explained.

"On what?"

"On tea. Oh, there are lots of names for it. Some people call it 'mu' or 'muggles' or 'Mary Weaver' or 'moocah' or 'weed' or 'reefers'—there's a million names for it."

"All of which mean marijuana?"

"Sure. Us kids got on to it in high school three or four years ago; there must have been 25 or 30 of us who started smoking it. The stuff was cheaper then; you could buy a whole tobacco tin of it for 50 cents. Now these peddlers will charge you all they can get, depending on how shaky you are. Usually though, it's two cigarettes for a quarter."

This boy's casual procurement of the

drug was typical of conditions in many cities in America. He told of buying the cigarettes in dance halls, from the owners of small hamburger joints, from peddlers who appeared near high schools at dismissal time. Then there were the "booth joints" or Bar-B-Q stands, where one might obtain a cigarette and a sandwich for a quarter, and there were the shabby apartments of women who provided not only the cigarettes but rooms in which girls and boys might smoke them.

"But after you get the habit," the boy added, "you don't bother much about finding a place to smoke. I've seen as many as three or four high-school kids jam into a telephone booth and take a few drags."

The officer questioned him about the gang's crimes: "Remember that filling-station attendant you robbed—how you threatened to beat his brains out?"

The youth thought hard. "I've got a sort of hazy recollection," he answered. "I'm not trying to say I wasn't there, you understand. The trouble is, with all my gang, we can't remember exactly what we've done or said. When you get to 'floating,' it's hard to keep track of things."

"If I had killed somebody on one of those jobs, I'd never have known it," explained one youth. "Sometimes it was over before I realized that I'd even been out of my room."

**T**herein lies much of the cruelty of marijuana, especially in its attack upon youth. The young, immature brain is a thing of impulses, upon which the "unknown quantity" of the drug acts as an almost overpowering stimulant. There are numerous cases on record like that of an Atlanta boy who robbed his father's safe of thousands of dollars in jewelry and cash. Of high-school age, this boy apparently had been headed for an honest, successful career. Gradually, however, his father noticed a change in him. Spells of shakiness and nervousness would be succeeded by periods when the boy would assume a grandiose manner and engage in excessive, senseless laughter, extravagant conversation, and wildly impulsive actions. When these actions finally resulted in robbery the father went at his son's problem in earnest—and found the cause of it—a marijuana peddler who catered to school children. The peddler was arrested.

It is this useless destruction of youth which is so heartbreaking to all of us who labor in the field of narcotic suppression. No one can predict what may happen after the smoking of the weed. I am reminded of a Los Angeles case in which a boy of 17 killed a policeman. They had been great friends. Patrolling his beat, the officer often stopped to talk to the young fellow, to advise him. But one day the boy

(continued on page 54)

"The answer to the problem is simple—get rid of drugs, pushers and users. Period."

—Harry Jacob Anslinger, 1892-1975



Wide World

Harry Jacob Anslinger, zealous mastermind of international antidope legislation and America's number two lawman for over 30 years, finally died in Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, on November 14, 1975. Anslinger was 83.

As commissioner of the Bureau of Narcotics, Anslinger was singlehandedly responsible for outlawing marijuana and writing the tough dope laws of today. He created the federal system of drug enforcement and administered it from 1930 to 1962.

In 1937, Anslinger wrote his definitive study on the "evils" of marijuana. First published in *The American Magazine*, "Marijuana: Assassin of Youth" had immeasurable impact, resulting in generations of fear and intolerance on the part of parents, teachers, police, clergy and other traditional guardians of youth's developing consciousness. Within a year of its publication, the United States Congress banned marijuana with the passage of the Marijuana Tax Act.

Later, Anslinger coauthored *The Traffic in Narcotics*, *The Murderers*, and *The Protectors*, books glorifying dope enforcement and picturing the dope scene as the embodiment of evil itself.

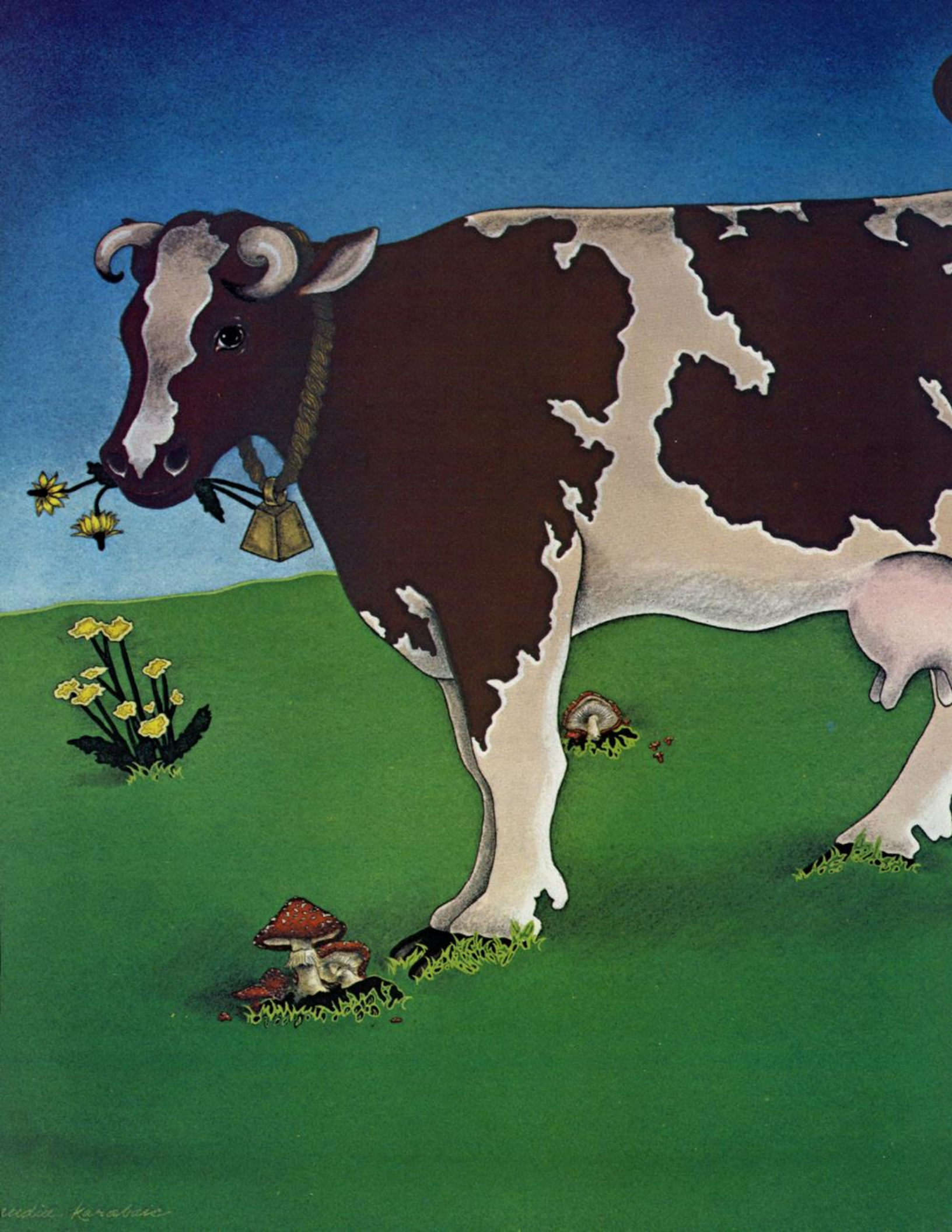
In the years following his antipope victory on the home front, Anslinger promoted harsher drug penalties abroad, arranging many treaties that eventually induced every country to outlaw marijuana. Upon retirement from his post in 1962, Anslinger was appointed representative to the United Nations Narcotics Commission, where he was an influential lobbyist for the Single Convention Treaty, whereby all countries would agree to outlaw the same drugs.

Anslinger was honored with numerous awards during his lifetime, including a Presidential Citation.

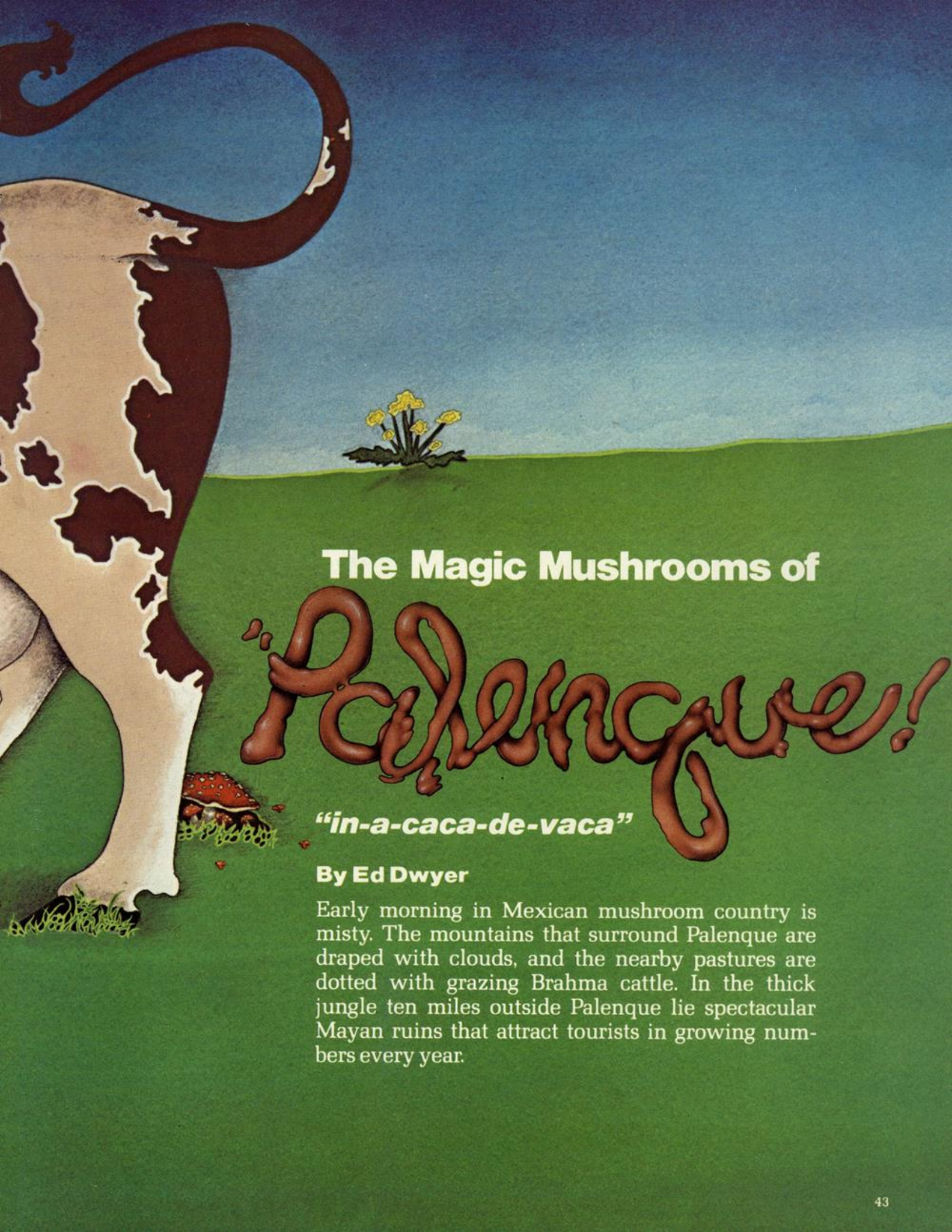
Just two weeks before his death, *High Times* journeyed to Anslinger's home in Hollidaysburg to talk with the narc patriarch. Unfortunately, due to his severe illness, we were unable to conduct the scheduled interview.

Anslinger is survived by a son, a sister and millions of lively, healthy dopers around the world.









## The Magic Mushrooms of

# Palenque!

**"in-a-caca-de-vaca"**

**By Ed Dwyer**

Early morning in Mexican mushroom country is misty. The mountains that surround Palenque are draped with clouds, and the nearby pastures are dotted with grazing Brahma cattle. In the thick jungle ten miles outside Palenque lie spectacular Mayan ruins that attract tourists in growing numbers every year.



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***Psilocybe Mexicana*, at last. It's a delicious sight—halfway down the stem is a dark purple skirt, and below that the sweet fresh crap that nourished and flavored the infant spore.**

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I was eager to explore the ancient site, especially the Pyramid of the Inscriptions. This giant hollow edifice was once the focal point of a classical civilization that has vanished without leaving another trace so awesome. A sarcophagus within holds the remains of a proto-Mayan, a mysterious figure whose crypt carvings show a jade-armored demigod of perhaps extra-terrestrial provenance. Outside, the hot, dense jungle has all but reclaimed the pyramid, the silent monument of the great magic that once lived here. But before going to the pyramid I wanted to hunt for another treasure, *Psilocybe mexicana*, the psychedelic mushroom that grows wild in Palenque.

At sunrise I set out from my rented room, a cinderblock cell attached to a private home. Painted a peeling, garish pink, with hooks in the walls for hammocks, one wooden window, and a hole in the floor for my private needs, it is no bargain, even at ten pesos a day per person.

I've been told the best mushroom picking is close to town, and I came by the information quite easily. Palenque is now used to young Americans and Europeans floating through on their way to Mexico City, Oaxaca and Merida. Longhairs with backpacks drink *cerveza* beer with Mexican cowboys in the bar off the *zocolo*; hacks are kept busy driving unsuccessful hitchhikers to the outlying train station. One such cabbie filled me in on where to look.

"Ah, *si*, the mushrooms." He grinned at me and pointed out the window of his taxi. "There, *amigo*."

I didn't want to seem stupid, yet all I could see were cows munching contentedly on grass, and the mountains in the distance.

"Donde?" I asked again.

"*Caca de vaca, caca de vaca*." He laughed. Cow shit, cow shit. He never eats them himself, he says. Only the gringos, he says, twirling his forefinger at his temple. Crazy.

I'd heard rumors that the delicate

mushrooms wilt and lose their power in the afternoon sun, so I hurried down the rutted path. Behind me, El Gato Negro cantina was opening early for the local *burrachos*. I headed for open pasture.

Ahead of me, ranch hands on horseback wearing straw hats and vests rode to work. One pointed to my camera and empty plastic bag.

"*Caca de vaca!*" he shouted, and galloped away. I rolled a joint of the good weed I'd scored in the Yucatán and rested. I noticed that some of the cows had big horns and resolved to stay close to a tree at all times. By now the town was about a mile away. I scoured the grazing land ahead, one eye on cow flop, the other on the bulls.

After about an hour, no mushrooms but many baleful stares from disturbed cows. I realized that none of the other gringos from town were around. I'd begun to suspect I was on a dead-end search. The sun was rising higher, and I was soaked to the knees in cow biscuit from several unplanned plunges into the piss streams that crisscross the fields. What I wouldn't do for a cold *cerveza*!

I was breezing myself with my hat when there it was—a creamy yellow cap, darker at the center with a hint of blue at the highest point. *Psilocybe mexicana*. It's a delicious sight: halfway down the stem is a dark purple skirt, and below that the sweet fresh crap that nourished and flavored the infant spore.

I snapped the stem in half and watched for the purple tint that would tell me if this specimen was ripe with psychoactive juices. As deep blue spread into the yellow, I knew. It was vero, the true thing.

As if one spell were broken and another begun, mushrooms are everywhere. Fat ones, perfect for omelettes; medium, mouth-sized wonders; and baby fungi, white and barely ripe.

I stride across the open fields, picking as I go. Soon my bag contains enough psychedelic vegetables for the next three weeks. I head in the direction of the

ruined city, where there are waterfalls that plunge over volcanic rock. There I can wash the mushrooms and lie them out to dry.

As I near the road I meet four Mexican fieldhands with machetes, toying with a snake they have flushed from the bush. They see my bag and smile. "*Caca de vaca*," they chuckle, chopping off the head of the snake.

Once at the waterfalls, I quickly unload my treasures on the smooth rock. Holding them gently, I rinse the psychoactive fungi one by one, nibbling as I do. The sun is very warm, and who can wait to get high? I take off my shirt and splash around, oblivious to mosquitoes, and relax after a half dozen miles of hiking.

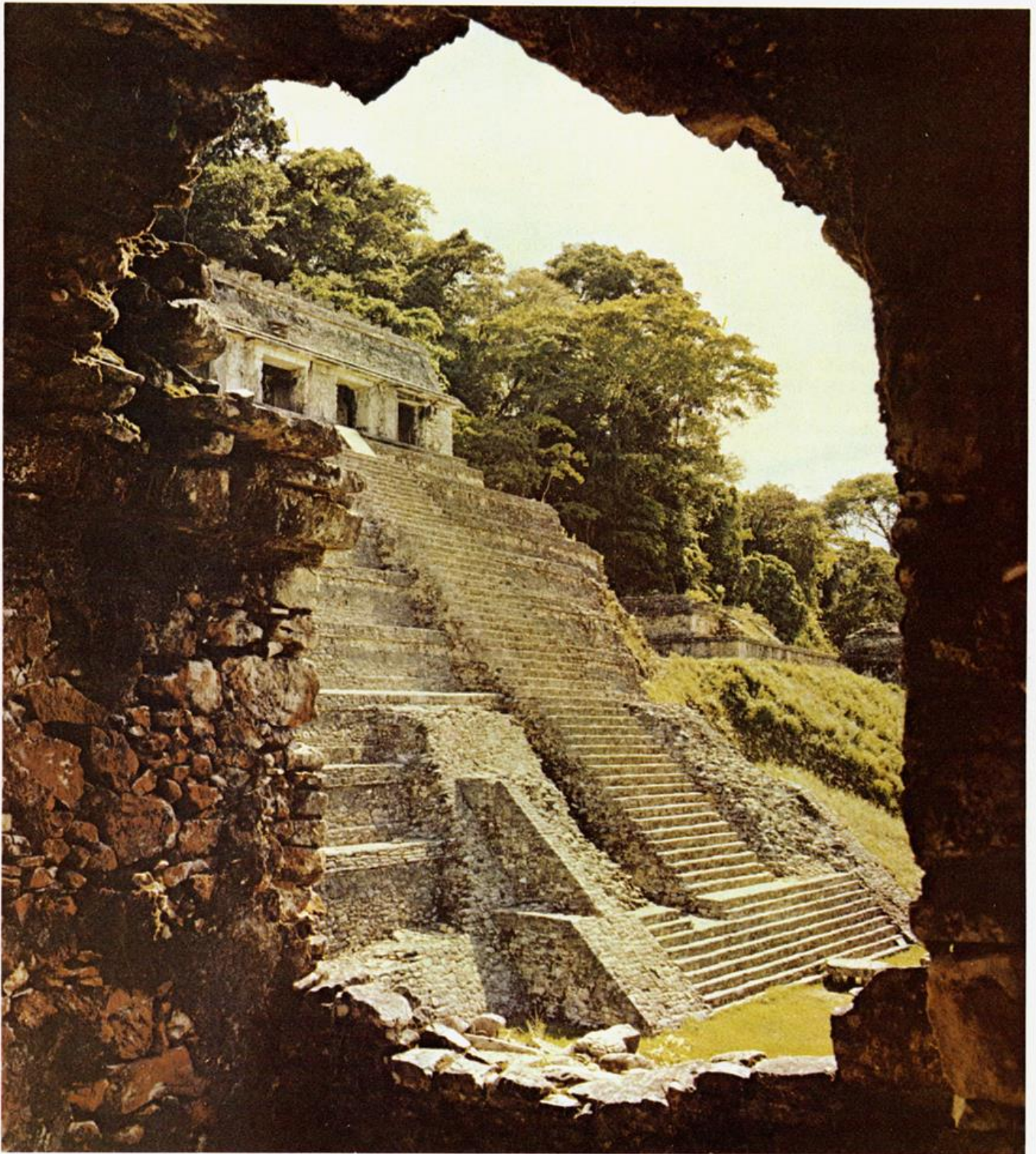
The jungle reeks with exotic perfumes. Indians on horseback follow narrow paths between the giant trees, carrying supplies to villages where few white men venture. Deep in this same jungle lives a dwindling tribe of white-robed Mayan magicians, they say.

In less than an hour I am feeling magical myself. The ruins await me. I go deep into the pyramid-tomb of the greatest Mayan priest. I sink into the warp of time. The dim light of the crypt glitters with half-hidden messages from the past. At the Temple of the Wind, a relief of a Mayan elder smoking a pipeful of some ancient herb catches my eye.

The howler monkeys scream from the hills behind the old city as I stand on the Temple of the Sun. Am I only imagining the music of conch shell, rattle and pipe in procession from the palace to the pyramid? A gentle tingling suffuses my every nerve and extends fiberlike toward the lush vegetation around me.

The effects of the mushrooms are smooth, even and colorful—the perfect spell to cast on this pleasant afternoon in Mexico. Like the ancient Mayans who stood here before, I have tasted the fruit of the *caca de vaca*. And it is mighty fine. ■





Alpha

Pyramid of the Inscriptions.



# The U.N.'s SECRET Vendetta Against Dope

By Larry Simonberg

The world's worst narcs come in every race, color and creed. They are French, Chinese, Nigerian, English, Jamaican, Colombian, Swedish. They are even Polish.

For example, Alexander Messing. He is the New York liaison officer for the Geneva-based U.N. dope bureaucracy. A balding, gracious Polish diplomat of middling years, he is happy to meet the press and public and chat about the fine job being done by the U.N.'s multinational narcs to stymie illicit drug traffic, curb drug abuse and determine legitimate medical requirements for opium and morphine. Mr. Messing is employed to coordinate the U.N. dope departments' efforts with the central body. These efforts include research into biological weapons that will destroy cannabis and poppy fields, propaganda to persuade farmers to switch to licit cash crops and the education of narcs from "emerging" nations.

Since 1971, when the new U.N. Fund for Drug Abuse Control (which Messing represents) was founded, these projects have absorbed about \$18 million, mostly supplied by the United States. The results—painstakingly analyzed and calibrated by the U.N.'s superbly trained statisticians—are set forth in a forest fire's worth of papers, reports, speeches, memos, press releases, booklets, microfilms, microfiches and files upon files in Messing's office in the Secretariat building in Manhattan. There he can show them to potential donors to the fund and to interested parties like the press and public. Only—and Messing is truly sorry about this—you can't look into the files right now because his last secretary sort of walked off with the keys...

Which is as dramatic an illumination of U.N. narcotics policy and programs as you'll find in this account. The U.N.'s pleas to farmers to plant rice and soybeans beat on rustic eardrums in vain, and their "educational" broadcasts to children barely keep the kids asleep. There isn't the slightest chance that U.N. narcs shouting in five languages will flatten your door with their feet, either.

Amateurish and swamped in red tape, but as polite as \$500-a-night sex therapists, they are perpetually at each other's throats in office politics. The U.N.'s plans to stop dope are to dope what the U.N.'s plans to stop war are to war. And despite many years of costly research at its laboratory in Switzerland, the U.N. narc machine knows less about dope than a cuckoo clock. One current U.N. publication lumps opium, cocaine and cannabis together because innocents can "develop a craving for them in a short time that leads to complete dependence." After more than a quarter-century of global fact gathering, this is the United Nations' considered opinion of marijuana.

The effort to impose worldwide controls on dope began in 1909, when concern about trade in opiates led 13 nations to found the Shanghai Opium Commission. The prime mover was Theodore Roosevelt, who engendered the American penchant for prodding other nations into holy wars on dope. One eminent member nation was Great Britain, which then had the dubious distinction of being the world's largest commercial opium producer—in India—for which it controlled the world's largest market—China.

The Shanghai conference didn't produce a binding treaty, but it set the pattern. The absence of anything binding became the pattern. The conference urged the gradual suppression of opium smoking and trafficking. That was about it, but the lads had such a grand time that they decided to get together again at the Hague in 1912. That year they agreed to regulate production and distribution of narcotics—this time including cocaine—a bit more stringently.

The Shanghai and Hague soirées were not prompted by concern for the plight of the hophead and cokehound, despite their pretensions of humanitarian motives. In fact, they reflected the lobbying power of the profit-hungry pharmaceutical industries, which at the time were trying to drive their competitors, the opium- and cocaine-based patent medi-

cines, off the market. The influential doctors ministering to the hypochondria of presidents and monarchs of the day were invaluable allies, and the drug companies were victorious.

World War I produced morphine addicts the way McDonalds makes hamburgers, so the newly founded League of Nations created a committee to supervise implementation of the Hague Treaty. The committee's principal achievement was the suppression of the Indian opium trade, to which the British politely acceded. Sun Yat-Sen's nationalist revolution in China had cut off their market. The impact on the Indian economy, never exactly a blue-chip proposition, was disastrous. This ultimately led to the break-up of the British Empire. Look it up in any history book.

World War I's toll on American lives turned the U.S. isolationist. Rabid xenophobes prevented the U.S. from joining the League of Nations and other "entangling foreign alliances." Without full U.S. participation, the League was a failure in every respect, and its strictures on narcotics were no exception. Most frustrated was the late Harry J. Anslinger, then federal Commissioner of Narcotics and Franklin Roosevelt's emissary to the Geneva dope summits of the Thirties. It was there Anslinger first apprehended the "menace" of marijuana (it is not likely that he gathered this notion from association with the black jazzmen on whose drug problems he posed as an expert). He would return from Geneva every year with more verbal ammunition for his jihad against pot. Just when he won his greatest victory in the United States, however, with Congress's passage of the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937, the League was busily appeasing France, Mussolini and Hitler. World War II was months away, and the League's days were numbered. So were Anslinger's ambitions to head up a global narc squad.

During the League's ill-starred career, new conventions were adopted in 1925, 1931 and 1936. The 1925 conference proved fateful. Although they weren't on the agenda, restrictions on cannabis trade

## How to Lose the Fourth World War



were adopted at the urging of the Egyptian delegate, who expressed great alarm at the importing of hashish into his country. It had been agreed earlier that "Indian hemp" needed study, but this precipitate action set the international position on cannabis in stone.

After the League went down in the flames of World War II, the U.N. assumed its drug-fighting functions. The Paris Protocol of 1948 added synthetic drugs to the controlled list. In 1953, failing to muster an agreement among the drug-producing countries, the U.N. Opium Conference in New York concocted a protocol limiting production and sale of opium, authorizing only Bulgaria, Greece, India, Iran, Turkey, the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia to produce it for export. In short, about every place where it was *already* growing. The Permanent Central Opium Board was empowered to enforce the agreement "only with the consent of the governments concerned."

Thus, individual nations must *consent* before the U.N. can do anything about dope in their territory. What the United States may agree to—and we seem to agree to *anything* where dope laws are concerned—Afghanistan or Turkey or Chile or Thailand may not. As a result, the terms of dope treaties are used as bargaining levers for foreign aid or trade concessions. Some nations simply sign, pocket their agricultural subsidies and continue to look the other way as dope infractions occur within their borders.

Which just goes to show how wonderful are the ways of Allah, or Buddha, or whoever happens to be the local article of faith. The generous Americans wish us to outlaw marijuana, hashish, opium? *Insh'allah*, it is done. Now, about those armaments. . . . On the other hand, both the Nixon and Ford administrations have used our signature on international narcotics treaties as an excuse not to reform the U.S. pot laws.

All the preceding covenants were at last consolidated, largely at Harry Anslinger's urging, in the Single Convention of 1961, amended in 1972. Finally, the Convention of Psychotropic Substances of 1971 added hallucinogens, barbiturates, amphetamines and tranquilizers to the group of substances under control. Theoretically, the members of the United Nations were now obliged to make some effort to control the drugs in question. In practice, it adds up to another piece of paper signed to make the Americans happy. Talk about your sound and fury...

**S**o the apparatus is in place. First, there's the U.N. Commission on Narcotic Drugs. The main policy-making, resolution-passing and speech-giving body, it's supposed to oversee the treaties and ponder amendments.

Second, there's the Division of Narcotic Drugs, the commission's staff unit. The DND runs the U.N. drug laboratory,

administers crop-rotation projects, trains scientists and narcs, and conducts research into biochemical warfare against pot and poppies. Theoretically the shock troops in the war on dope, the division is a bureaucratic joke (its budget for assistance to cooperating countries was slashed from \$100,000 a year in 1971 to \$25,000 in 1975, although the Fund for Drug Abuse Control has made up for the cut). It was the division's house organ, the *Bulletin on Narcotics*, that discovered in 1970 that the Beatles had given the "green light" to drug abuse. "If they had chosen to ignore the drug trend or to remain discreet about it, the course of the trend might have been somewhat different," reported the *Bulletin*.

Third is the International Narcotics Control Board, a panel of 11 "experts" who supposedly don't represent their own countries, but instead form an independent body to gather statistics and hand out commendations and reprimands. These in turn are ostentatiously ignored by the countries that receive them. The board determines what each country needs each year in the way of restricted drugs for medical and scientific purposes. It also lists what quantities of each drug are produced and where, and certifies what can be legally exported and imported.

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### **The U.N. International Narcotics Board is where good narcs go when they die.**

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The International Narcotics Control Board is where good narcs go when they die. Most of these arteriosclerotic armchair narcs have been warming their seats since the late 1940s. Even Alexander Messing admits that the board has "not too much teeth because they are mostly old men." In 1971, the board cautioned that traveling hippies were the "new middlemen" in pot, LSD and amphetamine traffic. "There is a danger of the hippies contaminating youth in the areas they enter, for they incite to the consumption of and traffic in these substances and cannot but be an embarrassment to the host countries," they declared. To remind the board members and the public that dope is the dark deed of the underworld, Nixon's top Treasury Department law enforcer, Martin Pollner, was appointed to the board in 1974. A former gung-ho federal prosecutor from Brooklyn, Pollner devoutly believes that the Mafia is behind the marijuana conspiracy and that they can best be fought with "severe penalties [and] risks that far outweigh the rewards."

Then there are the U.N.'s specialized agencies, like the World Health Organization, which undertakes projects in dope fighting as well as performing studies on which drugs are used where, how to wean users from their favorite fixes,

how poppies and cannabis can be replaced by other cash crops. U.N. money also funds antidope bureaucracies, antidope legislation, rehabilitation centers and antidope propaganda campaigns in member nations.

Most important, there is the United Nations Fund for Drug Abuse Control, which is charged with raising and disbursing the bulk of the U.N. dope-fighting budget. Most of its revenue comes from the U.S. government.

Funding is still available for programs that attempt to cope with reality—like crop replacement, research and training. They have been given top priority, with the usual dismal results. Subsidized replacement of poppy growing in Thailand was deemed encouraging enough to be followed by similar programs in Laos, Burma, Pakistan, Afghanistan and Lebanon.

Whether or not to grow poppies and cannabis is a life-or-death issue for several million farmers around the world, so the theory and practice of the U.N. crop-rotation program bears scrutiny.

While it claims some success, the U.N. admits to difficulties, particularly in monitoring the roller-coaster prices and markets crucial to persuading farmers to switch crops. "It is the responsibility of the governments concerned to arrange for the orderly marketing of the replacement products," one report states. "It is indeed paradoxical that, notwithstanding food shortages and even famine, markets for replacement crops at adequate prices are difficult to find." In other words, governments that are supported by dope-producers or trafficking in the forbidden flotsam themselves (remember Thieu and Ky?) do not seem eager to establish the proper tariffs, cash subsidies and guaranteed purchase orders for a lot of nutrients that their citizens can't even afford to buy back from them.

Not that the governments of the six countries mentioned above have much to do with the project anyway. With Afghanistan and Pakistan constantly on the brink of war, there is little prospect of cooperation between them; U.N. agronomists who wanted Lebanese cannabis farmers to switch to sunflowers got just close enough to the fields to wave at the well-armed mercenaries guarding them. The private armies of the Lebanese growing families were able to chop up the Beirut regulars sent to change their minds a few years ago. Now that the country is broken by a vicious Christian-Moslem civil war with no end in sight, hash is the last thing anybody's worried about.

Conditions in Burma, Thailand and Laos make such Middle Eastern shenanigans look like the Model Cities project. In the "Golden Triangle," government authority is nonexistent. The nominal iron-lung U.S. puppet regime in Bangkok and the rubber-lizard Pathet Lao com-



## U.N. agronomists who wanted Lebanese cannabis farmers to switch to sunflowers got just close enough to the fields to wave at the well-armed mercenaries guarding them.

miearchy in Vientiane have a lively mountain feud going on across the 800-mile natural border formed by the Mekong River. But in the actual opium-growing areas, Shan tribesmen have taken over the poppy monopoly once run by stranded Nationalist Chinese warlords in tandem with the C.I.A.; they too know it is more profitable than any tea plantation could ever be. In 1975, between legendary flights to Saudi Arabia to stock their harems at \$30,000 a blonde head, the Shan clansmen offered Washington a deal that would warm a Dixie subsidy grubber's heart. Instead of selling to the Sicilian gentlemen, they offered to unload their crop directly to the U.S., thus saving our narcs the nasty bother of tracking it down after it hit the streets. Alas, that's what we overpay half a million narcs to do, so the deal fell through.

Of course, the biggest crop replacement program of all was in Turkey, which Washington financed to the tune of \$35 million without U.N. involvement. But after a couple of years of a complete ban on poppy growing, the Turks have decided to take commercial advantage of a worldwide shortage of codeine and morphine. Ankara has vowed to tighten supervision of Anatolian farmers, forbidding them to lance poppy capsules in their fields and extract opium. Instead, the government will now buy up the whole crop and use the poppy straw to manufacture the desired pharmaceuticals. That's the Turkish plan.

This fits in with the U.N.'s wish to limit poppy cultivation to smaller areas with heavier yields "to permit much stricter control," Messing explained. The U.N. drug lab and others on contract are also seeking new poppy varieties, assessing the dangers of cannabis and delving into herbicides.

"It's research into biological killers of opium and cannabis," Messing disclosed. "Spray, things like that. It's very sensitive."

Training of scientists in drug chemistry and cops in the ways of the international drug trade is a major U.N. activity. More than 700 people from 70 countries have received fellowships and/or taken courses in drug science or law enforcement at the Geneva facilities in the last four years.

"This creates a network of contacts," Mr. Messing pointed out. "The whole business is trying to create some kind of school-tie network." Since the U.N. has no enforcement powers of its own, it tries to gather the nations together in cooperative units. Regional bodies in the Middle and Far East are a result of this policy. When it comes down to the Customs chief in Laos working with a police

official in Burma—perhaps through the International Criminal Police Organization (Interpol)—if the individuals in Laos, Burma and Interpol happen to be old Geneva classmates, they may really work together. And Interpol itself, a non-U.N. clearinghouse for police information, operates under the limits set by each nation. In a massage parlor under martial law like Thailand, the constituted authorities are not likely to permit foreign fuzz to screw up their own dope deals.

**E**ven in its well-beloved task of assembling new paper, the U.N. has problems. The reliability of its statistics on usage, trade and needs is highly suspect. "The data was always coming from government sources," explained Messing. While nongovernment sources are being approached so the figures can more closely resemble reality, Messing notes that the governments "are very jealous."

When you consider that China was outside the U.N. for years (and claims to have completely abolished its opium problem, along with houseflies, pariah dogs and other recidivists), that North Vietnam and North Korea still do not belong, that the Soviet Union admits to no "drug problem" whatsoever (see "Hash in the U.S.S.R.," *High Times*, Fall 1974) and that many nations simply fail to compile or provide statistics, the U.N. picture adds up to something less than the whole picture. In fact, the Narcotics Control Board has retaliated by specifically reprimanding 15 nations, among them China, Colombia, Afghanistan, Nepal and North Vietnam, for filing incomplete data or none at all. Incidentally, China has not ratified the more recent narcotics treaties and shows no willingness to do so.

Forced to rely upon diplomacy and friendly persuasion, the authors of U.N. narcotics reports employ a polite, gentlemanly idiom that tries to offend no one. The Narcotics Control Board report for 1974, for instance, views Turkey's resumption of poppy growing as a "sharp setback." "It would be highly regrettable if the efforts made by the Nepalese government in matters of drug control were to fail, since the country's international prestige would undoubtedly suffer as a result," oozes the same report, threatening we know not what—and how might they back up their vague threats, at that? The 11-member board is careful not to charge any nation with outright lack of cooperation, but they are plainly vexed by the Netherlands' "liberal attitude toward cannabis." On the other hand, they have nothing but praise for eastern Europe's "vigilance of national authorities

and strict system of control," an oblique reference to the long arm of SMERSH. In South American countries where "overproduction of coca leaves persists," the board "expects the Bolivian authorities to take some vigorous action in the near future," although it does firmly insist that "many years ago Peru should have taken more effective action." The joke is that the United States, whose idea the whole Single Convention was in the first place, has been least able to keep its own house in order. As the board glumly notes, "massive abuse of cannabis is continuing" in North America.

All this tut-tutting is about the practical extent of the board's power. It might, in theory, declare an embargo on legitimately needed pharmaceuticals to a serious violator, but such a retributive possibility is "nonsense," according to Messing. Friendly persuasion, backed by dangling aid dollars, is the board's only real method of securing compliance.

Still, the United Nations is the home of optimism. The boys and girls stoutly reject any "defeatist attitude." When all the agencies met for the Commission on Narcotic Drugs conference in 1975, they passed a resolution calling for renewed vigor in the fight on hash and grass, because "there can be no doubt as to the harmful nature of cannabis." They pointedly ignored a recent World Health Organization paper that noted, "Studies in the U.S.A. have by and large failed to show any significant physical deterioration after an average 7 to 8 years of marihuana (*sic*) use." Since all U.N. agencies are supposed to rely upon the expertise of the W.H.O., this seems a flagrant case of propaganda dictating policy.

And not only can they not spell! They can't count, either! According to one Commission on Narcotic Drugs report, the U.S. has 91,268 heroin addicts in one paragraph, and between two and three hundred thousand in another; of course, the Soviet Union has zero, *nyet*, none at all. Cheer up, though—Russia has more *alcoholics* per capita than any other member nation.

By God, it's enough to make you agree with former New York Republican Congressman Seymour Halpern, who warned us about these slippery one-worlders way back in 1971. Their anti-dope crusade is "stagnant, timid, unimaginative and ineffective," their attitude is "live and let live" and "the painful but obvious conclusion we can draw is that U.N. effectiveness in narcotics trafficking and control is virtually negligible," just like he said it was. And we pay for it.

Yep. Aren't peace and brotherhood and mutual understanding simply wonderful? ☐



# THE KIF HARVEST

A PHOTO ESSAY BY PATO

The kif-producing community of Mazzarif (altitude 4,500 feet) is one of many villages of cannabis growers located in the Rif Mountains of Morocco. Above the houses of Mazzarif, the mountains climb to 7,000-foot summits; below, the land descends to the river on a series of slopes and terraces that are covered entirely with kif in the growing season. This season begins in the last week of April and the first weeks of May when the Rifi people sow their crop.

In the middle of August, the harvest begins and proceeds for two to three and a half weeks. During this time the kif is removed from the fields, dried and packed into the storerooms that are built into all the homes.

How long it will take a family to complete the harvest will depend on how much kif the particular family owns. Land is the chief wealth of these mountain people, and the coming of age of a son is celebrated with the giving of a kif plot. Good land is often included in the dowry of a daughter, and when a man dies his land is divided among his survivors.











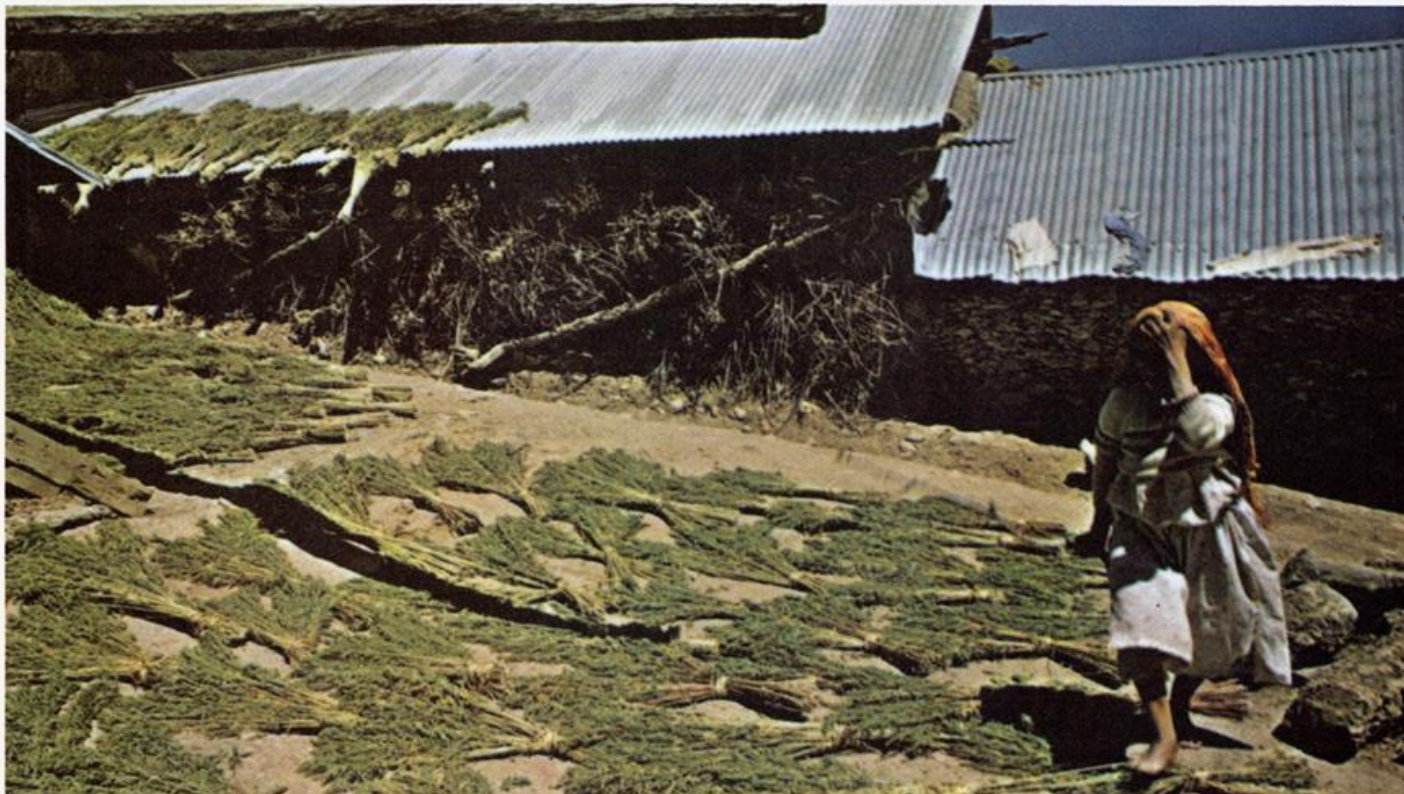


Therefore, families do not usually own large consecutive tracts of land and do not have all of their crop in one place. Rather, a family's kif grows in several fields located on different terraces of the valley basin, and people often own fields in other communities within the region.

While the work of turning the soil and planting in the spring has been accomplished mostly by the men and the cultivating of the plants through the summer has been left primarily to the women, the harvesting of the kif is a family affair. In the last days of August, entire families go to the fields before the sun rises and the day becomes too hot. The long-stemmed kif is pulled out of the ground, gathered in even sheaves and tied with a stalk of the male plant. The earth that clings to the stems and roots is shaken from the plant by beating the roots against the ground, and then these roots are chopped clean with an ax. The sheaves are tied together in 30-kilo piles, and these bundles are carried out of the fields on the strong backs of the mountain ladies.







During these last days of August the people of Mazzarif carry their kif into the village. Older residents may carry only an armful of the sheaves at a time. Children will climb up steep paths with miniature versions of the larger bundles their mothers and sisters move. Mules with double loads of kif slapping against the sides of their bellies will take kif back to the houses situated some distance from the valley.

Inside the village the harvested piles are untied, separated into individual sheaves again and spread out in the sun, still blazing with summer strength. Laid out in courtyards and on the corrugated-metal roofs of houses, the kif will probably dry in a single day; but if all the water has not evaporated from the fresh plants by the time the sun sets, then the plants will be bundled up again, covered through the night and laid out in the sun the following morning.

Naturally, the harvest is a joyous time for these people. Once the fields have been emptied, the kif growers promote a series of holidays and festivities to celebrate their good fortune. At the same time, as tons of kif lie curing between the houses of Mazzarif in the weeks following the completion of the harvest, poorer farmers and beggars arrive from areas outside the kif district to receive two and three-kilo bundles from the residents of the village.

Thus has the kif been harvested for 850 years in the mountains of Mazzarif. Thus will it be harvested next year, and the year after...if Allah is willing ☐



# "ASSASSIN? YOUTH"

(continued from page 41)

surged toward the patrolman with a gun in his hand; there was a blaze of yellowish flame, and the officer fell dead.

"Why did you kill him?" the youth was asked.

"I don't know," he sobbed. "He was good to me. I was high on reefers. Suddenly I decided to shoot him."

In a small Ohio town, a few months ago, a 15-year-old boy was found wandering the streets, mentally deranged by marijuana. Officers learned that he had obtained the dope at a garage.

"Are any other school kids getting cigarettes there?" he was asked.

"Sure. I know 15 or 20, maybe more. I'm only counting my friends."

The garage was raided. Three men were arrested and 18 pounds of marijuana seized.

"We'd been figuring on quitting the racket," one of the dopesters told the arresting officer. "These kids had us scared. After we'd gotten 'em on the weed, it looked like easy money for a while. Then they kept wanting more and more of it, and if we didn't have it for 'em, they'd get tough. Along toward the last, we were scared that one of 'em would get

One of the first places in which marijuana found a ready welcome was in a closely congested section of New York. Among those who first introduced it there were musicians, who had brought the habit northward with the surge of "hot" music demanding players of exceptional ability, especially in improvisation. Along the Mexican border and in seaport cities it had been known for some time that the musician who desired to get the "hottest" effects from his playing often turned to marijuana for aid.

One reason was that marijuana had a strangely exhilarating effect upon the musical sensibilities (Indian hemp has long been used as a component of "singing seed" for canary birds). Another reason was that strange quality of marijuana which makes a rubber band out of time, stretching it to unbelievable lengths. The musician who uses "reefers" finds that the musical beat seemingly comes to him quite slowly, thus allowing him to interpolate any number of improvised notes with comparative ease. While under the influence of marijuana, he does not realize that he is tapping the keys with a furious speed impossible for one in a normal state of mind; marijuana has stretched out the time of the music until a dozen notes may be crowded into the space normally occupied by one. Or, to quote a young musician arrested by

disastrous consequences. Command a person "high" on "mu" or "muggles" or "Mary Jane" to crawl on the floor and bark like a dog, and he will do it without a thought of the idiocy of the action. Everything, no matter how insane, becomes plausible. The underworld calls marijuana "that stuff that makes you able to jump off the tops of skyscrapers."

Reports from various sections of the country indicate that the control and sale of marijuana has not yet passed into the hands of the big gangster syndicates. The supply is so vast and grows in so many places that gangsters perhaps have found it difficult to dominate the sources. A big, hardy weed, with serrated, swordlike leaves topped by bunchy small blooms supported upon a thick, stringy stalk, marijuana has been discovered in almost every state. New York police uprooted hundreds of plants growing in a vacant lot in Brooklyn. In New York State alone last year 200 tons of the growing weed were destroyed. Acres of it have been found in various communities. Patches have been revealed in back yards, behind signboards, in gardens. In many places in the West it grows wild. Wandering dopesters gather the tops from along the right of way of railroads.

An evidence of how large the traffic

## The underworld calls marijuana "the stuff that makes you able to jump off the tops of skyscrapers."

high and kill us all. There wasn't any fun in it."

Not long ago a 15-year-old girl ran away from her home in Muskegon, Michigan, to be arrested later in company with five young men in a Detroit marijuana den. A man and his wife ran the place. How many children had smoked there will never be known. There were 60 cigarettes on hand, enough fodder for 60 murders.

A newspaper in St. Louis reported after an investigation this year that it had discovered marijuana "dens," all frequented by children of high-school age. The same sort of story came from Missouri, Ohio, Louisiana, Colorado—in fact, from coast to coast.

In Birmingham, Alabama, a hot tamale salesman had pushed his cart about town for five years, and for a large part of that time he had been peddling marijuana cigarettes to students of a downtown high school. His stock of the weed, he said, came from Texas and consisted, when he was captured, of enough marijuana to manufacture hundreds of cigarettes.

In New Orleans, of 437 persons of varying ages arrested for a wide range of crimes, 125 were addicts. Of 37 murderers, 17 used marijuana, and of 193 convicted thieves, 34 were "on the weed."

Kansas City officers as a "muggles smoker":

"Of course I use it—I've got to. I can't play any more without it, and I know a hundred other musicians who are in the same fix. You see, when I'm 'floating,' I own my saxophone. I mean I can do anything with it. The notes seem to dance out of it—no effort at all. I don't have to worry about reading the music—I'm music-crazy. Where do I get the stuff? In almost any low-class dance hall or night spot in the United States."

Soon a song was written about the drug. Perhaps you remember;

*Have you seen*

*That funny reefer man?*

*He says he swam to China;*

*Any time he takes a notion,*

*He can walk across the ocean.*

It sounded funny. Dancing girls and boys pondered about "reefers" and learned through the whispers of other boys and girls that these cigarettes could make one accomplish the impossible. Sadly enough, they can—in the imagination. The boy who plans a holdup, the youth who seizes a gun and prepares for a murder, the girl who decides suddenly to elope with a boy she did not even know a few hours ago, does so with the confident belief that this is a thoroughly logical action without the slightest possibility of

may be came to light last year near La Fitte, Louisiana. Neighbors of an Italian family had become amazed by wild stories told by the children of the family. They, it seemed, had suddenly become millionaires. They talked of owning inconceivable amounts of money, of automobiles they did not possess, of living in a palatial home. At last their absurd lies were reported to the police, who discovered that their parents were allowing them to smoke something that came from the tops of tall plants which their father grew on his farm. There was a raid, in which more than 500,000 marijuana plants were destroyed. This discovery led next day to another raid on a farm at Bourg, Louisiana. Here a crop of some 2,000 plants was found to be growing between rows of vegetables. The eight persons arrested confessed that their main source of income from this crop was in sales to boys and girls of high-school age.

With possibilities for such tremendous crops, grown secretly, gangdom has been hampered in its efforts to corner the profits of what has now become an enormous business. It is to be hoped that the menace of marijuana can be wiped out before it falls into the vicious protectorate of powerful members of the underworld. (continued on page 89)



YOSSARIAN'S

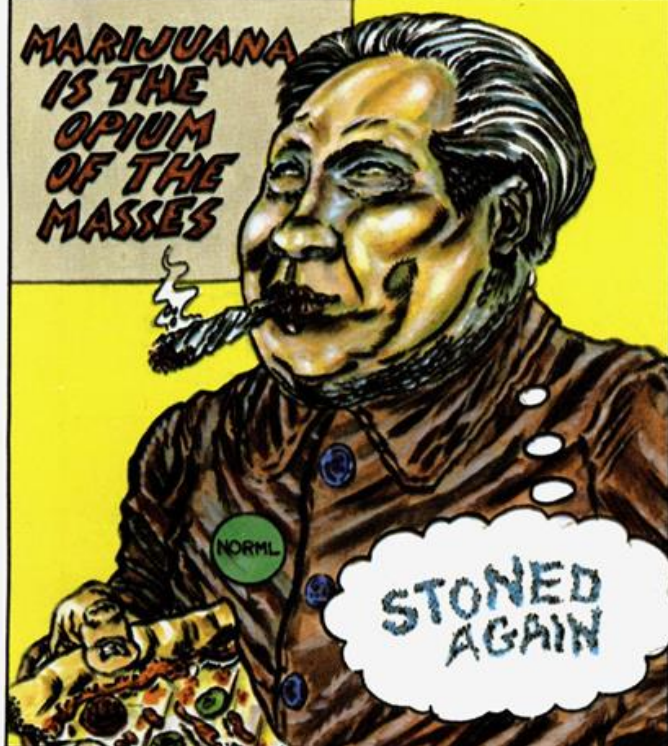
# DOPE TOKER'S TEXTBOOK



©1976 YOSSARIAN

IF THE SMOKING OF MARIJUANA SHOULD BECOME CULTURALLY DESIRABLE IN THE SOCIETY OF MAINLAND CHINA THE HUGE DEMAND WOULD CAUSE A STEEP PRICE INCREASE WORLDWIDE.

MARIJUANA  
IS THE  
OPIUM  
OF THE  
MASSES



JUNKIES AND DOWNER FREAKS: ALWAYS BE CAREFUL ANSWERING THE TELEPHONE, WHILE DOING YOUR IRONING.



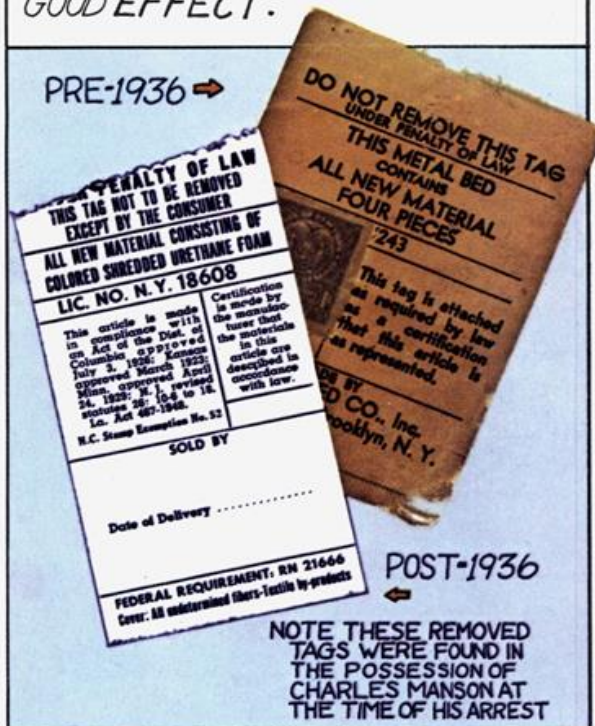
CHLOE NURN — DEXTER OF VENICE CALIFORNIA WAS THE FIRST PERSON TO SAY: "THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY DECENT GRASS SINCE 1967!"



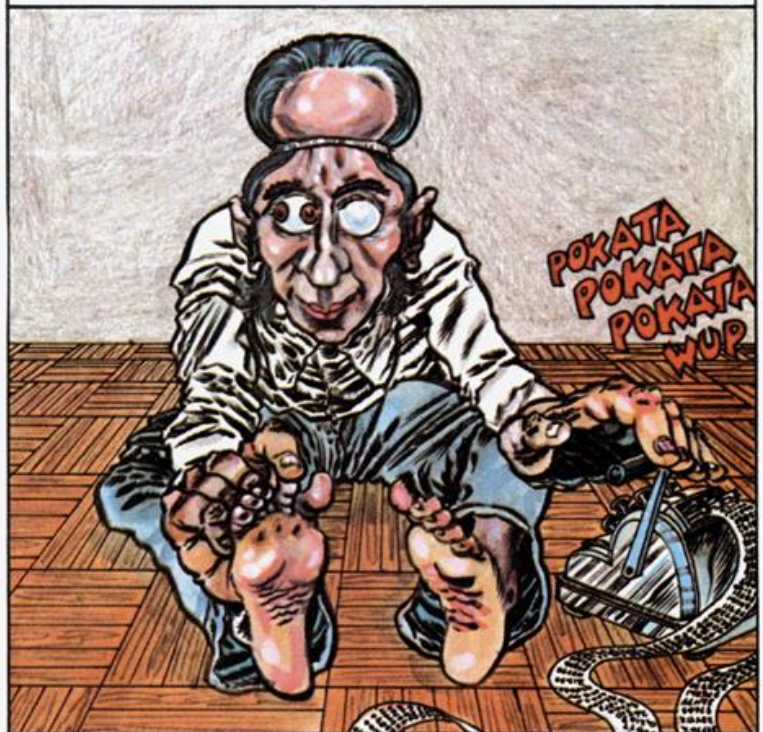
THE INTERNATIONAL STANDARD SNORT: THE DRAWING OF AIR ACROSS ONE GRAM OF COCAINE THROUGH ONE NOSTRIL, USING A ROLLED ONE DOLLAR BILL HELD ONE CM. FROM THE SURFACE OF THE DRUG; THE REMAINING NOSTRIL BEING CLOSED.



**P**RE-1936 'DO NOT REMOVE THIS TAG UNDER PENALTY OF LAW' LABELS WERE MADE OF HIGH QUALITY, RESIN BEARING, HEMP PAPER; AND CAN STILL BE SMOKED TO GOOD EFFECT.

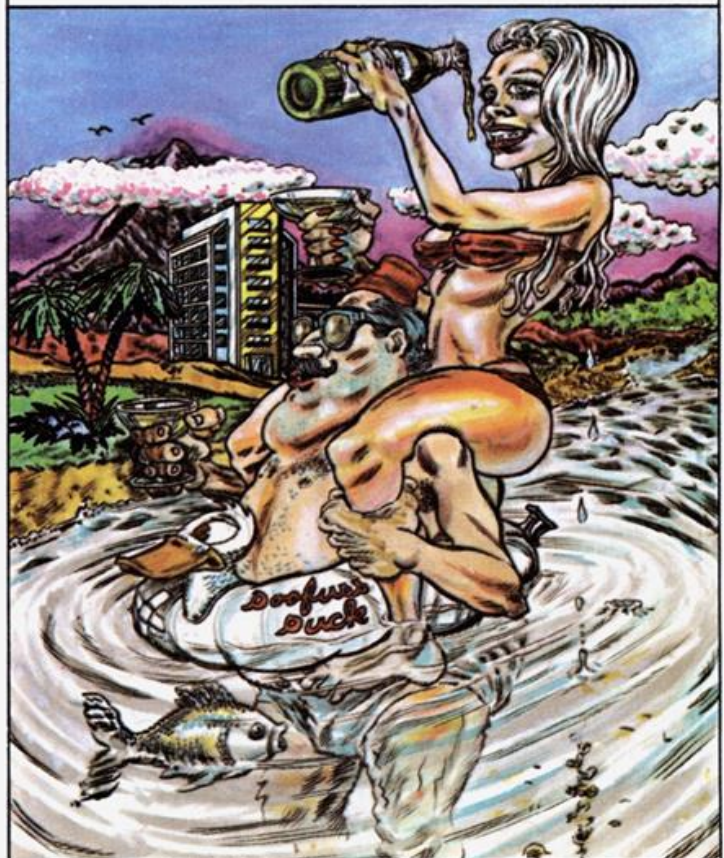


**A**CID FREAKS; NEVER WEAR A HEADBAND, OR A TIGHT HAT DURING THE LAST THREE HOURS OF TRIPPING, WHEN THE **SOFTENED** SKULL SLOWLY HARDENS AND REGAINS IT'S NORMAL SHAPE.



**R**ACHEL MALIGNOWITZ, A NEW YORK CITY NEEDLE AFICIONADO, HAS HAD SERUM HEPATITUS SINCE 1969.

**T**HE LATE KING FAROUK, DEPOSED EGYPTIAN MONARCH, SPENT OVER FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR JUST FOR COCAINE TO APPLY TO HIS PENIS.

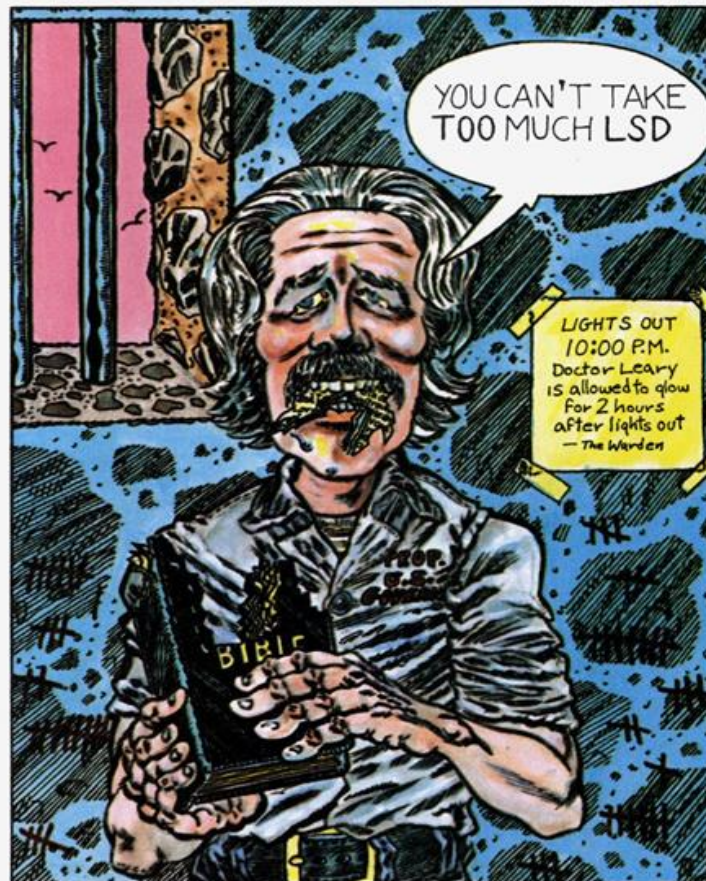




**NEVER SIT ON A CARTON OF AMYL NITRITE AMPULES!**



HE THAT ON THE POPPERTH?

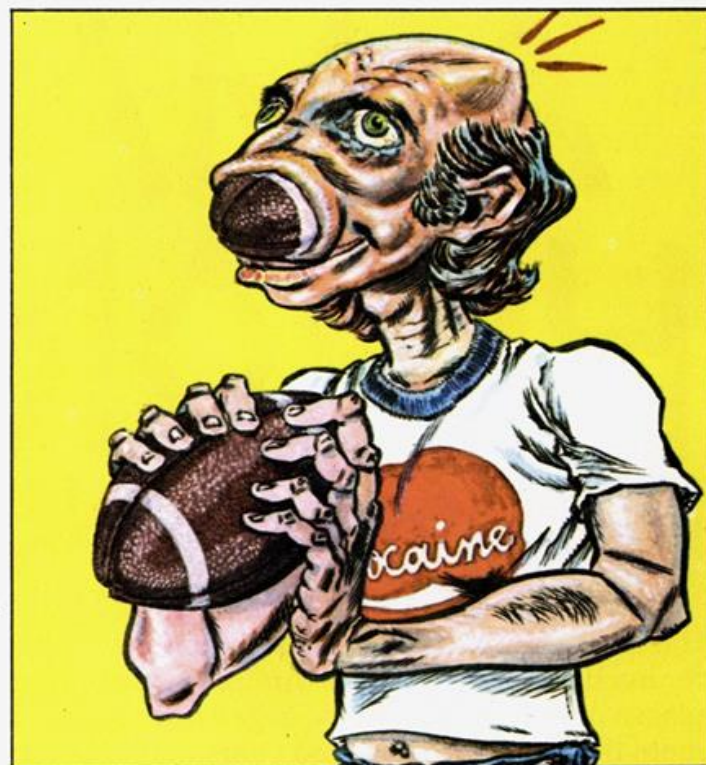
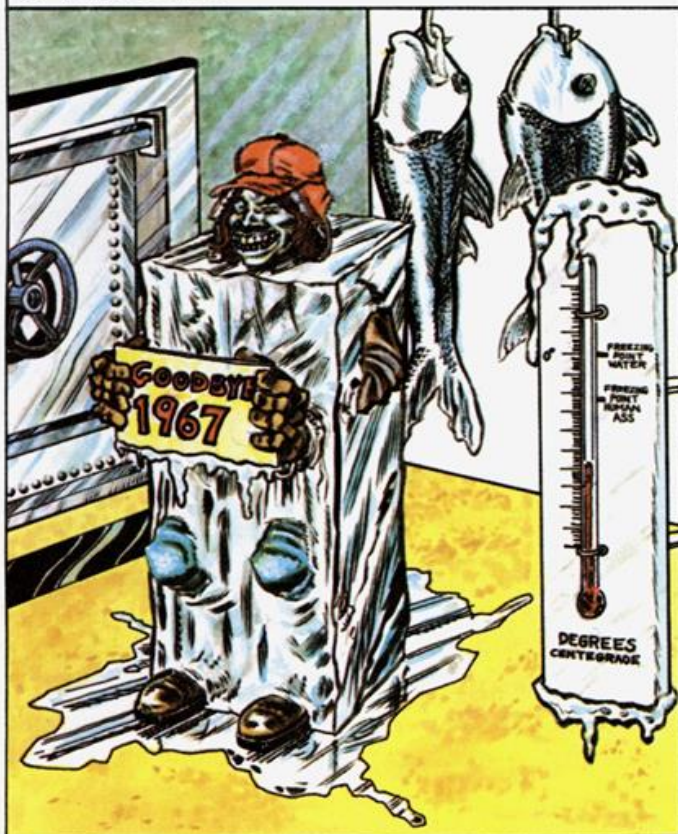


YOU CAN'T TAKE TOO MUCH LSD

LIGHTS OUT 10:00 P.M.  
Doctor Leary is allowed to glow for 2 hours after lights out  
- The Warden

**T**IMOTHY LEARY ONCE ATE AN ENTIRE COPY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT WHICH A PRANKSTER HAD CONVINCED HIM WAS SATURATED WITH LSD ON CERTAIN PAGES.

**E**LIO WANDREX, OF TOLEDO OHIO, HAS HAD HIMSELF CRYOGENICALLY FROZEN UNTIL SUCH TIME AS SCIENCE CAN CREATE A MORE POTENT BREED OF MARIJUANA.



**T**OURQUE KNUDSON OF NEW YORK CITY, A LONGTIME COCAINE USER, CAN PLACE A REGULATION N.F.L. FOOTBALL ENTIRELY INSIDE HIS LEFT NOSTRIL.





The Temple of Apollo at Delphi

# A MAGICAL HISTORY TOUR

## PYTHAGORAS KNEW ALL THE ANGLES

By Elizabeth Pepper and John Wilcock

Hard to capture and impossible to define, magic captivates everybody's imagination. Our quest for magic's origins took us through a dozen countries, always searching for the secrets of age-old places of enchantment. We began our journey in Greece, the fountainhead of Western culture a mere three or four thousand years ago. Until a year ago it was under the tyrannical yoke of the very unmagical Colonels. Now, happily, all that has changed. The birthplace of democracy is liberated once more, the artists and writers are returning and the spirit of Greece is one of reemerging freedom—a freedom and joyousness reminiscent of the times of which we write.

Condensed from the forthcoming book, "The Quest for Magic: Places of Enchantment," by Elizabeth Pepper and John Wilcock, to be published by Harper & Row.



## SAMOS

One of the greenest of Greek islands, also the one closest to Turkey, Samos held an unusual celebration in 1955, marking the 2,500th anniversary of the world's first school of philosophy, founded by Pythagoras. A native of Samos, Pythagoras was in fact the first person to use the word *philosopher*, meaning lover of wisdom. What he discovered influences our thinking to this day, and were it for his contributions to mathematics and music alone—both basic forms of magic—he would be revered. But there was much more to Pythagoras than that.

Pythagoras was rumored to possess a remarkable wheel by means of which he could predict future events. What's more, he was said to have mental powers over animals and to have second sight. He believed that everything in nature could be divided into three parts and taught that one could not become wise until one viewed every problem as being diagrammatically triangular. "Establish the triangle," he declared, "and the problem is two thirds solved."

Born to the son of a wealthy jeweler named Mnesarchus of Samos in 582 B.C., the great Pythagoras claimed to have led several previous lives. He reputedly awed those skeptical of his celestial descent by at least once displaying a golden thigh. The first philosophic master to establish a mutual assistance school, Pythagoras insisted that his pupils be familiar with mathematics, music and astronomy. He appears to have been truly one of the *illuminati*.

Though he visited much of the known world—Syria, Arabia, Chaldea, Phoenicia, Egypt and conceivably even India and Gaul—Pythagoras was fond of his native, verdant Samos. Heavily wooded, it was referred to by the ancients as *phyllas* (leafy) and *dyoussa* (oak-tree clad), but another characteristic of Samos is its mountains. In fact, the island was named by early Phoenician settlers, to whom *samos* meant high or lofty. The peaks of Samos

are believed to be extinct volcanoes, and on misty nights, seafarers have observed a mysterious light issuing from "The Candle," one of the numerous mountain cavities. Samos is also the reputed birthplace of Hera, wife of Zeus, and an important temple was built there for her in ancient times. Only one of its columns has survived.

The philosopher's own birthplace was a tiny port, now called Pythagorion, on the southern side of the island. Nearby is a 1,000-meter tunnel carved through the mountains to bring down water, for which Pythagoras is said to have provided the necessary calculations. It was built by the notorious Polycrates, who ruled from 535 to 515 B.C. It was because of Polycrates that Pythagoras left his beloved Samos and took up residence at Crotona.

Pythagorion today must be one of the sleepest towns in Greece. It is accessible only three times daily by bus from Samos's main port, Vathy, and has almost nothing to offer except a few harbor-side taverns.

Samos was the birthplace of other legendary Greek heroes: Aesop, author of the fables; Aristides and Aristyllos, the astronomer-scientists; Epicurus, the philosopher; and Callistratus, who first devised the 24-letter Greek alphabet.

The lush island is best known for its wine, a favorite of Lord Byron's, and few tourists miss visiting the winery for free samples. The inhabitants are extremely healthy, and longevity is common on Samos. Remarkably enough, the islanders can often "forecast distant events with uncanny certitude."

## DELPHI

Long before the birth of Pythagoras put Samos on the map, another place in Greece was already renowned for its magical sway. This was Delphi, where for six centuries or more, until destroyed by the Christian emperor Arcadius in 398 A.D., the famous oracle shaped world history.

Delphi's prehistoric origins were legendarily associated with the god Apollo, who was said to have come down from the north and killed the Python (one parallel is St. George's slaying of the dragon). Perhaps this is yet another ancient allegory for the sun's victory over the forces of darkness. Is it coincidence that Delphi's most important festivals are held in May and celebrate the genial influence of the sun restoring warmth and life to the earth and sea? Having killed the monster that guarded the ancient site of Mother Earth at Delphi, and having learned the secret of prophecy from Pan, Apollo proceeded to install his own oracle, Pythia. By the eighth century B.C., the oracle was being referred to by Homer as "Lord of Pytho."

The Delphic oracle's invariably wise predictions were also easily misinterpreted. For example, the Athenian king Aegeus, who sought advice about his childless state, was told: "Loose not the jutting neck of the wineskin, great chief of the people, till you have come again to the city of Athens." Instead of accepting this as a prohibition against sex until he got home, he was persuaded by the king of Troezen to mate with his daughter. But all was well: The offspring of this union was the great Theseus.

There are innumerable similar examples: Epaminondas, told to fear death from the sea, died in a wood at Mantinea that happened to be called the sea wood. Nero, warned to be careful of the seventy-third year, was vanquished by the 73-year-old Calba; and best known of all is the advice to Croesus that if he went to war with Persia he would destroy a great empire—which turned out to be his own.

Sometimes the medium was the message. Plutarch reveals in his *Life of Alexander* that the great general arrived on an unpropitious day to seek the oracle's advice about his expedition against the Persians. The Pythian refused to come to

the temple at this unlucky time, and impulsively Alexander tried to drag her there by force. "You are invincible, my son," the Pythian told him, and Alexander chose to interpret her rebuke as his fortune.

At first the Delphic Pythia was always a young virgin, but after a man named Echeocrates from Thessaly incited a worldwide scandal by abducting and raping one of them, it became customary for a woman of 50 years or over to be appointed Pythia.

However simple the question, the Pythia's answer was likely to be obtuse. It was not for nothing that Apollo was sometimes nicknamed *Loxias*, the Ambiguous One.

Plutarch explains this ambiguity somewhat: "Apollo, though not prepared to conceal the truth, manifests it in roundabout ways: by clothing it in poetic form, he rids it of what is harsh and offensive, as one does with a brilliant light by reflecting it and thus splitting it into several rays."

The Delphi that we visit today, usually by motor coach from Athens, 100 miles to the southwest, is an inspiring sight. It sprawls across perhaps an acre of rugged, steep hillside that appears suddenly out of the lonely, barren landscape. Millennia-old landmarks line every yard of the paved path of the Sacred Way, along which the modern pilgrim still walks to reach the fourth century B.C. temple of Apollo, about 2,000 feet above sea level. All is in ruins, but what ruins! The reconstructed portion of the Treasury of the Athenians; the nondescript Sybil's rock from which the first prophecies were uttered; the Castalian Well, the jagged peaks towering behind it the same ones from which Aesop was thrown to his death for daring to question the wisdom of the priests.

But onward, metaphorically mounting one of the magical dolphins with which Apollo's shrine is associated, and across the azure sea to the island of his birth...



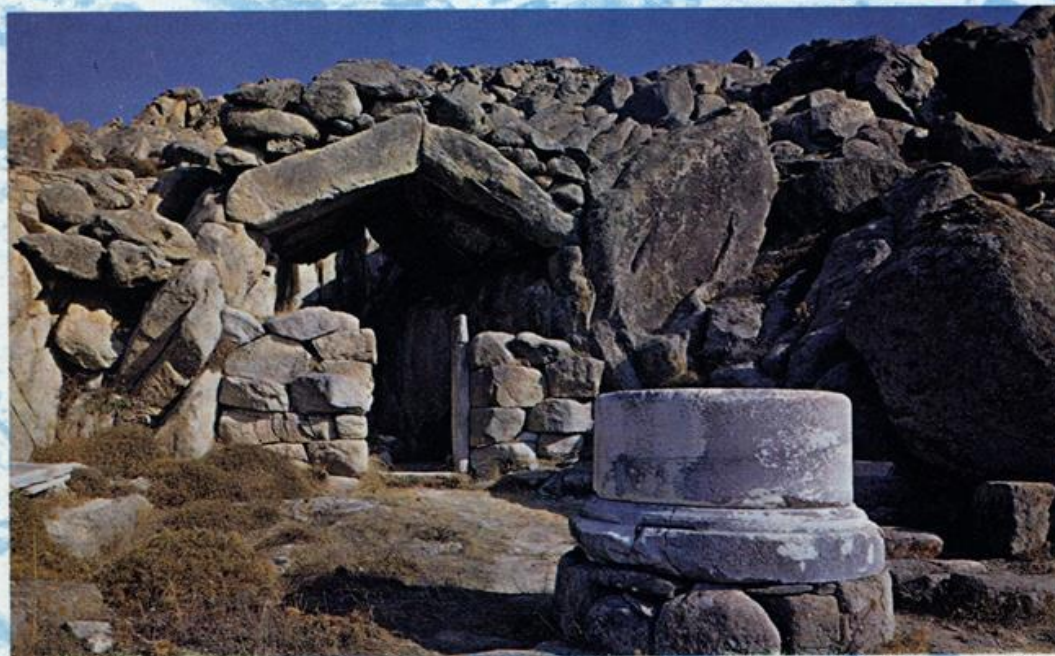
# DELOS

The 10 A.M. boat leaving Myconos harbor each morning for the barren island of Delos is of only passing interest to most of the holiday makers breakfasting on bread and honey at the sidewalk cafés. Most of them have already made plans for the day—nude sunbathing at Paradise Beach, shopping for souvenirs in the labyrinthine back streets of the port—and such plans do not include four hours' picking through ruins in the scorching mid-summer sun. Besides, they have heard about Delos: inch-thick cheese sandwiches, warm beer, no shops, no beaches and poisonous snakes that await those unwary enough to stray from the beaten path.

But Delos's disadvantages will never discourage those fascinated by its history, those aware that this tiny, barren islet was once the religious, artistic and commercial center of the Greek and Roman worlds. For apart from its excellent harbor and its situation at the center of the Cyclades—lands which, according to legend, arranged themselves around it—Delos is important for a supernatural reason: It was the birthplace of the sacred twins Apollo and Artemis, god of the sun and goddess of the moon.

Homer's *Hymn to Apollo* (circa 800 B.C.) tells of a beautiful mortal named Leto, pregnant by the god Zeus, to whom none would give sanctuary. All feared the wrath of Zeus's harried wife, Hera, should she learn of the infidelity. In the nick

Myconos



Entrance to the water tunnel built by Pythagoras at Delos

Mount Cynthos, legendary birthplace of Diana and Apollo



of time, a tiny island floating aimlessly on the sea consented to receive Leto, and Zeus, in gratitude, moored Delos by causing four pillars to rise from the bottom of the sea to secure it. The island's 370-foot Mount Cynthos (Cynthia is a name for Artemis/Diana in her aspect as goddess of the full moon) was thought to be the place the twins were delivered.

The view from Mount Cynthos is magnificent. It commands the whole of the island and surrounding Cyclades, including Myconos, about two miles away.

The Romans, in an attempt to diminish the importance of Rhodes, declared Delos a free port around the second century B.C. This attracted merchants, traders and travelers from all parts of the world, notably Phoenicia, Palestine, Egypt and Syria as well as Italy. Many brought their own cults with them, and traces of these can be seen on Delos to this day. Among the most significant are the remains of the temple of Isis, the Egyptian goddess who, according to Herodotus, the Greeks identified with Demeter and who first showed mortals the uses of wheat and barley. The columns of her temple stand on the western slope of Mount

Cynthos, together with a headless statue of the goddess whom Plutarch quoted as saying, "I am all that hath been, is or shall be; and no mortal has lifted my veil."

Isis was the embodiment of all goddesses—Demeter, Artemis, Cybele, Persephone—and her mysteries became vital rituals during Hellenistic and Roman times, challenging the rise of Christianity. Although the Greeks did not normally extend a welcome to foreign gods, the worship of Isis was already incorporated by the fourth century B.C., when a temple in her honor was erected at the foot of the Acropolis. As the goddess of the earth and its fruits, the sea, the underworld, love, healing, the moon and magic, she had something to offer almost everybody. Through her mysteries, the worshiper could receive the priceless gift of immortality. As the mother of Horus, the

sun god, she seemed, to the Greeks, akin to Apollo himself. Thus her shrine on Apollo's own island is particularly appropriate.

## ELEUSIS

The final stop on our Grecian trip is the lazy town of Eleusis, a small, shabby hamlet on the main highway between Athens and Corinth. When the world looked to Greece for its culture, its inspiration and recorded wisdom, this now-undistinguished hamlet was a symbol of the highest civilization. It was the center of a secret society, a repository of knowledge to which everybody sought access but into which neither wealth nor influence could buy admittance. For only the wise could be initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries, and wisdom then as now transcended both class and country.

"Happy he of the mortals



who has seen this," wrote Homer. "In the dark kingdom of shadows, the fate of the initiate and the uninitiate is not the same.

"Those mysteries of which no tongue can speak—only blessed is he whose eyes have seen them: His lot after death is not as the lot of other men!"

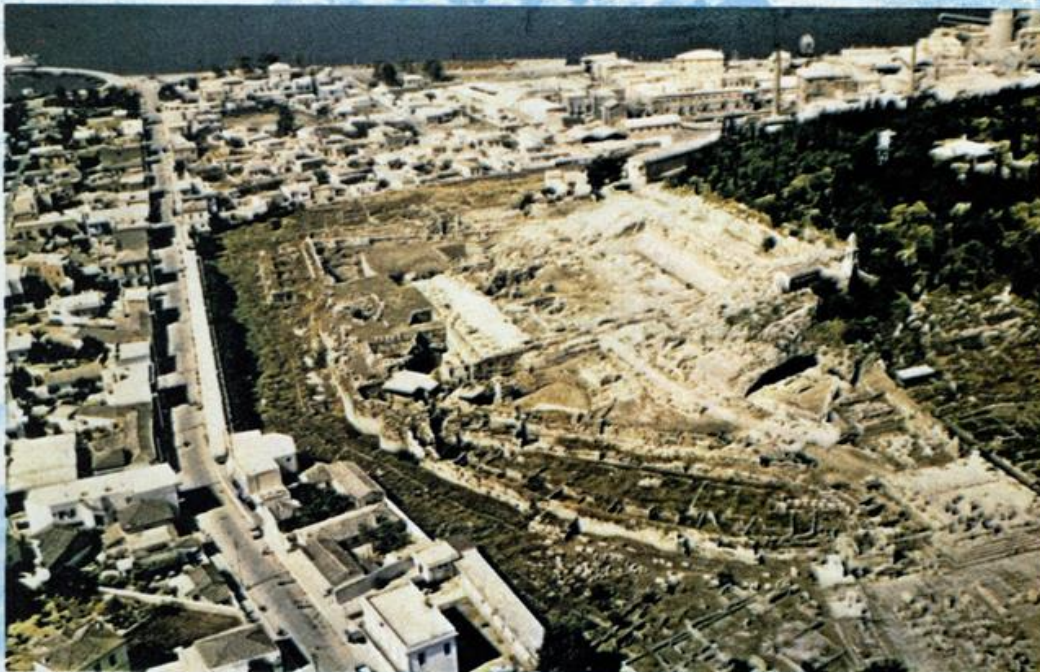
Whatever the secrets imparted at Eleusis (pronounced "Elefsis")—disclosure of them was punishable by death—they were obviously potent. More than 26 centuries after Homer, Jung was to conclude: "The ordinary man was somehow liberated from his personal impotence and temporarily

endowed with an almost superhuman quality. The conviction could be sustained for a long time, and it gave a certain style to life—and set a tone for a whole society."

To this day, scholars know little about the mysteries. The initiates were sworn to secrecy, their lips "locked" with a golden key, and they



Apollo on Greek silver coin  
(circa 392 B.C.)



Ruins at Eleusis

Artemis and satyrs (Museum at Delos)



kept their vows. Socrates is said to have declined initiation because it would seal his tongue. Yet much can be reconstructed from poetry, fragments of hymns, bas reliefs, vases (most of the early pottery patterns were believed to be copies of scenes from the temple) and other art created during the centuries when Eleusis was called "the sanctuary of the whole world."

All candidates were required to have a sponsor, and barbarians, murderers and women of immoral life were specifically barred, although, says Francis Lenormant, "the compliance of a *mystagogos* who was not overscrupulous sufficed to introduce them in spite of rules to the contrary."

Magicians, according to Apollonius of Tyana, were also excluded. So were many noble aspirants—the fearsome Roman emperor Nero, for one. A possible reason for Nero's exclusion appears

in Plato: "He who, not being inspired and having no touch of madness in his soul, comes to the door and thinks he will get into the temple by the help of art—he, I say, and his poetry are not admitted."

On at least one occasion men who tried to bluff their way in were put to death:

After the seventh century A.D., by which time the cult of Eleusis had pretty much declined, the ruins lay untended and forgotten for centuries, and it is undeniable that the area has suffered.

The ruins possess much of their original mystical charm—all the more so, ironically, because of the relative lack of attention paid them. There is an unspoiled atmosphere that the more visited sites totally lack. Immense broken pillars lie everywhere, many with their ancient lettering and ideograms still clearly discernible.

In *The Pursuit of Greece* (John Murray, London), Philip Sherrard speculates on how the magical pattern of such places as Eleusis is constantly repeated. First, he says, comes the genuine inspiration, the revelation of a mystery, the great dynamic force, the spiritual teaching.

"Then gradually the inner fire goes, the initiates become a cast holding behind closed doors the letter of the law, imposing superstition, stamping out any new revelation. . . . The creative life is formalized, given a hierarchy, a set of dogmas, an authority. Ossification.

"New people, barbarians probably, but full of energy, come destroy the suffocating structure and set the blood flowing again." ■



**High Style**

**The**



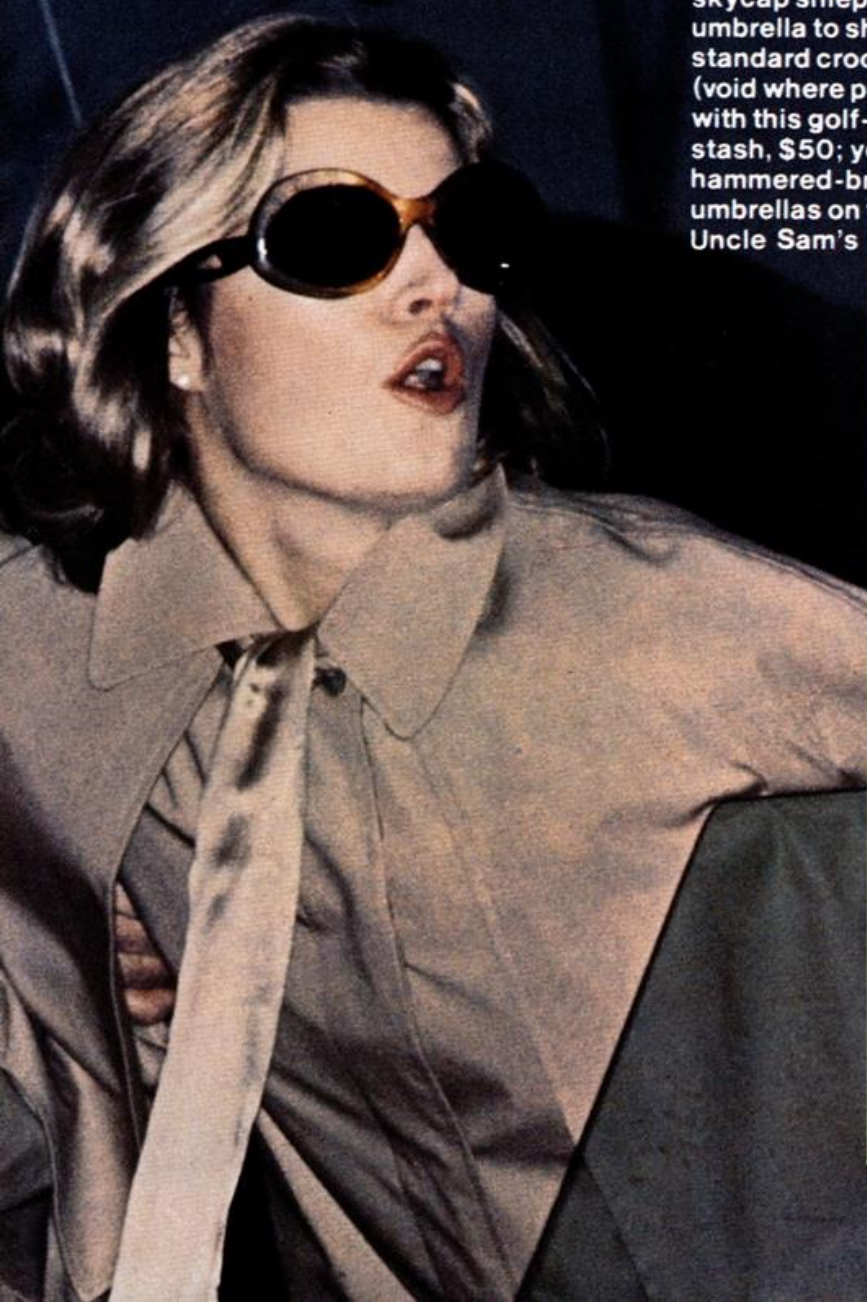
**skycap**



# Umbrella Caper

***It Never Rains on Big Scores***

It's been *all day* from Bogota to New York and you've been stacked up over Kennedy for two hours. Finally you set down in a dense fog and slip through Customs like a bar of soap in a wet fist. Walking to the taxi, there's a slight drizzle . . . romantic . . . but deadly. The skycap shleps your stash while you open your innocent-looking umbrella to shut out the cold—and the heat. Left to right: men's standard crooked leather-handled umbrella with a sword in shaft (void where prohibited by law), \$200; let a vial be your umbrella with this golf-handle-type hollow umbrella featuring glass pop-up stash, \$50; you'll be stinging in the rain with this antique Moroccan hammered-brass twist-off dagger-handle umbrella, \$300. All the umbrellas on this and the next few pages are custom made by Uncle Sam's Umbrellas, 161 West 57th Street, N.Y.C.



Jim Bogin

Plane and terminal: courtesy Air France







A woman with dark hair, wearing a light-colored trench coat and a large, dark fur coat, is looking upwards and to the left. Her hand is resting on the fur collar. In the background, a man is partially visible, wearing a light-colored trench coat and holding a large, patterned umbrella. The scene is set against a dark background.

## Keep Your Powder Dry

It's nice weather for ducks (far left), but don't grab this dude's brolly—the furled tarp pulls away in your hands to reveal a gleaming 22-inch blade of Toledo steel, concealed in the hand-carved duck-motif men's contemporary-style umbrella, \$200. Center: the rain in Spain won't stain her mary jane, thanks to her Chinese-style parasol with weighted handle for stick fighting, \$100. Fur coat courtesy of Acme Kennels, Flushing, N.Y.





## **Better Smoked Than Soaked**

Nosy narcs will change their minds, if they have any left, after they sustain a cranial impact equal to eight gs from the flexible metal blackjack on this hand-carved wooden handle (left, \$150). She'll be high and dry when she uncorks her turn-of-the-century solid sterling silver glove stash on a bamboo shaft (right, \$300) to reveal an ounce of Peruvian Parched. See? You *do* need a weatherman to know which way the snow blows. ☐





# HIGH WITNESS NEWS

## Veterans of Foreign Jails Recount Brutality, Filth

Congress will soon schedule hearings so legislators can learn firsthand about the excessive abuses inflicted upon U.S. citizens in foreign jails, particularly in Mexico, Turkey and Jamaica. The hearings are the result of several years of lobbying and letter writing by inmates and graduates of the various hellholes.

Representative Pete Stark of California is pressing Congress to insure that the State Department is made more responsive to the needs of Americans who face long delays and unspeakable meals in the foreign dope dungeons while awaiting trials that sometimes never come. At the moment, the U.S. State Department reviews about one case a month, which is woefully inadequate. Moreover, the State Department usually re-

gards Yanks arrested on dope charges as embarrassments. So, too, do rival dealers—and everyone else concerned seems to shun action.

In Mexico alone the heat is up to one bust a day, and U.S. narc financing has led to increased police brutality and abbreviated due process of law. Stark has publicly questioned the workings of justice in Mexico, where it seems weighed by fluctuations in the exchange rate of the peso. Americans there can either wait years before they are tried, sentenced and shot or, as Stark says, they can "bribe their way out of the most minor traffic ticket."

### "Escape" from Turkey

As the number of wayward gringos in foreign bastilles mounts, daring escapes seem to



William Hayes recounts the horrors of Turkish prison to high school students in Valley Stream, Long Island.

Folios



Chicago, Illinois, policemen inspect confiscated bags of marijuana and miscellaneous dope after a raid on an apartment on South Parnell Avenue. Michael Bailey, 19, a police clerk, and Robert Kelly, 25, were charged with possession of controlled substances. The curious officers are (from left) Patrolmen Pat Mason, Tom Scott and William Wolanski, and Sgt. Thomas Nash.

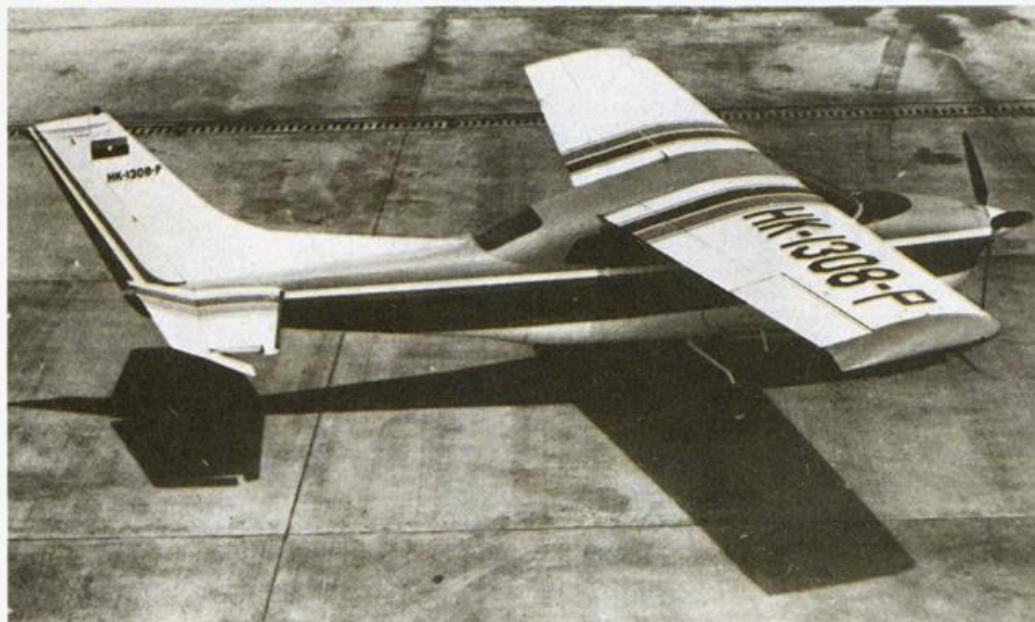
be the order of the day. Perhaps the most thrilling of these episodes concerns 28-year-old William Hayes, convicted hash smuggler and suspected CIA operative, who made a bold break from his Turkish captors and wended his way to the U.S. in a series of adventures that barely seem credible. Some observers consider Hayes a federal plant whose tales of horror behind Turk bars are aimed at making other smugglers think twice about using Turkey.

Hayes was convicted in 1970 for smuggling two kilos of what he described to *High Times* as "excellent green Turkish hash." First sentenced to four years in prison for possession, and then to 30 years for smuggling when he appealed, Hayes was transferred from Istanbul to the minimum-security island prison at Imrali in the Sea of Marmara. After nearly five years in various jails, Hayes decided he would die if he remained there. Stealing a skiff, he rowed 17 miles to the mainland (through a stormy sea, no less), took a bus to the Greek border and hitched a ride with some

(continued on page 70)



## Cocaine Confidential



*This single-engine Cessna plane was confiscated by Colombian authorities when they allegedly discovered 407 kilos of cocaine aboard. Two men were arrested in connection with the incident at Palmaseca International Airport.*

South American narcs, armed with DEA-supplied tools, continue to chip away at the big nose candy mountain. So don't be surprised if 1976 becomes the year of the \$100-plus gram for medium-grade blow.

- Colombian police arrested two men and seized 407 kilos of suspected cocaine and a single-engine Cessna at Cali International Airport, in Cali, Colombia. The cargo was reportedly the largest cocaine seizure ever made in Colombia.

Airport detectives arrested suspects Jorge Perez Ibarra, the alleged pilot, and Omar Perdomo Perez, the owner of the plane, when the craft landed unannounced in bad weather on a back part of the Cali airfield.

The confiscated cocaine was later thrown into the Rio Cauca under a provision of a new Colombian law that demands destruction of all seized illicit drugs. Cars, boats, airplanes or other vehicles seized in connection with dope busts are now turned over to the Colombian government.

- DEA agents captured two alleged cocaine smugglers in a Houston, Texas, shopping center parking lot after a shootout that left one of the suspects critically wounded.

Antonio Carlos Viera Di Giorgio, 35, a citizen of Uruguay, was charged with conspiracy to sell a kilo of cocaine to undercover agents.

The wounded suspect, Alfonso Martinez Jr., 34, of Houston, was

charged with alleged intent to distribute cocaine.

- DEA agents arrested three Colombian men alleged to have provided cocaine to the infamous Caverro gang in South Florida.

The men, Alberto Ramirez, 40, Adolfo Gomez, 33, and Otto Archbold, 39, were arrested by the federal agents in the Caribbean island of Martinique after allegedly arranging to sell them nearly 100 pounds of cocaine. They are being held in Dade County Jail in Florida.

- A police informant reportedly tipped off DEA agents to a one-pound coke deal they say involved an Atlanta attorney and four other men.

Attorney Marvin J. Zagoria, 30, of Atlanta, Georgia, is alleged to have provided funds to John Miller, 25, also of Atlanta, to go to New York to purchase the dope. Also arrested in connection with the alleged conspiracy were Mark Winder, 27, Barry Singer, 32, and Oliver Janus, 21, all of New York.

The men were arrested on a complaint filed by a DEA agent for conspiracy to violate a federal law against distributing cocaine.

- A Tijuana, Mexico, man was indicted in San Diego, California, on charges of importing and possessing with intent to sell 1.1 pounds of cocaine.

Carlos Sanchez-Amezcu, 21, was stopped at the San Ysidro port of entry by U.S. Customs officers, who claim they found cocaine in the trunk and air vent of his car.

- Two Canadian women were arrested by U.S. Customs officials in Miami, Florida, for alleged cocaine smuggling into the U.S.

Moya Greene, 21, a Toronto law student, and Francine LaFontaine, were stopped at the Miami International Airport when authorities reportedly found 66 ounces of liquid cocaine in spray cans and whiskey bottles, and nearly a kilo of coke in hair spray cans and a plastic shampoo container, in the women's luggage.

- Four men were arrested in Nassau and Suffolk counties, in New York, for alleged criminal possession of cocaine. Officials claimed the men were responsible for "only the very highest quality" of coke.

Held in the First District Court, Mineola, on charges which could bring sentences of 25 years to life, were Raul Diaz, 46, James Silvestrini, 35, Ramon Bruzon, 34, and Aliro Nunez, 34, all of Queens, New York.

Officials did not disclose the amount of cocaine allegedly found in their possession when they were arrested.



*Colombian DAS (secret service) agents dump 407 kilos of cocaine into the Cauca River. The cargo was seized at the Palmaseca International Airport, in Cali, Valle, Colombia.*



# HIGHWAY Reefer Reform

Marijuana smokers could prove to be the telling factor in this year's national election. Political candidates will have to confront the issue of decriminalization—but only if 40 million tokers apply some heat. From the look of developments in some states, the mood of the nation favors reform by 1977 on a federal level, but the busts keep coming down. That's one good reason to see reefer reform consciousness raised this election year.

Legislators in Lagos, Nigeria, have voted to decriminalize marijuana there. Previous restrictions on simple pot possession called for up to 10-year prison sentences. The new laws allow for small traffic-ticket-like fines.

And we hear the dope is superb. Students fanned the lines at the polls election day in Oxford, Ohio, to establish a \$5 fine for possession of marijuana within the city limits. Ohio State law carried a \$1,000 fine and up to a year in jail for the violation, although that penalty was recently reduced to a maximum \$100 fine for simple possession of less than 200 grams of pot.

At the same time, the student vote clinched the approval of permits for carry-out sales of beer and wine and the establishment of state liquor stores in that previously dry town.

## Federal Informers Profiled

The DEA and FBI annual budgets to pay informers and to buy dope are \$9 million and \$3.6 million respectively, according to Martin Pera, Chief of Domestic Investigations for the DEA.

And the best informer, explains Pera, "is a two-time loser, 45 to 50, who knows if he goes up one more time, he's going to die in the can."

In Los Angeles NORML has filed its long-expected suit designed to overturn all of California's pot laws on the grounds that they interfere with citizens' constitutional rights to privacy, including the sanctity of the home, the privacy of the body and mind, and the right to be left alone as long as no compelling state interest is involved.

The NORML constitutional attack on marijuana laws is based on similar successful litigation last May that resulted in the Alaska Supreme Court deciding that the Alaska pot laws were illegal because they conflicted with the right of the individual to privacy.

Police chief Jerry Bratcher proposed to the Palatine, Illinois, village board that it pass a law making possession of small amounts of marijuana for first offenders a village offense subject to an expensive traffic-ticket-like fine.

Under present Illinois law, a person arrested with 2.5 grams or less of marijuana is subject to a fine of up to \$500 and up to 30 days in jail.

Chief Bratcher agreed to submit a written proposal after consultation with the village attorney. Such a law is possible under the home rule provisions of the state constitution.

When he turns to us, he has nowhere else to go. He becomes as zealous as a cop."

Estimates of the number of informers presently employed by law enforcement agencies around the country vary between 20,000 and 40,000. Official reports indicate there are at least two paid informers for every agent in the FBI.

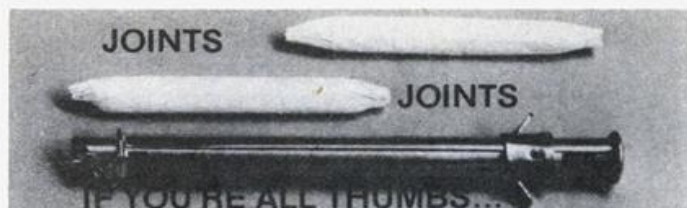
## Pot Smokers Motivated By Jobs, Food

New research conducted at Harvard University indicates that while heavy drinkers tend to stop work because of drinking bouts, marijuana users stick to their jobs even when they smoke a lot of dope.

Doctor Jack Mendelson, director of the Alcohol and Drug Abuse Research Center at Harvard, added that alcohol users seem to be much more dangerous drivers than heavy marijuana smokers. Mendelson says that al-

cohol not only slows reactions but also triggers the release of a hormone that increases aggression—a factor implicated in many automobile accidents.

Mendelson also cites a basic difference in eating habits: drinkers tend to pass up food for drink, while smokers practically crave taste sensations.



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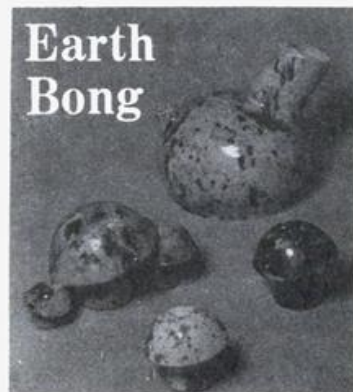
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# HIGHWIT

## NORML

(continued from page 27)

Udall, populist Fred Harris, Governor Jimmy Carter and Senators Birch Bayh and Henry "Scoop" Jackson, while Ronald Reagan, George Wallace and President Ford will continue their resolute opposition to dope law reform.

Stroup also announced that NORML has begun petitioning defense and intelligence agencies under the Freedom of Information Act to release the results of marijuana-related research. Ten such agencies have been targeted, and to date the results of 18 previously unannounced marijuana research projects have been turned over. Most studies found that marijuana is relatively harmless; however, one CIA study concluded that massive doses of liquid marijuana injected into albino rats causes them to die. Agencies re-

sponding that they had not done any marijuana research included: the Navy, the Marines, NASA, the Defense Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency/Central Security Service. The National Security Agency (NSA) had initially denied NORML's request because it was not "specific" enough. Nothing was located when a record search was ordered on appeal.

The weekend convocation also included panels on the medical, social and legal ramifications of the marijuana issue. Included among the guest speakers were such notables in the pot reform movement as Dr. Lester Grinpoon, author of *Marijuana Reconsidered*, Dr. Norman Zinberg, Dr. Dorothy Whipple and San Francisco dope lawyer Michael Stepanian, who told the legal-minded crowd, "If you lose a dope case today, you've got a shitty lawyer."

## Foreign Jails

(continued from page 67)

Greek soldiers who took him to Thessalonika, where U.S. consular officials made arrangements for his return to Long Island.

Hayes refused to describe what happened to him when he crossed the Greek border. Furthermore, U.S.-Turkish relations are now at a point where a little cooperation between narcs may be all that's standing between Turkey's present status as a U.S. missile base and its probable future as a Soviet satellite.

At any rate, Billy Hayes made it home and advises boys and girls not to mess around the Bosphorus.

### Jamaica: Why Do You Think They Call It Dred?

Another alumnus of foreign jails is Albert Sibi, 22, of Lavelette, New Jersey. After 30 days in a Jamaican jail, he was recognized among a group of prisoners by an American diplomat, who managed to spring him. Ironically, U.S. Em-

bassy officials had been informed that Sibi was already free and on a jet to the mainland.

He had been taken into custody when the small plane he was piloting developed problems with the low-grade fuel he had purchased in Haiti and he force-landed in a sugar field near Kingston. Sibi alleges that Jamaican officers used a long-handled cigarette lighter to burn his feet and ankles during interrogations. Sibi's plane remains grounded at St. Anne—at an unmapped airstrip outside Kingston—with other American planes confiscated by Jamaican officials.

If you have any information that might be helpful to Americans now enduring cruel and unusual punishment (which may be a regular feature in some foreign prisons) or have been a victim of such treatment yourself, write to your congressperson for immediate action. Or write to High Times. We intend to press for action that will release Americans unjustly held and better the conditions of others.

## CIA Gave Dope Bonuses, Ex-Cons Say

Two former inmates at the Lexington Center in Kentucky told a Congressional committee that volunteers in CIA drug experiments performed there in the 1950s could build up a "bank" of morphine and other drugs if they agreed to certain experiments.

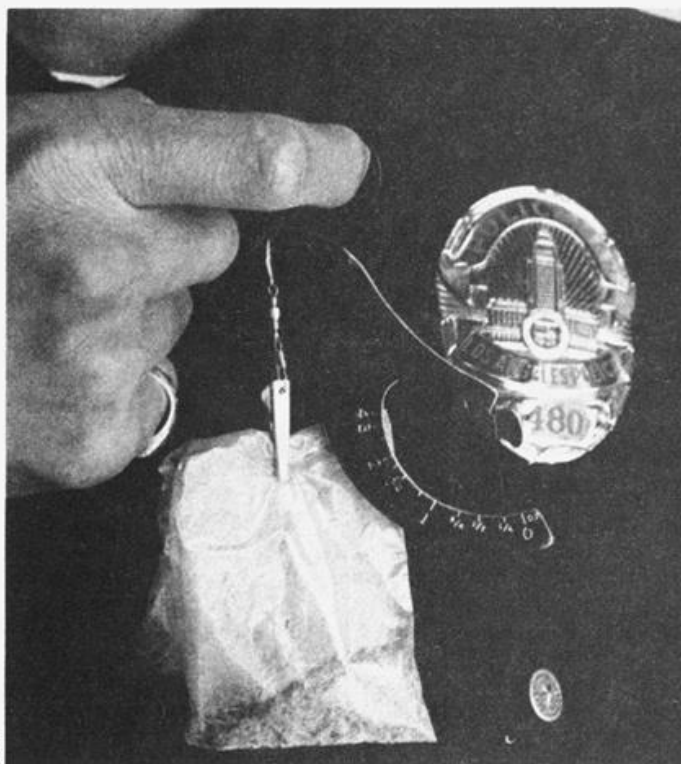
The ex-inmates, James Henderson Childs and Edward M. Flowers, testified that, after participating in an experiment, the volunteer could pick up his drug rewards—an injected dose of morphine or "whatever you happened

to be into"—up to three times a day, depending upon how much "credit" he had in the "bank."

Flowers, who was 19 when he went to Lexington, said he lied that he was over 21 so he could participate in the experiment.

At the same time, a former CIA doctor testified that convicted Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt asked him to supply an "LSD-type" drug to be administered to an unidentified person in 1972.





UPI

In order to comply with new California pot laws, L.A. cops have been issued pocket-sized scales to weigh small amounts of dope taken from arrested suspects. Persons found with less than an ounce of grass are now subject to a fine—with more than an ounce they face felony charges.

## Dope Tapes Save Day

Charges against a Santa Cruz, California, man accused of selling coke and assault with a deadly weapon were dropped when the accused showed up in court with a tape recording of the bust that contradicted police testimony.

Ed Leslie, 36, a real-estate broker and rock-group promoter, will not have to face charges, because "the case went haywire," according to Assistant District Attorney Art Danner. No narcotics were obtained from Leslie, and the informant—whose credibility was under question—said he feared reprisals.

Terry Critton, the informer, had himself faced charges of burglary and receiving stolen property. He allegedly agreed to work for the D.A.'s office with the understanding that he would receive a more lenient hearing of his own case. Leslie, however, suspected the set-up and phoned his attorneys, who suggested he tape-record any solicitation. When Critton arranged to come over to buy some coke, Leslie taped the meeting. The recording shows that he searched Critton, found a police monitoring device and confronted Critton with the fact that he was a

police informer. Critton admitted his part in the frame-up, and Leslie was in the process of throwing him out of the house when a series of loud knocks broke in the door and a voice yelled, "Police officers! Get your fucking hands on the wall!"

California law allows police to enter without announcing themselves when one of their men is inside. Yet the official report maintains that the officers involved in the case "loudly knocked and loudly announced 'police, open up,' at least twice."

In a follow-up report, Critton was still unaware that Leslie had taped their conversations. His description of being threatened at gunpoint during the episode did not jibe with the tape, either.

The case was dropped for fear of what the D.A.'s office called "bad publicity."

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## Who's High

The question has not always been "who's high?" but "who's high on what?" Among some rock stars it's good old-fashioned alcohol, plus other things.

Elton John, for example, downs Yukon Jack; Mick Jagger swills white wine, beer and Jack Daniels; Bill Wyman goes for vodka and Seven-Up; and Frank Zappa is picky about the years of his Chateau Batailly—1961 or 1967.

•Pollster Daniel Yankelovich reports that 26 percent of high school students and 41 percent of college students consider themselves regular users of marijuana or other drugs. Six percent of high school students and 8 percent of college students reported smoking grass daily.

The poll showed that college smokers took more dope, but use other drugs less than high school students, who tend to experiment with LSD, barbiturates, cocaine and heroin.

Doping, Yankelovich says, is frequently combined with boozing: 58 percent of high school students and 79 percent of college students reported that they drank alcoholic beverages.

In addition, Yankelovich broke down those questioned into "abusers" and "casual users." Of abusers, he said, 51 percent sell dope for profit and 81 percent tend to keep dope on hand; of casual

users, only 14 percent sell dope for profit and 41 percent have a ready stash.

•Jack Ford has admitted to being an occasional pot smoker, but recently his proclivity for cocaine was questioned by his dad, Gerry Ford, who sent a special FBI team to investigate allegations that Jack had been seen copping coke in Salt Lake City, Utah.

As it happens, Jack Ford wasn't even in Salt Lake City at the alleged time of the buy. The investigation was quickly closed.

•Pollsters from the American Journal of Public Health recently reported that Public Health graduate students at the University of California were 92 percent in favor of legalizing pot; 76 percent said they had used marijuana, and 43 percent admitted to being regular users.

So much for the days of public health programs designed to suppress weed.

•Marijuana smokers are getting younger all the time. Girl users are catching up with boy users. And whites are smoking as much as blacks. So concludes the results of four national surveys released by the National Institute of Drug Abuse (NIDA).

A 1972 survey showed that 4 percent of 12-to-13-year-olds had used marijuana then. In 1974 that figure reached 6 percent.

•Since 1965 a total of 1,900,000 Americans have been arrested by state and federal authorities for marijuana violations at an estimated cost of \$600 million a year for marijuana law enforcement.

Recently released FBI figures report that marijuana arrests in the U.S. rose from 420,700 in 1973 to 445,600 in 1974, comprising nearly 70 percent of all drug-related arrests.

At the same time, survey results in Oregon show continuing public support of decriminalization and an apparent decrease in

marijuana use since that state removed penalties in 1973.

•Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Starship has come out of the closet to join friends Jack Ford, John Denver, et al., in admitting that he smokes dope. "Their courage," he said, "inspired me to tell all."



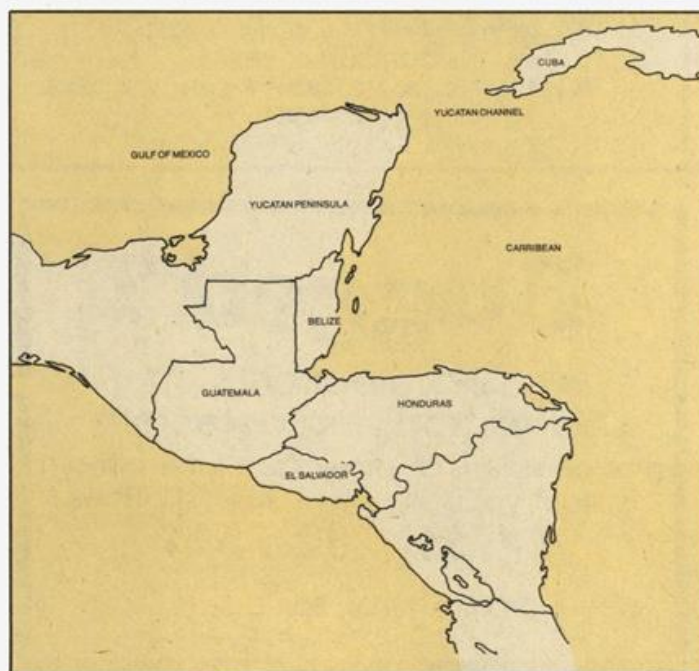
Wide World

Starshipper Paul Kantner

### MARIJUANA ARRESTS

	1974	1973	1972	1971	1970
TOTAL MARIJUANA ARRESTS	445,600	420,700	292,179	225,828	188,682
% OF TOTAL DRUG ARRESTS	69.4%	66.9%	55.4%	45.9%	45.4%
	1969	1968	1967	1966	1965
TOTAL MARIJUANA ARRESTS	118,903	95,870	61,843	31,119	18,815
% OF TOTAL DRUG ARRESTS	51.1%	59.1%	61.2%	51.5%	40.8%

Source: FBI Uniform Crime Reports



## Latin War Threatens Dope Traffic

The most direct route for moving large shipments of dope from Colombia to the United States by ship or plane runs up the coast of Belize, formerly British Honduras. But recently renewed military activity between Belize and neighboring Guatemala has kindled fears that newly restored weed

runs from Santa Marta and Cartagena may be grounded. This new interruption in the precious trade is just the latest wrinkle in a 250-year-old border dispute between Belize and Guatemala.

British warships have been sighted in Amatique Bay, 200 miles southeast of the Yucatán Passage, but rumor has it that the seagoing dope trade has nothing to fear for at least several months. Guatemala, however, has recently pressed its land claims by moving a sizable chunk of its well-armed 14,000-person army to border posts. Such maneuvers may cause an intensification of scanning and surveillance that would make it dangerous for any unidentified aircraft passing by on its way north from Colombia.

If present affairs deteriorate into combat, the prices of certain connoisseur weeds may also escalate.





Ken Goode

Fayetteville, Arkansas—Interior of the barn where DEA agents found grass

## Fayetteville

(continued from page 27)

agents succumb to petty temptations and bust private citizens for conspiracies the DEA itself initiates. Agents have reportedly arranged to ship huge quantities of dope to the U.S. in the past, for the sole purpose of seizing them and thus bolstering budget statistics. This game may be their undoing.

The Senate permanent subcommittee on investigations, headed by Henry Jackson, has been investigating alleged instances of abuses of power and corruption within the agency for more than a year. Reports of bribery, extortion and even murder led to the resignation of John Bartels as agency chief in 1975. And though high DEA officials have consistently denied the truth of allegations being probed by Jackson's subcommittee, critical changes in manpower at management levels in the DEA indicate there is more happening than is being publicly discussed.

The six persons convicted in Fayetteville are: William Lawrence French, 30, Barbara French, 28, Cathy Savage, 29, and Maggie Lopez, 29, all of Fayetteville; Guy Warren Payne, 53, of Muskogee, Oklahoma, and Bruce Thompson, 26, of Massachusetts.

## Cops Tighten Security for Bicentennial

Law enforcement officials in major U.S. cities will receive more than a million dollars from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration in 1976 to help them

combat Bicentennial terrorism.

The move began last summer when legislators on the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee were told by various law enforce-

ment authorities that left-wing political groups planned to step up violence during the nation's birthday celebration. Groups like Puerto Rican FALN, the American Indian Movement, the Emilio Zapata Unit, the New World Liberation Front and the SLA have been singled out for attention.

July 4th celebrations in New York and Philadelphia and the Olympic games in Montreal, Canada, present reasons for concern, say authorities.

The new President's Cabinet Committee to Combat Terrorism has reportedly established a unique communications system linking up police departments across the country—presumably for quick action in the face of a conflict that may never come.

## Know Your Dope

"Ups" seized in a raid near Thornton, Iowa, late last year could have been fatal to people taking them, according to pharmaceutical examiners in Sioux City, Iowa. Analysis revealed the tablets contained traces of strychnine that if taken in large enough quantities could kill.

In a similar development the St. Petersburg Free Clinic in Clearwater, Florida, has discovered contaminants in substances submitted to them under such headings as "purported speed," "purported downs," etc. Most purported speed has been identified as phenylephrine, ephedrine, theophylline and Tedral, all common antihistamines that induce some of the effects of mild speed but that also have had a variety of

contraindications, including high blood pressure, gastric problems, restlessness and headaches.

The clinic also reports that Rotenone, an insecticide, is being passed off in some cities as a "high." Rotenone is the principal active ingredient of derris root. Its estimated lethal dose is .2 grams. Toxic reactions include nausea and vomiting, muscle tremors, increased respiration and numbness. Direct contact with skin causes irritation and rash.

Such significant variances between purported and actual content of unknown dope makes it imperative that unlabeled, untested products be analyzed before ingestion—not after, in a belated effort to find out what made you sick, or dead.

## To Our Readers

High Times welcomes news clippings and information sent by readers. Please accompany your newsworthy items with the name of the newspaper, date published and any additional comments. Please be brief. All material should be sent to: HighWitness News, High Times, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.



## English Discover "Radioactive" Hash Oil

A Pakistani official has been accused by the British government of allegedly smuggling hashish oil into Britain packed in radioactive waste drums.

Radioactive waste shipments

are regularly sent from Pakistan to England's Atomic Energy Research Establishment in Harwell, where it is prepared for storage. According to British narcs, the accused smugglers merely adapted the drums to conceal cannabis resin. Once they reached Harwell, the radioactive waste was removed and the drums were turned over to a Pakistani official who explained he had to return them to Karachi. Of course, the drums were never returned.

Authorities did not disclose whether the dope may have been contaminated.

## Dope Opera



Anwar Sadat

Wide World

## Ex-Agents Charge Grand Jury "Whitewash" in El Paso

Former U.S. Customs agents in El Paso, Texas, are charging that a U.S. grand jury investigation of alleged corruption within Customs is a "whitewash" and a "coverup."

Former agent Mike Kelly testified before the grand jury—along with about three dozen other agents—but says the jury never asked pertinent questions: "They didn't want to hear about it. It's just another coverup because so many Customs people are involved."

According to the agents—two of whom have admitted participating in phony drug seizures, illegal break-ins and buggings, and even

told tales of kidnapping and murder by Customs agents—Customs personnel allegedly flew into Mexico and seized unguarded loads of smugglers' dope. Agents then flew the pot back across the border into the U.S. and left it at a prearranged location for other agents to find and report as confiscated contraband.

The system was used, say the former agents, to pad seizure statistics and make Customs look good—and the DEA look bad. Customs and the DEA have been engaged in squabbling over who should have the primary role in policing international dope smuggling.

So far there has been no formal report on the investigation.

## There's Light After Death

"Through the valley of the shadow of death..." and then what? "Light," according to Doctor Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, who has spent the last six years interviewing and counseling hundreds of patients whose hearts have stopped beating temporarily, and who have been clinically dead for up to two hours.

Kubler-Ross says that virtually all people who die and come back to life report the same beautiful experience: after a pleasant

weightless sensation, they leave their bodies; next they are rushed through a dark tunnel, where they hear a buzzing sound and then the voices of people they knew who are now dead; finally, there is an eerie, powerful vision of an exhilarating light that seems to encompass the universe.

Kubler-Ross noted that she was reluctant to publish her reports on the pleasantness of death, fearing its beauty might stimulate suicide.

The insidious, the cranky and forlorn, the ridiculous and the faux pas—that's what it's all about in "Dope Opera."

• Gary W. Brown, 22, of St. Paul, Minnesota, was arrested in his semi-furnished cave not long ago for alleged possession of marijuana. Brown, a.k.a. "Huckleberry Weed," was sleeping in his fully carpeted, covert grotto along the Mississippi River, when police tiptoed in and arrested him.

• Stephen E. Droste, 18, was arrested in Bloomington, Indiana, by his big brother. John Droste, a police cadet officer, charged brother Stephen with alleged possession of a controlled substance, being a common nuisance, resisting arrest, fleeing a police officer, and possession of false identification.

• A Coral Gables, Florida, auto shop owner told a federal court in Miami that he studied police stories on TV in order to pretend to be a big dealer.

Samih K. Masri, 50, said he planned to rip off \$45,000 from a man who he believed was dealing in illegal drugs and to keep the money himself. Asked what he was going to do with the money, Masri replied, "What everyone in the world does with money. Spend it."

Masri faces charges of alleged conspiracy to smuggle heroin and income tax evasion.

• Former ABC newsman Denis Cameron is suing the national network for having fired him after they alleged that he was stoned during the taping of an ABC television interview with Egyptian president Anwar Sadat.

According to Cameron's suit,

ABC officials have claimed that: "Throughout the interview with President Sadat, Cameron was smoking marijuana, he was high, laughing and giggling uncontrollably and uproariously." ABC executives added: "At one interview he had fallen into President Sadat's lap, and he hit President Sadat on the head with a clapboard used in the filming."

Cameron says the story has ruined his reputation in the TV industry.

• Police in Como, Italy, destroyed a pot plot of 3,000 plants whose owner later claimed they were being grown for chicken feed.

Celeste Maspero, 65, complained to the court that police had confiscated all his chicken feed. Maspero said that he had grown the plants for years, threshing them out for seed.

• City police in Charleston, South Carolina, kicked their way into the wrong apartment, ransacked the interior, and found nothing to brag about.

Five plainclothes narcs armed with a warrant with the wrong name and address on it burst into the home of John and Rebecca Reynolds shortly after 2:00 one morning and sifted through everything from pots and pans to a wedding album and underwear, shoving a lot of the stuff into a closet as they went.

One frustrated searcher reportedly complained: "I can't believe it. This is the fifth door we've kicked in and we've always found something."

Charleston Police Chief John Conroy acknowledged there had been a blunder. ■

**Help Decriminalize Marijuana!! Write Your U.S. Congressman and Senators in Support of the Javits/Koch Bill (S. 1450/H.R. 6108). For More Info: NORML, Washington, D.C. 20037. TEL. (202) 223-3170**



## THE PEYOTE DANCE

BY ANTONIN ARTAUD, FOUNDER OF THE THEATER OF CRUELTY

Antonin Artaud's theater of cruelty, *le Grand Guignol*, was a central influence on the work of the crucial dramatists of our age, among them Ionesco, Beckett, Pinter, Malina and Beck (Living Theater) and Peter Weiss (*Marat/Sade*).

A dedicated sensualist, Artaud put all his cards on the table to test his theories on himself; he often used hallucinogens to escape the manufactured realities of twentieth-century life. In 1936 he journeyed to Mexico, where he

participated in the peyote rituals of the Tarahumara Indians. Shortly after his return to France, Artaud was declared insane. He spent the last 12 years of his life in and out of asylums, where he wrote *The Peyote Dance*.

In this, his most important book, Artaud describes his psychic ordeals and spiritual revelations among the Tarahumara. There he found terror but also a path to the spiritual revival he wanted to bring to Western civilization.

### THE RACE OF LOST MEN

**I**n northern Mexico, forty-eight hours from Mexico City, there is a race of pure red Indians called the Tarahumara. Forty thousand people are living there in a style that predates the Flood. They are a challenge to this world in which people talk so much about progress only because they despair of progressing.

This race, which ought to be physically degenerate, has for four hundred years resisted every force that has come to attack it: civilization, interbreeding, war, winter, animals, storms, and the forest. The Tarahumara live naked in the winter in mountains that are made impassable by snow, in defiance of all medical theories. Communism exists among them in a feeling of spontaneous solidarity.

Incredible as it may seem, the Tarahumara Indians live as if they were already dead. They do not see reality and they draw magical powers from the contempt they have for civilization.

Sometimes they come to the cities, impelled by I know not what desire to move, to see, as they say, *how it is with those who are mistaken*. For them, to live in the city is to be mistaken.

They come with wives and children, making impossible journeys which no animal would try to attempt.

To watch them unswervingly follow their course, through torrents, ground that gives way, dense undergrowth, rock ladders, sheer walls, I cannot help thinking that they have somehow retained the instinctive force of gravitation of the first men.

The whole life of the Tarahumara revolves around the erotic Peyote rite.

The root of the Peyote plant is hermaphroditic. It has, as we know, the shape of the male and female sexual organs combined. It is in this rite that the whole secret of these savage Indians resides. To me, its force seemed to be symbolized by the rasping stick, a piece of curved wood covered with notches which, for whole nights, the Peyote sorcerers rhythmically scrape with little sticks. But the strangest part is the way in which these sorcerers are recruited. One day, an Indian will feel called to handle the rasp. He goes to a sacred hiding place in the mountains, where for thousands of years there has lain an incredible collection of rasps which other sorcerers have buried. They are made of wood, the wood of warm soil, it is said,

The Tarahumara will spend three years living on this plantation of rasps and, at the end of the third year, he returns—the possessor of the essential rite.

Such is the life of this strange people over whom no civilization will ever gain control.

### THE PEYOTE RITE AMONG THE TARAHUMARA

**I**n the late afternoon of the next day I arrived at the little Indian village where I had been told that the Rite of Peyote was to be shown me. It took place after dark. The priest arrived with two assistants, a man and a woman, and two young children. He drew on the ground a kind of large semicircle inside which the revels of his assistants were to take place and he closed this semicircle with a stout beam on which I was permitted to sit. To the right, the arc of the circle was bounded by a kind of retreat in the shape of an 8 which I understood constituted for the priest the Holy of Holies. To the left, there was the Void: this is where the children stood. It was in the Holy of Holies that the old wooden pot containing the Peyote roots was placed, for the Priests do not use the whole plant for their special Rites, or at least not any more.

The Priest had a cane in his hand and the children had little sticks. Peyote is taken after a certain number of dance movements and when, by the religious performance of the Rite, its adepts have achieved a state in which Ciguri wishes to enter into them.

I observed that the assistants were having trouble starting to move, and I had the impression that they would not dance or would dance badly if they did not know that at the appropriate moment Ciguri was going to descend upon them. For the Rite of Ciguri is a Rite of creation, which explains how things are in the Void and how the Void is in the Infinite, and how they emerged from it into Reality, and were made. And the Rite is completed at the moment when, at God's command, the things have taken on Being in a body. This is what the two assistants danced, but this did not take place without a long discussion.

"We can no longer understand God unless he first touches our souls, and our dance will be nothing but a mockery, and the PHANTOM," they screamed, "the PHANTOM which pursues CIGURI will be born here once again."



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The Priest took a long time making up his mind, but finally he drew from his breast a small bag and poured into the Indians' hands a kind of white powder which they immediately consumed.

Whereupon they began to dance. Seeing their faces after they had taken this powdered Peyote, I realized that they were going to show me something which I had never experienced before. And I gave all my attention so that I would miss nothing of what I was going to see.

The two assistants lay down on the ground facing each other like two inanimate balls. But the old Priest must have taken the powder himself, for an inhuman expression had stolen over his face. I saw him stretch and stand very tall. His eyes kindled and began to take on an expression of unusual authority. With his cane he made two or three dull thuds on the ground, then entered the 8 he had drawn to the right of the Ritual Field. Now the assistants seemed to emerge from their inanimate state. First the man shook his head and struck the ground with the palms of his hands. The woman shook her back. Then the Priest spat: not saliva, but his breath. Noisily he expelled his breath between his teeth. Under the influence of this pulmonary vibration, the man and woman simultaneously came to life and rose to their feet. But from the way they stood facing each other, especially from the way each stood in space as they might have stood in the pockets of the void and the cracks of the infinite, it was clear that it was no longer a man and a woman who were there but two principles: the male, mouth open, gums smacking, red, flaming bloody, as if lacerated by the roots of the teeth, which were translucent at that moment like tongues of command; the female, toothless larva, molars filed down, like a she-rat in its cage, imprisoned in her own heat, shifting and turning in front of the hirsute male; and it was also clear that they were going to collide, smash frantically into one another just as material things, after facing each other for a time and making war, finally intermingle before the indiscreet and guilty eye of God, whom their action will gradually replace. "For Ciguri," they say, "was MAN, MAN as SELF-CREATED, HIMSELF in the space HE was constructing FOR HIMSELF when God murdered him."

This is exactly what took place.

But one thing struck me particularly in the way they threatened each other, avoided each other, collided with each other, and finally consented to unite. This is that these principles were not in the body, never reached the body, but obstinately remained like two immaterial ideas suspended outside of Being, eternally opposed to HIM, and which moreover made *their own bodies*, bodies in which the idea of matter is volatilized by CIGURI. As I watched them, I remembered everything I had been told about Indian

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religion and culture by the poets, teachers, and artists of all kinds whom I knew in Mexico, and what I had read in all the books I had borrowed about the metaphysical traditions of the Mexicans.


"The Evil Spirit," say the Initiate Priests of Ciguri, "has never been able or willing to believe that God is not accessibly and exclusively a Being and that there is something more than Being in the inscrutable essence of God."

But this was exactly what this Peyote Dance was in the process of showing me.

For in this dance I thought I could see the point where the universal unconscious is sick. And that it is outside of God. The priest would touch his spleen or his liver with his right hand while with his left hand he struck the ground with his cane. Each of his gestures evoked from the man and the woman a distant attitude—now of desperate and haughty affirmation, now of enraged denial. But when the Priest, who now held his cane in both hands, struck several rapid blows, they advanced rhythmically toward each other with their elbows apart and their hands joined, so that they formed two triangles in motion. At the same time their feet drew on the ground circles, and something that resembled the limbs of a letter, an S, a U, a J, a V. Figures in which the 8 shape recurred most often. Once, twice they did not meet but passed one another with a tentative greeting. The third time their greeting became more certain. The fourth time they joined hands, circled each other, and the man's feet seemed to search on the ground for the places where the woman's feet had struck it.

They repeated this sequence eight times. But after the fourth time their faces, which had taken on a lively expression, never ceased to be radiant. The eighth time they looked toward the Priest, who then moved with a dominating and menacing air to the furthest end of the Holy of Holies, where things are in contact in the North. And with his cane he drew in the air a huge 8. But the scream that he uttered at that moment could have overthrown the hellish labor pains of the dead man black with his ancient sin, in the words of the old buried poem of the Maya of Yucatán; and I do not remember ever in my life hearing anything that revealed more clearly or resonantly to what depths the human will descends to raise its foreknowledge of night. And I seemed to see again in the Infinite and as if in a dream the raw matter from which God called forth Life. This scream of the Priest seemed meant to sustain the path of the cane in the air. Screaming this way, the Priest moved and he drew with his whole body in the air and with his feet on the ground the shape of the same 8 until he had closed the figure at the Southern end.

The dance was almost over. The two children who had remained to the left of



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the circle all this time asked whether they could go, and the Priest gave them a sign with his cane as if to scatter and disappear. But neither of the two had taken Peyote. They made a vague gesture that resembled a dance movement, then gave up and disappeared as if to go home.

## THE PEYOTE DANCE

After an exhaustion so cruel that I can no longer believe that I was not in fact bewitched, or that these barriers of disintegration and cataclysms I had felt rising in me were not the result of an intelligent and organized pre-meditation, I had reached one of the last places in the world where the dance of healing by Peyote still exists, or at least the place where it was invented. And what was it then, what false presentiment, what illusory and artificial intuition caused me to expect some sort of liberation for my body and also and above all a force, an illumination throughout the reaches of my inner landscape, which I felt at that precise minute to be beyond any kind of dimensions?

Twenty-eight days since this inexplicable torment had begun. And twelve days since I had come to this isolated corner of the earth, this tiny compartment in the vast mountain, waiting on the good will of my sorcerers.

Why was it that each time, as at this moment, I felt myself touching on a vitally important phase of my existence, I did not come to it with a whole organism? Why this terrible sensation of loss, of a void to be filled, of an event that miscarries? To be sure, I would see the sorcerers carry out their rite; but in what way would this rite profit me? I would see them. I would be rewarded for this long patience which nothing until then had been able to discourage. Nothing—neither the terrible road, nor the voyage with a body which was intelligent but dissonant and which had to be dragged, which had to be almost killed to prevent it from revolting; nor nature with her sudden storms which surround us with their nets of thunder; nor that long night filled with spasms in which I had seen a young Indian scratch himself in a dream with a kind of hostile frenzy in exactly the places where these spasms seized me—and he said, he who scarcely knew me from the day before, "Ah, let him suffer all the evil that may befall him."

Peyote, as I knew, was not made for Whites. It was necessary at all costs to prevent me from obtaining a cure by this rite which was created to act on the very nature of the spirits. And a White, for these Red men, is one whom the spirits have abandoned. If it was I who benefited from the rite, it meant so much lost for themselves, with their intelligent sheathing of spirit.

So much lost for the spirits. So many



spirits that could not be utilized again.

And then there is the matter of the *Tesguino*, that alcohol which requires eight days of fermentation in the jars—and there aren't that many jars or that many arms ready to grind the corn.

Once the alcohol has been drunk, the sorcerers of Peyote become useless and a whole new preparation becomes necessary. But a man of these tribes had died when I arrived at the village, and it was necessary that the rite, the priests, the alcohol, the crosses, the mirrors, the rasping sticks, the jars, and all that extraordinary paraphernalia of the Peyote dance be requisitioned for the benefit of the man who had died.

For now that he was dead his double could not wait for these evil spirits to be neutralized.

And after twenty-eight days of waiting, I now had to endure, throughout one long week, an incredible comedy. All over the mountain there was a hysterical coming and going of messengers who were presumably being sent to the sorcerers. But after the messengers had left, the sorcerers would arrive in person, amazed that nothing was ready. And I discovered that I had been tricked.

They brought me priests who heal with dreams, and who speak after they have dreamed.

"Those of *Ciguri* [the Peyote dance] not good," they said. "They do not work. Take these." And they pushed toward me some old men who suddenly broke in two, clicking their amulets strangely under their robes. And I saw that they were not sorcerers but magicians. And I also learned that these false priests were intimate friends of death.

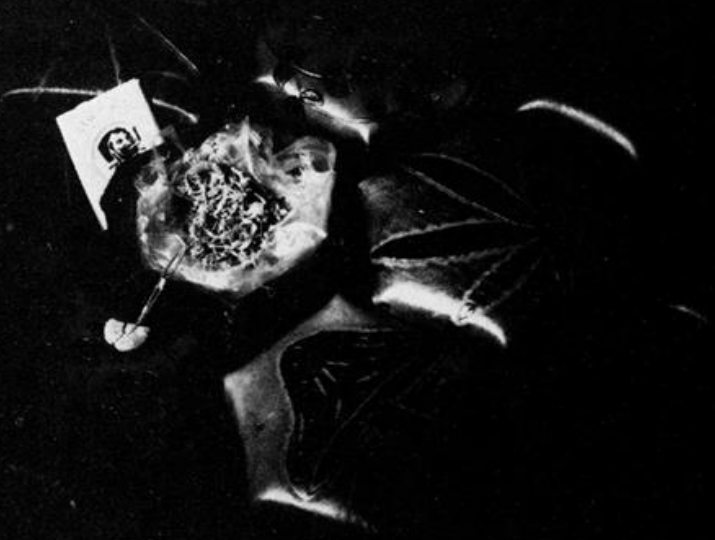
One day this commotion died down without protests, without arguments, without fresh promises on my part. As if all this had been part of the rite and as if the performance had lasted long enough.

I had not come to the heart of the mountain of these Tarahumara Indians to look for memories of painting. I had suffered enough, it seems to me, to be rewarded with a little reality.

However, as the daylight faded, a vision confronted my eyes.

I saw before me "The Nativity" of Hieronymus Bosch, with everything in order and oriented in space, the old porch with its collapsing boards in front of the stable, the fire of the Infant King glowing to the left amid the animals, the scattered farms, and the shepherds; and in the foreground other animals bleating, and to the right the Dancer Kings. The kings, with their crowns of mirrors on their heads and their rectangular purple cloaks on their backs—at my right in the painting—like the Magi of Hieronymus Bosch. And suddenly as I turned around, doubting to the last minute that I would ever see my sorcerers arrive, I saw them coming down the mountain, leaning on huge staffs, their women carrying huge bas-

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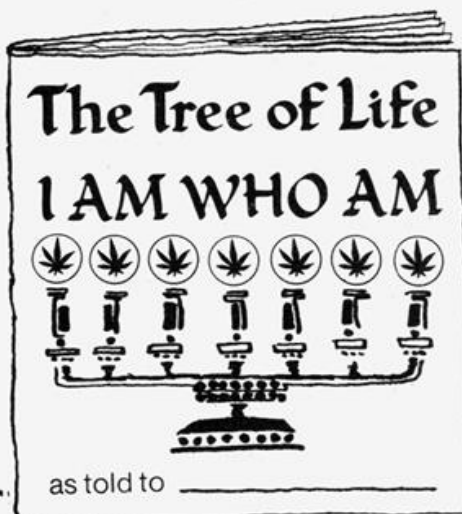
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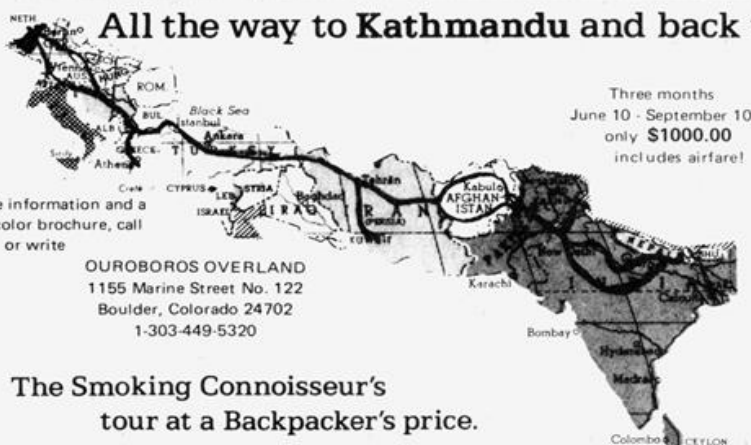
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kets, the servants armed with bundles of crosses like firewood, and mirrors that glittered like segments of sky amid all this apparatus of crosses, pikes, shovels, and tree trunks stripped of their branches. And all these people were bent under the weight of this extraordinary apparatus, and the wives of the sorcerers, like their men, were also leaning on huge staffs a head taller than they were.

Wood fires rose on all sides toward the sky. Below, the dances had already begun; and at the sight of this beauty at last realized, this beauty of glowing imaginations, like voices in an illuminated dungeon, I felt that my effort had not been in vain.

Above, on the slopes of the enormous mountain which descended toward the village in tiers, a circle had been drawn on the ground. The women were already kneeling in front of their *metates* (stone basins), grinding the Peyote with a kind of scrupulous violence. The priests began to trample the circle. They trampled it carefully and in all directions; and in the middle of the circle they kindled a fire that the wind from above sucked up in whorls.

During the day two young goats had been killed. And now I saw, on a branchless tree trunk that had also been carved in the shape of a cross, the lungs and hearts of the animals trembling in the night wind.

Another tree trunk had been placed near the first, and the fire that had been lighted in the middle of the circle drew from it at every moment innumerable flashes of light, something like a fire seen through a pile of thick glasses. When I approached in order to discern the nature of this burning center, I perceived an incredible network of tiny bells, some of silver, others of horn, attached to leather straps which were also awaiting the moment for their ritual use.

On the side where the sun rises they drove into the ground ten crosses of unequal height but arranged in a symmetrical pattern, and to each cross they attached a mirror.

Twenty-eight days of this horrible waiting after the dangerous withdrawal were now culminating in a circle peopled with Beings, here represented by ten crosses.

Ten, of the Number of ten, like the Invisible Masters of Peyote, in the Sierra.

And among these ten: the Male Principle of Nature, which the Indians call *San Ignacio*, and its female, *San Nicolás*!

Around this circle is a zone of moral abandonment in which no Indian would venture: it is told that birds who stray into this circle fall, and that pregnant women feel their embryos rot inside them.

There is a history of the world in the circle of this dance, compressed between two suns, the one that sets and the one that rises. And it is when



the sun sets that the sorcerers enter the circle, and that the dancer with the six hundred bells (three hundred of horn and three hundred of silver) utters his coyote's howl in the forest.

The dancer enters and leaves, and yet he does not leave the circle. He moves forward deliberately into evil. He immerses himself in it with a kind of terrible courage, in a rhythm which above the Dance seems to depict the illness. And one seems to see him alternately emerging and disappearing in a movement which evokes one knows not what obscure tantalizations. He enters and leaves: "leaves the daylight, in the first chapter," as is said of Man's Double in the Egyptian Book of the Dead. For this advance into the illness is a voyage, a descent in order to RE-EMERGE INTO THE DAYLIGHT. He turns in a circle in the direction of the wings of the Swastika, always from right to left, and from the top.

He leaps with his army of bells, like an agglomeration of dazed bees caked together in a crackling and tempestuous disorder.

Ten crosses in the circle and ten mirrors. One beam with three sorcerers on it. Four priests (two Males and two Females). The epileptic dancer, and myself, for whom the rite was being performed.

At the foot of each sorcerer, one hole, at the bottom of which the Male and Female principles in Nature, represented by the hermaphroditic roots of the Peyote plant (Peyote, of course, has the shape of the male and female sexual organs combined), lie dormant in Matter, that is, in the Concrete.

And the hole, with a wooden or earthen basin inverted over it, represents rather well the Globe of the World. On the basin, the sorcerers rasp the mixture or the dislocation of the two principles, and they rasp them in the Abstract, that is, in Principle. Whereas beneath, these two Principles, incarnated, repose in Matter, that is, in the Concrete.

And all night long the sorcerers re-establish the lost relationships with triangular gestures that strangely cut off the spatial perspective.

Between the two suns, twelve tempos in twelve phases. And the circular movement of everything that swarms around the fire, within the sacred limits of the circle: the dancer, the rasping sticks, the sorcerers.

After each phase, the sorcerers were eager to perform the physical proof of the rite, to demonstrate the effectiveness of the operation. Hieratic, ritual, sacerdotal, there they stand, lined up on their beam, rocking their rasping sticks like babies. From what idea of a lost formality do they derive the sense of these bows, these nods, this circular movement in which they count their steps, cross themselves in front of the fire, then salute one

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another, and leave?

So they get up, perform the bows I have mentioned, some like men on crutches, others like sawed-off robots. They step outside the circle. But once they have left the circle, before they are a yard outside it, these priests who walk between two suns have suddenly become men again, that is, abject organisms who must be cleansed, whom this rite is designed to cleanse. They behave like well-diggers, these priests, some kind of night laborers created to piss and to relieve themselves. They piss, fart, and relieve themselves with terrible thunderous noises; and to hear them one would think that they had set out to level the real thunder, to reduce it to *their* need for abasement.

Of the three sorcerers who were there, two, the two smallest and shortest, had had the right to handle the rasping stick for three years (for the right to handle the rasp is acquired, and in fact this right determines the nobility of the caste of the Peyote sorcerers among the Tarahumara Indians); and the third had had the right for ten years. And I must admit that it was the one most experienced in the rite who pissed the best and who farted the loudest and most expressively.

And a few moments later the same man, with the pride of this manner of crude purgation, began to spit. He spat after drinking the Peyote, as we all did. For after the twelve phases of the dance had been performed, and since dawn was about to break, we were passed the ground-up Peyote, which was like a kind of muddy gruel; and in front of each of us a new hole was dug to receive the spit from our mouths, which contact with the Peyote had henceforth made sacred.

"Spit," the dancer told me, "but as deep in the ground as possible, for no particle of *Ciguri* must ever emerge again."

And it was the sorcerer who had grown old in the harness who spat most abundantly and with the largest and most compact gobs. And the other sorcerers and the dancer, gathered in a circle around the hole, had come to admire him.

After I had spat, I fell to the ground, overcome with drowsiness. The dancer in front of me passed back and forth endlessly, turning and crying *unnecessarily*, because he had discovered that his cry pleased me.

"Get up, man, get up," he shouted each time he passed me, with diminishing effect.

Aroused and staggering, I was led toward the crosses for the final cure, in which the sorcerers shake the rasp on the very head of the patient.

Thus I took part in the rite of water, the rite of the blows on the skull, the rite of that kind of mutual cure which the participants give each other, the rite of immoderate ablutions.

They uttered strange words over my head while sprinkling me with water; then they sprinkled each other nervously.

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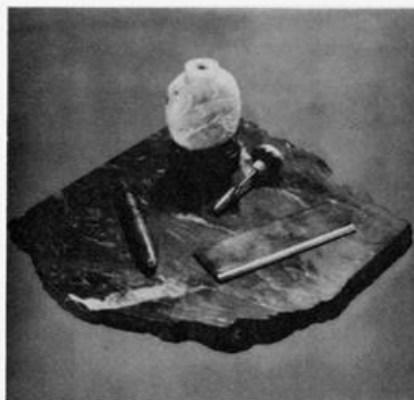
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for the mixture of corn liquor and Peyote was beginning to make them wild.

And it was with these final movements that the Peyote dance ended.

The Peyote dance is contained in the rasping stick, in this wood steeped in time which has absorbed the secret salts of the earth. In this wand that is held out and withdrawn lies the curative power of this rite, which is so remote and which must be hunted down like a beast in the forest.

There is an out-of-the-way spot in the high Mexican Sierra where these rasping sticks seemingly abound. They sleep there, waiting for the Predestined Man to discover them and bring them into the light of day.

When a Tarahumara sorcerer dies, he takes leave of his rasping stick with infinitely more sorrow than he feels in leaving his body; and his descendants and intimates take the rasp away and bury it in this sacred corner of the forest.

When a Tarahumara Indian believes that he is called upon to handle the rasp and distribute the cure, he goes to spend a week in the forest at Easter time every year for three years.

It is there, they say, that the Invisible Master of Peyote speaks to him with his nine advisers, and that he passes the secret on to him. And he emerges with the rasping stick properly macerated.

Carved out of the wood of a tree that grew in warm soil, gray as iron ore, it carries notches on its length and signs at its two extremities, four triangles with one point for the Male Principle and two points for the Female of Nature, made divine.

One notch for every year the sorcerer was alive after he had acquired the right to handle the rasp and had become a master capable of performing those acts of exorcism which pull the Elements apart.

And this is precisely the aspect of this mysterious tradition which I did not succeed in penetrating. For the Peyote sorcerers seem truly to have gained something at the end of their three years of retreats in the forest.

There is a mystery here which the Tarahumara sorcerers have until now jealously guarded. Of what they have acquired in addition, what they have recovered, if you will, no Tarahumara Indian who is not a member of the aristocracy of the sect seems to have the slightest idea. And as for the sorcerers themselves, on this point they are resolutely silent.

What is the singular word, the lost word which the Master of Peyote communicates to them? And why does it take the Tarahumara sorcerers three years to be able to handle the rasp, with which, it must be admitted, they perform some very curious *auscultations*?

(continued on page 85)



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## Chili By Dana Crumb

The commonly accepted American version of "chili" is chopped meat, a few canned kidney beans, canned tomatoes and/or sauce and a little chili powder served with crackers and/or corn chips. It's good, but it ain't chili.

Texans, those earthy giants who stride the borders between the U.S. and Mexico, have a version of chili that uses chunks of beef and lots of spices but no beans.

To Mexicans, chili is a hot pepper of which there are many tongue-tingling asshole-burning varieties. Chilies, like that basic staple of the Mexican diet, beans, are used in and with everything. Thus the Americanized "chili beans" or "chili." In Mexico, it is *frijoles con chili* or just *frijoles*.

I will give you recipes for all three varieties of chili, including a kosher version for you deeply pious freaks. We'll begin with Mexican chili because it's the least expensive and lends itself so nicely to that herb we all know and love.

**Important:** The volatile oils in the seeds and flesh of hot chilies adversely affect mucous membranes of the eyes, nose and snatch.

Put the chilies, dried or canned, under cold running water, pull out the stems and break their little bodies in half. Brush out the seeds with your fingers and break or chop the chilies. If you want to remove some of the zing, soak the little devils in cold, lightly salted water for one hour before you use them. Canned chilies should be rinsed in cold water to remove canning brine, which generally has a metallic taste.

After handling chilies of any kind, always wash your hands with lots of soap and warm water!

In Mexico, many things are cooked in or with lard. Your arteries will hate you, but your palate will be delighted. To get the real Mexican flavor, you gotta use the real thing. You also have to use cumin. Get your mind out of the gutter—it's a spice (hot) used in almost all Central American cooking. Chilies (peppers) you gotta use too. If all this is repugnant, you can skip to the Jewish chili recipe.

## Meatless Mexican Chili (Frijoles con Chili)

serves 8

Soak 2 cups dried pinto beans overnight in at least a quart of cold water. Drain off the soaking water by dumping the beans into a strainer and carefully picking through the beans looking for rocks. Really! In dried beans there are always stones, and they are hell on your dentures. Beans triple in bulk when soaked, so you'll have about six cups when you're through soaking.

2 cups soaked beans (or 3 one-pound cans of kidney beans)  
5 cups water (omit for canned beans) or the same amount of soup stock, beef broth or beer  
2 onions, chopped (more to taste)  
1 small can green chilies, chopped  
2 chunks garlic, peeled and mashed (more?)  
6 black pepper corns  
¼ cup lard (oil can be used)  
1 ham hock (optional)  
cumin, chili powder, salt to taste

Melt the lard (or chosen grease), add the chilies, onions and garlic, and stir it around a lot with a wooden spoon (a little homey touch I always like) until your mouth and eyes begin to water. Add the beans and let them get all coated with garlic and grease before you add the water, stock or beer. Toss in the spices and the ham hock (excellent for flavor) and slowly simmer this covered mess for at least two hours. Check the liquid often and taste frequently. The more you smoke, the better it'll taste.

The beans will be ready when they are tender to the teeth and there is about one fourth of the original liquid left. Serve with warm, buttered wheat-flour tortillas, grated cheese, chopped onion and Mexican beer. Cannabis is very good in beans, but remember it's there, because you'll be loaded for a long time.

## Texas Chili (with meat, no beans)

serves 8

4 pounds beef stew meat  
3 large onions, chopped  
3-4 wedges mashed, peeled garlic (more if you like)

½ tsp. cumin (more if you like, but it's hot)  
2 Tbs. chili powder  
¼ cup lard or ¼ pound chopped bacon, or oil  
salt to taste  
3 cups beer or beef stock

Melt your fat and add chopped onion and garlic. When it's brown and perfuming the whole house, add the meat and stir it around for a few minutes. Then add the spices and the beer or broth and simmer it all for at least 3 hours or until the meat is very tender. Any chili should have lots of sauce for dipping hunks of tortilla, so add more beer or broth if necessary until the last 45 minutes of cooking. Any liquid added after that can detract from the flavor.

This chili is delectable served with chopped onions, chilies, grated cheese, warm buttered tortillas and Mexican beer. Get high before, during and after for that genuine Tex-Mex sensation. Beans can be added to this chili, but it's very gourmet straight. Combinations of meat can also be used—beef, pork and even chicken can be stewed in beer or broth with spices, and they are wonderful.

## Jewish Chili (with meat and beans)

serves 8

Forget the lard!  
1-1½ pounds hamburger or good lean kosher chopped meat  
2 cups soaked beans or 3 one-pound cans kidney beans  
1 can stewed tomatoes or 3 or 4 fresh sliced "love apples" from the garden  
2-3 onions, chopped  
lots of garlic, chopped  
2 Tbs. chili powder (more if you like)  
½ tsp. cumin (ditto)  
salt and pepper to taste  
1 cup macaroni elbows, cooked—about 2 cups

If soaked dried beans are used, some extra liquid (soup stock, water or beer) will be needed, at least 3 cups. You'll also have to cook it longer for tender beans.

Brown the meat, onions and garlic in your chosen fat. Heave in the tomatoes and beans with spices. The longer this cooks the better, but it only needs to cook for about an hour (longer for the soaked beans). Cook the macaroni in boiling water, drain and add to the chili before you serve. Lots of grated cheese, chopped onions and crumbled corn chips are good with this.

Leftovers are good as is, or you can make *refritos* (refried beans). ■

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# PEYOTE DANCE

(continued from page 83)

What is it, then, which they have wrested from the forest, and which the forest yields to them so slowly?

In short, what has been communicated to them which is not contained in the external apparatus of the rite, and which neither the piercing cries of the dancer, nor his dance, which goes back and forth like a kind of epileptic pendulum, nor the circle, nor the fire in the middle of the circle, nor the crosses with their mirrors in which the distorted heads of the sorcerers alternately swell and disappear into the flames of the fire, nor the chant of the sorcerers rocking their rasps, that astonishingly vulnerable and intimate chant, can succeed in explaining?

They had laid me on the ground at the foot of that enormous beam on which the three sorcerers were sitting during the dances.

On the ground, so that the rite would fall on me, so that the fire, the chants, the cries, the dance, and the night itself, would turn over me like a living, human vault. There was this rolling vault, this physical arrangement of cries, tones, steps, chants. But above everything, beyond everything, the recurring impression that behind all this, greater than all this and beyond it, there was concealed something else: *the Principal*.

I did not renounce as a group those dangerous dissociations which Peyote seems to provoke and which I had pursued for twenty years by other means; I did not mount my horse with a body pulled out of itself and which the withdrawal to which I had abandoned myself deprived henceforth of its essential reflexes; I was not that man of stone whom it required two men to turn into a man on horseback: and who was mounted on and dismounted from the horse like a broken robot—and once I was on the horse, they placed my hands on the reins, and they also had to close my fingers around the reins, for left to myself it was only too clear that I had lost the use of them; I had not conquered by strength of mind that invincible organic hostility in which it was I who no longer wanted to function, only to bring back a collection of outworn imageries from which the Age, true to its own system, would at most derive ideas for advertisements and models for clothing designers. It was now necessary that what lay hidden behind this heavy grinding which reduces down to darkness—that this thing be pulled out, and that it serve, that it serve precisely by my crucifixion.

To this I knew that my physical destiny was irrevocably bound. I was ready for any burning, and I awaited the first fruits of the fire in view of a conflagration that would soon be universal. ■

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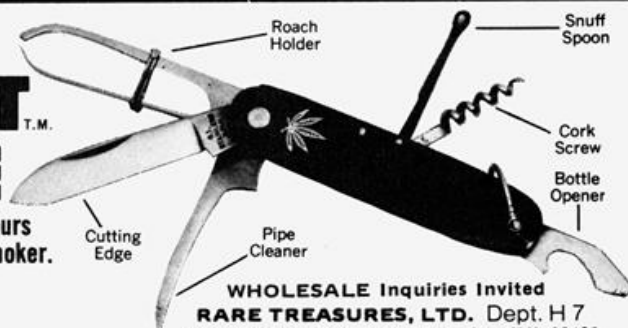
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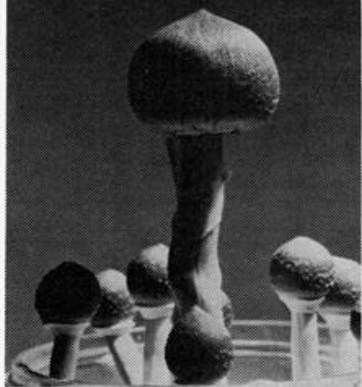


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# Books

**THE HASHEESH EATER**, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow (San Francisco: Level Press, \$7.95, paperback). When *The*



*Hashheesh Eater* first appeared in 1857, it impressed the pants off Mark Twain and Emerson. So its absence from the standard required reading of American Lit.—or at least from the shelf that contains Melville's poetry and Whitman's prose—is a great oversight. The directors of the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library of San Francisco seek to redress this inequity with their new quasi-facsimile edition of the first book ever written about cannabis.

Ludlow's life (1836–1870), like his book, was a regular shuttle from the sublime to the ridiculous. "Soon after my pedestrian journey through Asia," he writes, "I changed my residence for a while and went to live in the town of Schenectady." He bought his first sixpence worth of hash from a New England apothecary and its spell bewitched him. At the time, his reading was extremely various, especially in the classics, the mystics and the Romantics, and it all surfaces in this allusive book, parts of which will be incomprehensible to untutored modern readers. Some of it is even in Greek. Ludlow consciously strives to emulate Thomas De Quincey, and fails, by writing in a stolid nineteenth-century mastodon prose instead of reproducing the rippling rhythms of the *English Opium-Eater*—but then, nobody ever has done that.

Often, however, he seizes the imagination like a madman strangling a geranium: "The room grew unbearable with a penetrating glory of light. I mounted to it, I expanded through it, with a blind and speechless pain, which, in my very heart's core, was slowly developing itself into something afterward to burst into demoniac torture. I felt myself weeping, and ran to a looking-glass to observe the appearance of my eyes. They were pouring forth streams of blood! And now a sudden hemorrhage took place within me: my heart had dissolved, and from my lips the blood was breaking also."

Ludlow was also vouchsafed visions of processions of Egyptian priests and the like. To readers who have never translated such events out of the Latin, Ludlow's accounts of them will often seem too detailed and literal to be the mere result of a little hash, but then how many of your own acid trips screen like

the latest NBC family comedy?

Michael Horowitz of the Ludlow Memorial Library has supplied a nonsense introduction and plenty of useful addenda, including a chronology of Ludlow's life and contemporary comment on his work, and altogether this volume is a valuable reissue.

—Eric Kibble

**INCEST: Breaking the Tabu**, by Bill Hall (Vancouver, British Columbia: Pulp Press, Box 8806, Postal Station Bental, \$1.00). In *Incest*, Bill Hall sug-



gests that said tabu lies at the root of all authoritarianism. That is dirty and unpatriotic of him; were this true, it would mean there would be no Republican party if we all fucked our sisters.

I am personally ashamed to say that Mr. Hall recommends mothers have oral sex with their babies. Isn't it going quite far enough that they kindly allow us their nipples for a few months, without relegating breast feeding to the realm of political foreplay.

I mean, after all, Mr. and Ms. Pot-Smoking America, if we really want to smash the demons who divide and rule not only us collectively, but Mr. Hall individually, don't you think we should do it with our clothes on?

I can't in all honesty recommend this book. However, I will recommend Ibsen's play *The Wild Duck*, which deals with the same themes and although equally depressing is somewhat better written. I'd even let my mother read it.

—Ted Mann

**MOONSHINER'S MANUAL**, by Michael Barleycorn (Oliver Press, 1400 Ryan Creek Road, Willits, Ca. 95490,



\$3.95). The purpose of this fine handbook "for likker-lovin' folks" is to promote the illegal manufacture of pure, organic, high-octane Everclear, White Lightning, 40-Rod and other criminal liniments.

Brother Barleycorn is an excellent teacher, and he introduces us to the still, the mash, the run, the whisky, the aging and the bottling, the homemade kitchen still and the history of moonshining and



the laws against it with a grand show of alcoholic chauvinism; but he is plainly off his rocker when he reports that "some Egyptians insist it was *their* ancestors who were the first to discover distilled spirits from fermented dates. This exotic brandy is called 'buza,' from whence comes our word *booze*." From whence, indeed.

Barleycorn claims "archaeologists have recently discovered that the rectangular marble box in the king's chamber of the Great Pyramid of Giza, once thought to be a sarcophagus, was actually a receiving vat for buza, distilled in a golden still pot, perched at the apex of the pyramid, with the condenser precisely placed at the critical coordinate point of cosmic rays," rendering "the vibrations of this sacred buza ... such that its consumption was rigidly confined to only the pharaohs of the Nile and the high priests of Ra." Surely he is aware that the Freemasons built the pyramids, and, as everyone knows, they are sober fellows.

However, this useful text simply teems with spiritual depth. I have found that in stills of the sort described herein, one can produce 190-proof ethanol, useful in the manufacture of hashish or hash oil. Could one make a basic mash of hops that have been grafted to the marijuana roots and stalk and possibly transfer psychotropic properties to the alcohol itself? At any rate, no serious potator should neglect to sip from this paperback chalice of opportunity and lore. —Eric Kibble

**THE ROOTS OF CONSCIOUSNESS: Psychic Liberation Through History, Science and Experience, by Jeffrey Mishlove (Berkeley: The Bookworks, distributed by Random House, \$10.00).**



The first scholar to conjure an interdisciplinary major in parapsychology, Jeffrey Mishlove compiled this *Whole Earthish* tome as partial fulfillment of his doctoral degree at Berkeley, and it will probably be on their required reading lists in time for the spring calendar. Mishlove leaps blithely from peak to mentalistic peak, all the while snarling every tin can and bent spoon of parapsychological doctrine like a billy goat. Rudolph Steiner, Sir Isaac Newton, Blake, Goethe, Sylvan Muldoon, psychic surgery, Kirilian photography, Maxwell's Demons, dowsing, black boxes and the sacred magic of Abra-Melin are only a

few of the bases Mishlove unveils in his Sears catalog of consciousness, higher and otherwise.

But the author is interested in more than a simple recital or debunking of parapsychology. *The Roots of Consciousness* is the first disinterested introduction to the intellectual significance of today's psychic and mystic revivals. The reader is left to worry about the veracity of Mishlove's table-rapping rabble; he prefers to probe and ponder the meaning of humanity's naked yearning for a vapor beyond this world.

In discussing psychic knowledge in the Renaissance, Mishlove writes: "Occult scholarship [in the fifteenth century] attempted to symbolize everything from tastes, smells, colors and body parts to herbs, charms, spirits and dreams. It was an imaginative effort based primarily on introspection and reflection, but without proper standards of measurement and adequate means of correcting error. Nevertheless, deep levels of the psyche were involved in this effort to condense esoteric knowledge into meaningful symbols." Mishlove's point is that at a moment when language has failed to influence what it can express, parapsychology is charting a new map of human and natural energies that are simply inaccessible to the verbal and thus intellectual world of science.

*The Roots of Consciousness* is adorned with dazzling color plates illustrating Tibetan principles, human auras, psychic operations and the rest. The photos of the reigning celebs of the psychic scene are an unworthy bow to glamor; the index is sparse and the footnotes obtrusive, but there is plenty of scientific steel here to support Mishlove's muster of supernatural subjects that bend under less sympathetic scrutiny like so many spoons in the wind. —Robin Keats

**M'HASHISH, by Mohammed Mrabet, translated and with notes by Paul Bowles (San Francisco: City Lights Books, \$1.50).**



The Arabic word *m'hashish* means "full of hashish" or "stoned," but cannabis does more in these ten Moroccan storylets than get the characters high. It animates its own cryptic world, whose topography, psychology and anthropology are only superficially Moroccan. A godlike force at once miraculous and vengeful, curative and inscrutable,

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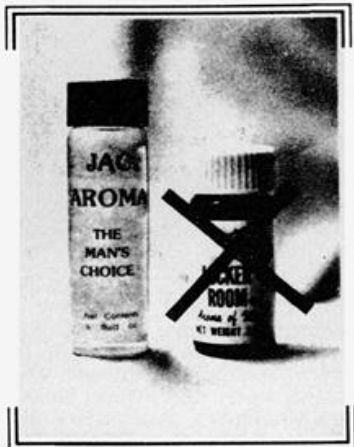
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cannabis is more important than food or money in its realm. It has power over everything, even Allah's gospel.

Mrabet's stories say that kif, North Africa's local name for weed, can cause people to "think straight and talk better." The kif sings in the characters' brains, generates their ideas and solves their problems. It takes them out of this world and brings them back. In "Allah's Words," smoking kif can bring a religious fanatic back to reality. In "The Canebrake," a neglected wife uses trickery to convert her husband from alcohol to kif. Upon smoking, he gives her freedom and returns to her bed. Inspired by *majoun* (hashish candy), the hero of "The Doctor from Chemel" effects a wondrous cure with cannabis and buggery.

On the other hand, kif does not necessarily bring salvation to the habitual user. Overdoing can result in befuddlement, paralysis and unpleasant hallucinations.

Kif dreams turn slapstick but dangerous in "The Sea in the Street." In "Two Friends in the Rain," the characters lie on their beds, too stoned to move, while water drips Chinese-torture style on the face of one and a rat nibbles the earlobe of the other. "The Kif Patch" and "Kif Cutter's Story" are among the best vignettes to show the drug in a more familiar context. As a commodity, kif becomes a reason for betrayal and an excuse for harassment by authorities.

Mohammed Mrabet spins tales with the traditional storyteller's expertise, and Paul Bowles has taken pains to reproduce their meaning exactly. You can read all these stories in less than an hour, but chances are you will remember them much longer.

—Carol Ardman

**THE TOADSTOOL MILLIONAIRES**, by James Harvey Young (Princeton University Press, \$11.00, paperback \$3.45), and **A GUIDE TO ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE**, by Donald Law (Hippocrene Books, \$8.95). Today's

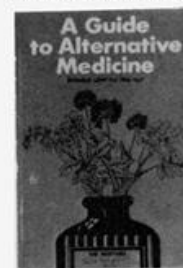


dope laws can be blamed directly on the visions of two sets of nineteenth-century bureaucratic empire-builders. One was the police establishment, seeking ever more laws to enforce. The other was the medical establishment and its subsidiary, the drug industry. Until 1906, they were hard pressed by some 50,000-odd rivals—the patent medicine men.

The mercantile-age children of pre-historic folk medicine, these snake-oil salesmen and elixir touts peddled endless variations of noxious herbal remedies—often laced with exotic sub-

stances like hashish, opium, alloys of alcohol and colored water—to anyone seeking to cure what orthodox doctoring couldn't.

In *The Toadstool Millionaires*, Young wittily shows how these often harmless, sometimes helpful and occasionally deadly merchants were given the bum's rush by "certified" doctors with connections in Washington. Maybe today's dope dealers who fear the tobacco companies aren't so off base historically.



A good follow-up on modern-day alternatives is *A Guide to Alternative Medicine*, by Donald Law, Ph.D., D.B.M., Psy. D., author of 15 popular handbooks (two in Finnish) on such subjects as *Astrology*, *Palmistry*, and *Dreams* and *How to Keep Your Hair On*. Plainly a hack with a mission, Law supplies 60 remedies in his present text, some of which (like yoga and acupuncture) are supposedly quite sound. The majority are bald hoaxes fabricated about 2 million years ago to deplete the stipends of rustic hypochondriacs.

Couéism, a.k.a. the "science of auto-suggestion," guarantees that people who chant to themselves, "Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better," will indeed enjoy daily betterment. Negative Green therapy, which is supposedly based on the discovery that "the radiation field within the Great Pyramid of Cheops is such that some people faint or feel ill if they get the full blast of its vibrations," might just as well describe the complexion of any Western tourist who has just eaten a big Nile lunch. Phrenosophical Spiritual Healing requires a medium to ask for "divine guidance about the patient. The guidance comes in the form of advice about which of a number of different-colored silk cords to select." After an arcane weaving and wearing of the cords, a phrenosophical "service" takes place and "the silken cords are blessed by the healer." From that moment on, says Law, "the cords are not allowed to be touched by anybody except the patient; even the healer handles them with tongs; the patient must never allow anybody to touch them except himself/herself." At least not till the undertaker comes.

*Alternative Medicine* includes every brand of phrenology, psychometry and "happiness cure" known to "science," not to mention the bunko squad. Some of these therapies are really good: ancient Oriental physical disciplines that won't help when your number's up but will keep you trim and sexy until then. But then, isn't that how your troubles began?

—Eric Kibble



# "ASSASSIN: YOUTH"

(continued from page 54)

**B**ut to crush this traffic we must first squarely face the facts. Unfortunately, while every state except one has laws to cope with the traffic, the powerful right arm which could support these states has been all but impotent. I refer to the United States government. There has been no national law against the growing, the sale, or the possession of marijuana.

As this is written a bill to give the federal government control over marijuana has been introduced in Congress by Representative Robert L. Doughton of North Carolina, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. It has the backing of Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, who has under his supervision the various agencies of the United States Treasury Department, including the Bureau of Narcotics, through which Uncle Sam fights the dope evil. It is a revenue bill, modeled after other narcotic laws which make use of the taxing power to bring about regulation and control.

The passage of such a law, however, should not be the signal for the public to lean back, fold its hands, and decide that all danger is over. America now faces a condition in which a new, although ancient, narcotic has come to live next door to us, a narcotic that does not have to be smuggled into the country. This means a job of unceasing watchfulness by every police department and by every public-spirited civic organization. It calls for campaigns of education in every school, so that children will not be deceived by the wiles of peddlers, but will know of the insanity, the disgrace, the horror which marijuana can bring to its victim. And, above all, every citizen should keep constantly before him the real picture of the "reefer man"—not some funny fellow who, should he take the notion, could walk across the ocean, but—

In Los Angeles, California, a youth was walking along a downtown street after inhaling a marijuana cigarette. For many addicts, merely a portion of a "reefer" is enough to induce intoxication. Suddenly, for no reason, he decided that someone had threatened to kill him and that his life was in danger. Wildly he looked about him. The only person in sight was an aged bootblack. Drug-crazed nerve centers conjured the innocent old shoeshiner into a destroying monster. Mad with fright, the addict hurried to his room and got a gun. He killed the old man, and then, later, babbled his grief over what had been wanton, uncontrolled murder.

"I thought someone was after me," he said. "That's the only reason I did it. I had never seen the old fellow before. Something just told me to kill him!"

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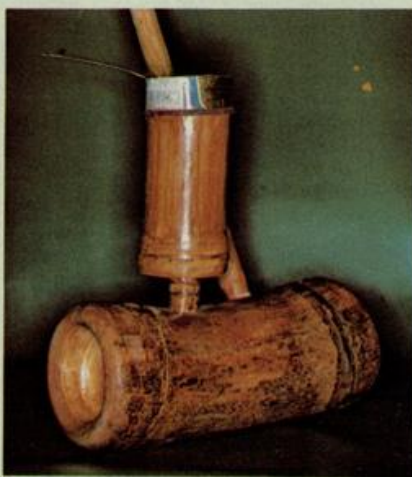
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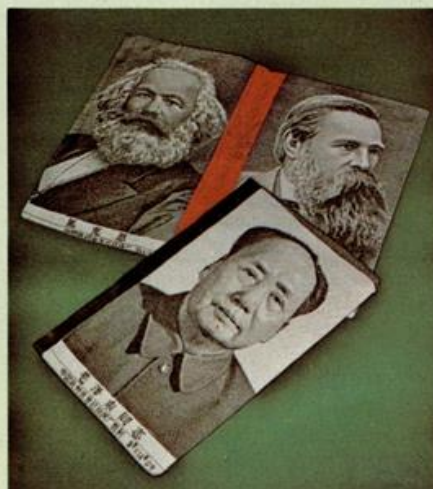
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# Records

## GREAT SCIENCE FICTION FILM MUSIC, composed and conducted by Bernard Herrmann (London CSL 1001).



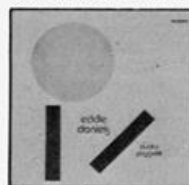
Movie composer Bernard Herrmann is a master of paranoia. Like his hypnotic "Twilight Zone" theme, Herrmann's best work is clouded with doubt and menace. So it is with *Great Science Fiction Film Music*, a worthy addition to the fantastic broodings of his Hitchcock soundtracks. *Great Movie Thrillers*. In fact, the gem of the *Science Fiction* album is not sci-fi but a Hitchcock score, "Psycho," complete with shower murder, when the bow stabs the violin in a shrill run of staccato shrieks.

The summarized tracks from *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, *Journey to the Center of the Earth* and *Fahrenheit 451* comprise good headphone head food music that opens on spaces as gray and barren as the postatomic psyche. From somewhere high in the stratosphere come eerie violins, the spiraling flights of chimes and triangles, while far below in the darkest registers, brass and woodwinds collide and burst into brilliant dissonances that swell and fade and flare up again, troubled and troubling. Herrmann replaces the silly and ephemeral menaces of fright films with timeless evocations of relished paranoia and well-executed musical composition.

It is true that Herrmann's ideas are second-hand Stravinsky and his scores are often tricked up with Mickey Mouse effects—warbling electrofrequencies, toy pianos, harp arabesques—but the album works.

—John Calendo

## A FLOWER FOR ALL SEASONS, by Eddie Daniels and Bucky Pizzarelli (Choice CRS 1002).



Daniels and Pizzarelli prove that the nicest things can happen in twos, even when confronted with the difficulty of a jazz duet. Such albums are rare, perhaps because of the problems inherent in the jazz duet. The first challenge is to create enough melodic and rhythmic interest to make up for the inevitable thinness of texture. Secondly, it's "naked sound": there is no rhythm section background to distract the listener from any faulty intonation or hesitation. On an

album like *A Flower for All Seasons*, there is only one line instrument and one chord instrument; the soloist must never run out of ideas, and the accompanist must divide his attentions among bass, drums, piano and guitar.

A former tenor sax player with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis band and a few late-night talk show orchestras, Eddie Daniels demonstrates his flute and clarinet skills on this album. He flubs a few fingerings, cracks an occasional note, but his solos have all the excitement of discovery.

However, a little more solo work by Bucky Pizzarelli would be pleasing. His only extended solo is in Henry Mancini's *Two for the Road* on an electric seven-string guitar—an all-too-short taste of the moods Bucky can evoke in his one-man nightclub appearances.

The duo's classical style is exemplified by their rendition of Jacques Ibert's *Entr'acte*, a piece originally written for flute and harp. Bucky does an exceptionally masterful job on acoustic guitar. Eddie then uses the chord patterns of Chopin's *Etude No. 14 in F Minor* as a vehicle for classical improvisation a la Hubert Laws.

The album is also lush with bossa nova, boogie and restrained wistful swing—all in a distinctly lyrical style that brings back the lost beauty and warmth a successful duet can create. Even in jazz.

—Gary Stimeling

## SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, by Hector Berlioz, the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Seiji Ozawa (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 358).



At its premiere in Paris in 1830, the *Symphonie Fantastique* outraged academicians with its unconventionality. However, for a generation of young post-Beethoven musicians, it immediately became an inspiration and a symbol of an exciting new Romanticism.

*Symphonie Fantastique* was the first "program music"—a full-scale non-operatic work that depicts a series of events in musical terms.

In the despair of unrequited love, the hero of the symphonic story attempts suicide by opium. He miscalculates, however, and succeeds only in receiving a series of five lurid dreams, which become the five movements of the symphony. First he dreams of the aimlessness of his former life and the explosive



transformation his love produces: second, he sees his beloved radiant amid the glittering finery of a grand ball; third, he envisions himself and his lover alone together in a tranquil scene of pastoral beauty; fourth, he dreams he has murdered her and is executed; and fifth, he sees her leading an assortment of grotesque monsters in a Witches' Sabbath, all dancing on his own tomb.

The orchestral means Berlioz used to convey these scenes were unprecedented in his time. He introduced the *idée fixe*, the obsessive melodic idea upon which the entire work is constructed. He also enlarged Beethoven's orchestra, especially the woodwind and brass sections, creating a surprising variety of instrumental colors and textures with which he unerringly transformed his mental image into sound. *Symphonie Fantastique* possesses rhythmic intensity and a dramatic use of counterrhythms that still retains impact after a century and a half.

Maestro Seiji Ozawa succeeds in keeping each instrumental line of this complex and difficult work clearly audible without losing any of the extravagant sonorities of the ensemble passages. On stage, Ozawa is an exciting conductor to watch; he seems to direct the orchestra as much with his breathing as with his baton. His very inhalations seem to draw crescendos out of the instruments. This magnificent intensity comes across so well on vinyl recording that this just might be the definitive interpretation of a classic of mystic and lyric excitement.

—Gary Stimeling

**HOME GROWN: Sounds of Rush, by Esper (Sonic Head, P.O. Box 95, Greenbelt, Md. 20770).** So much of *Home-*



grown sounds like it was recorded under water that it's the most *submersive* music I've ever heard. Doesn't that qualify it as avant-garde? It opens with a protracted noise that sounds like the yawn of civilization and flips through such assorted watery sounds as dripping, plashing, splashing, splashing and squishing. Then on into frying, tearing, echo-chamber mumbles, the laugh of a mad scientist, kazoo solos, maracas, whistles, high-speed dentist's drills, hand buzzers, \$1.98 wind-'em-up chattering joke teeth and even more sounds that could be the music of life in a fishbowl or

a vicious case of delirium tremens.

If you're stoned enough, insipid and forgettable drek can turn into lucid and beautiful composition horrible with cosmic import. Unheard-of vibrations and emotions seem to build up in the interstices of the components. This same rapport with banality is the key to *Home-grown: Sounds of Rush*.

An amusing album and the perfect way to wake up friends asleep on Secodals, but before you buy the *Sounds of Rush*, consider the sounds of silence.

—Eric Kibble

#### THE LAST RECORD ALBUM, by Little Feat (Warner Brothers BS 2884).



Little Feat is a band steeped in dope lore. Drummer Richard Hayward played "Don't Bogart That Joint" with Fraternity of Man on the Easy

Rider soundtrack, and bandleader Lowell George wrote "Willin'" which extolls the virtues of "weed, whites and wine." And now on their new album, one song delineates "looking for a square deal, a fair deal... down below the borderline." But their attraction lies not in dope lyrics alone.

Little Feat's biting energy is finely harnessed on *The Last Record Album*. Their fifth album takes rock and focuses it like an acetylene to create subtler images. The strong percussion of previous efforts remains, now more delicately laced within a pastiche of guitars and piano.

Lowell George has produced the new release tastefully, but the new Feat have lost some of the compulsive charm of their earlier work. Instead there are points of confusion—however mercifully brief—where continuity is broken.

The influence of George's brief stint with Zappa and the Mothers becomes evident in Little Feat's extended jams. His slide guitar and Paul Barrere's lead guitar alternate command of the jamming, fitting riffs together as tight as a jigsaw, using spacey jazz breaks to highlight the rhythm of bassist Kenny Gradney. Little Feat reflect their diverse roots. On "Day or Night," Bill Payne, working keyboards and Moog, connects the two forces—rock eases into pure jazz organ.

This album shows clearly why Little Feat has its cult following, like the Grateful Dead in the Sixties. —Ace Young



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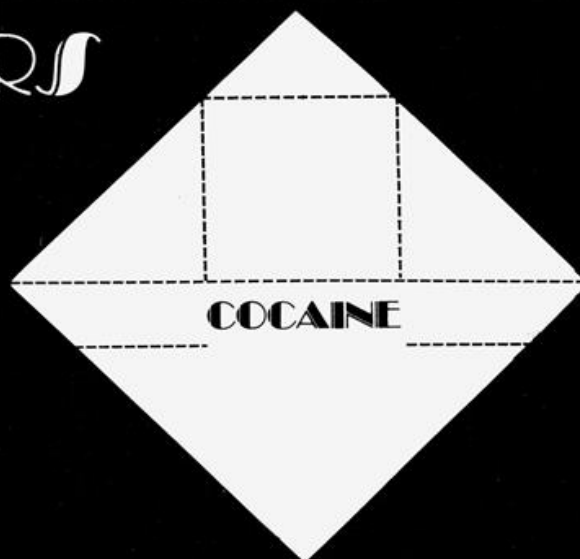


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## Corridors of Blood



How are you fixed for blades? Mad Dr. Horton (Boris Karloff) stays up all nitrous to invent anesthetics in *Corridors of Blood*.

It is a little known fact that Boris Karloff discovered laughing gas—in a fine film called *Corridors of Blood* (1958). In his role as Dr. Bolton, a pioneer anesthesiologist, he flies in the face of early Victorian doctoring 130 years ago, with his primitive nitrous oxide and opium tinctures, only to be chewed up and spat out by the quacks of his day.

Dr. Bolton, who keeps up in his spare time a charitable practice among the luckless beggarfolk of Dickensian London town, is haunted by the terrible agonies that his patients undergo on the operating table, the custom of the day being to slap the gork into place and slice off a leg or arm with a horse-driven buzzsaw and no more anesthetic than a drop of Jameson's Hibernian Usquebaugh, or whatever high-octane palliative the patient's purse allowed. To the average doctor of Bolton's epoch, "the pain and the knife are inseparable," and after this memorable clause is uttered twice or thrice it begins to dawn on Karloff, or Bolton, that he must conquer surgical suffering if he is to go on living with his Dr.-Jekyll-benefactor-of-humanity self-image. Thus, amid the trollops, dwarves and Central Casting cockneys of Seven Dials, the mad doctor secrets himself in his quarters and potters around with a mess of powerful potions. Eventually he synthesizes the perfect martini—an awful brew of ether, chloroform or possibly nitrous oxide, which is only the beginning of this never-to-be-remembered horror film's galloping relevance to your lifestyle system.

Bolton's game plan calls for a lab rat, and he persuades a God-fearing Irish

sailorman to submit to his nitrous with the promise of a firkin or merkin of Foster's nut-brown ale. Alas, Bolton miscalculates the dose, and the tar awakes pre-mortem, screaming hysterically, and runs amok in the spectators' gallery, where he permanently tranquilizes the bloom of English medicine and discredits the Father of Nitrous Oxide forever. Outcast, Bolton regales himself with laudanum (called tincture of opium here, which is nearly right—laudanum is tincture of opium in alcohol). Christopher Lee and Francis De Wolff as grave-robbers Resurrection Joe and Black Ben then make their services available to Dr. Bolton, offering to supply him with a fresh crop of slightly dead murder victims to experiment upon. You can almost see the sawdust leaking out of Karloff's neck as he operates on these pathetic cadavers under the quaint illusion that he has merely put them to sleep with his laughing gas. At last the three come to a bad end, but before the film is over nitrous oxide has been accepted by the medical fascist pig establishment, and Karloff's legacy is a smiling progeny of cleanly abridged martyrs to grapeshot and gout.

At any rate, *Corridors of Blood* is a fine fantasy about the origins of nitrous oxide. The eerie Victorian milieu is a splendid backdrop for Karloff's mad doctor scenes, and the cast of abbreviated post-op paupers are as armless and legless as anyone could wish. And above all, it reminds us that the noble name of science was once associated with more serious projects than showing porn films to a bunch of stoned hippies to see if they could still get hard-ons. —Eric Kibble

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## DOMESTIC

EAST COAST			
Commercial Mexican	green; seedy	oz	\$20-30
		lb	125-250
High-quality Mexican	green sinsemilla; excellent; rare	oz	30-50
		lb	700-1200
Commercial Jamaican	long stringy tops	oz	25-40
		lb	175-325
High-quality Jamaican	small dark tops; good	oz	30-50
		lb	325-500
Commercial Colombian	better quality and quantity	oz	30-45
		lb	325-475
Red Colombian	no red, but some good multicolor extremely rare	oz	35-60
		lb	400-550
Gold Colombian		oz	40-75
		lb	375-550
Hawaiian	exquisitely delicious; primo	oz	150-225
		lb	1500-3000
Thai sticks	scarce	one	20-30
		lb	2100-3100
Colombian hash	decent if fresh	oz	50-100
		lb	600-1200
Red Lebanese hash	fair but tasty	oz	75-125
		lb	1000-1500
Afghani hash	black with white surfboard	oz	100-175
		lb	1500-2000
Honey oil	dark amber; very good	gm	25-40
		oz	450-650
Afghani oil	black; good	gm	25-35
		oz	400-550
Lebanese oil	red; sweet	gm	20-35
		oz	350-475
LSD	all kinds	hit	1.50-3
		100	70-150
714 Quaalude	Rorer stamp	one	2.25-3.50
		100	150-250
Mexican 714s	bootlegs; weaker	one	1-2
		100	75-150
Peyote	good buttons	one	50-1
		1000	500-1000
Cocaine	commercial	gm	50-100
		oz	1000-1300
	good flake and rock	gm	75-125
		oz	1400-2100
	mother of pearl	gm	85-150
		oz	1700-2400

## FLORIDA-GEORGIA

Gainesville green	2nd harvest	oz	15-25
		lb	150-250
Commercial Mexican	better than 1st various	oz	15-25
		lb	100-200
High-quality Mexican	some sinsemilla	oz	40-75
		lb	400-700
Commercial Jamaican	immature; seedy	oz	20-30
		lb	125-250
High-quality Jamaican	fresh sticky buds; good	oz	25-40
		lb	175-325
Commercial Colombian	bricked and loose	oz	20-30
		lb	250-350
High-quality Colombian	pressed red tops; very good	oz	30-50
		lb	275-400
	seedy gold; excellent	oz	30-50
		lb	300-400
Thai sticks	light green; good	one	20-30
		oz	175-225
Afghani hash	black surfboard; good	oz	100-175
		lb	1300-1800
Cocaine	good quality and quantity	gm	50-100
		oz	1100-1700
LSD	blotter	hit	1-2
		100	75-125

## SOUTH

Commercial Mexican	wide variety	oz	15-30
		lb	100-225
Domestic	Tennessee green; good	oz	10-15
		lb	75-150
Commercial Colombian	dry brown tops; fair	oz	25-40
		lb	275-375
High-quality Colombian	sticky red buds	oz	30-50
		lb	350-450
Lebanese hash	sacked with seal; fair to good	oz	90-120
		lb	1100-1600
LSD	blotter and microdot	hit	2-3
		100	75-175
Cocaine	commercial	gm	50-100
		oz	1000-1600

## GREAT LAKES REGION

Commercial Mexican	fluctuating; Ohio bag	oz	15-25
		100gm	40
High-quality Mexican	Oaxacan; very good	oz	35-60
		lb	450-600
Commercial Colombian	various types when available	oz	25-40
		lb	350-450
High-quality Colombian	small dark buds; excellent	oz	45-80
		lb	500-650
Thai sticks	2nd grade	one	20-35
		oz	150-225
Lebanese hash	red; fair	oz	100-125
		lb	1000-1500
Nepalese hash	temple balls; good	oz	110-170
		lb	1200-1700
LSD	all types	hit	1-3
		100	75-150
Mescaline	chocolate cut	hit	2-3
		100	100-200
Honey oil	very good	gm	25-30
		oz	400-550
Cocaine	all qualities	gm	50-125
		oz	1100-2000

## MIDWEST

Domestic	fair to good	oz	10-20
		lb	100-200
Commercial Mexican	supply drying up	oz	15-25
		lb	150-250
High-quality Mexican	assorted types; most good	oz	35-50
		lb	350-450
Commercial Colombian	all types; no bargains	oz	25-40
		lb	325-450
High-quality Colombian	fluctuating supply; good quality	oz	40-60
		lb	450-600
Moroccan hash	green; machine pressed; fair	oz	75-125
		lb	1000-1500
Nepalese hash	fingers; good	oz	125-175
		lb	1300-1800
Lebanese hash	crumbly blonde good	oz	100-150
		lb	1200-1600
Thai sticks	rare	one	25-35
		oz	175-225
LSD	good blotter and microdot	hit	1-3
		100	75-125
Cocaine	average	gm	50-100
		oz	1200-1800
	good rock	gm	60-120
		oz	1500-2200
Quaaludes	supply increasing	one	2-3
		100	75-150

## SOUTHWEST

Commercial Mexican	long green tops; fair	oz	10-20
		lb	100-150
Domestic	Tucson tops the best	oz	10-15
		lb	75-125
High-quality Mexican	Michoacan; very good	oz	25-40
		lb	200-300
Commercial Colombian	mostly Jamaican	oz	25-35
		lb	225-325
High-quality Colombian	lowland multicolor; good	oz	30-50
		lb	400-550
Honey oil	tasty	gm	25-35
		oz	350-500
Thai sticks	dark green	one	25-35
		oz	150-225
Peyote	fresh buttons	one	.25
LSD	brown blotter; good	hit	1.50-3
		100	75-150
Cocaine	steady flow of good blow	gm	50-100
		oz	1400-2000

## WEST COAST

Domestic	grown with exotic seeds; shows good potential	oz	15-25
		lb	150-300
Commercial Mexican	mostly green, some brown; fair smoke	oz	10-20
		lb	125-225
High-quality Mexican	Oaxacan; rich tasting; good	oz	20-30
		lb	175-275
	sinsemilla light green; extremely tasty	oz	40-75
		lb	400-700
Commercial Colombian	pressed brown bricks	oz	30-40
		lb	350-450
High-quality Colombian	Santa Marta gold; very spicy	oz	50-65
		lb	450-600
	some red	oz	40-60
		lb	400-550
Hawaiian	green with red hairs; exquisite	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2500
Thai sticks	pressed green/gold; good	one	15-25
		oz	135-175
	pressed, black; excellent	one	20-30
		oz	175-225
	loose green; fair	one	15-25
		oz	125-175
Honey oil	clear	gm	25-35
		oz	350-475



Isomerized oil	rare	gm	30-40
Afghani hash	black slabs; very good	oz	120-180
		lb	1600-2200
Lebanese hash	red; sacked; fair	oz	75-100
		lb	900-1300
	blonde; surprisingly potent for price	oz	120-160
Cocaine	all qualities	gm	1200-1700
		oz	1300-2100
LSD	available	hit	1-3
	all types; no standouts	100	75-150
Peyote	just picked	one	.25-1

## GREAT NORTHWEST

Commercial Mexican	quality on upswing	oz	15-25
		lb	150-225
High-quality Mexican	high altitude first cuttings; very good	oz	40-65
		lb	500-650
Commercial Colombian	getting fresher and better	oz	25-40
		lb	325-425
High-quality Colombian	rare, but some red and gold	oz	35-60
		lb	425-600
Hawaiian	several strains; all good	oz	175-225
		lb	1300-2100
Honey oil	fine	gm	25-35
		oz	400-500
Lebanese hash	blonde; good	oz	100-150
		lb	1300-1800
Nepalese hash	fingers; fresh and good	oz	100-150
		lb	1400-1900
Thai sticks	light green; small	one	20-30
		oz	140-200
LSD	blotter	hit	2-3
		100	70-100
Cocaine	mostly commercial	gm	60-125
		oz	1200-1800

## ALASKA

Commercial Mexican	better grades available	oz	20-30
		lb	175-250
High-quality Mexican	oaxacan green; good	oz	30-45
		lb	300-450
Commercial Colombian	dry and seedy	oz	25-40
		lb	375-450
High-quality Colombian	very rare	oz	50-75
		lb	500-650
Matanuska	pride of the state; very good	oz	20-40
Thunderfuck	microdot and windowpane	lb	350-550
LSD		hit	2-3
		100	125-200

## HAWAII

Commercial Colombian	average	oz	25-40
		lb	350-450
Kona gold	green buds, red hairs; sweet	oz	75-150
		lb	1200-2000
Puna butter	large pod	oz	135-200
		lb	1500-2200
Maui wowie	good green buds	oz	75-125
		lb	900-1400

## FOREIGN

### AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

Domestic	canal	oz	15-20
		kilo	200-350
Senegalese; Congolese	dark brown	oz	40-60
		kilo	500-1000
Moroccan hash	better qualities available	oz	50-70
		kilo	800-1000
Lebanese hash	blonde and red	oz	40-50
		kilo	850-1000
Pakistani hash		oz	45-55
		kilo	900-1200
Kashmiri hash	dynamite	oz	50-60
		kilo	1100-1300
Hash oil	red	liter	3000
Opium	Burmese	gm	3
		oz	60-70
LSD	Czech; Yugoslavian	hit	2-4
		100	125-200
Cocaine	poor to good	gm	60-120
		oz	1100-2000

### BANGKOK, THAILAND

Lowland grass	good	oz	3-4
		lb	30-50
Thai sticks	all grades, colors	one	.50-.75
		oz	4-5
Burmese opium	Shan	lb	100



## BOGOTA, COLOMBIA

Native grass:			
Santa Marta	top grade	oz	5
gold; red		lb	23
Llanos green	excellent	oz	4
		lb	20
Valley green	very good	oz	4
		lb	20
Domestic hash	crumbly	oz	2.50
Cocaine	excellent;	oz	35
	for exportation	oz	45
Mushrooms	digestible	lb	3
Yage	five portions		8
Mescaline	five portions		8
LSD	windowpane	hit	3
Quaaludes	pharmaceutical	one	.25
Mandrax	pharmaceutical	one	.25

## BOMBAY, INDIA

Afghani hash	water pressed	oz	10-15
		kilo	225-250
Kashmiri hash	mixed with ganja	oz	15-20
		kilo	400
Thai sticks	pastels	one	1-2
		oz	10-15
Kerala grass	very potent	oz	1-1.50
		lb	16-20
Cocaine	some	gm	60-100
		oz	1200-2000
Opium	Burmese	gm	.50
		oz	6-10

## HONG KONG, CHINA

Thai grass	lowland, poorer	oz	50-100
	stick shake	lb	500-950
Thai sticks		one	8-12
		oz	75-150
Mainland	fair to good	oz	10-15
		lb	100-150
Heroin	pure	oz	90-100
		lb	1000

## ISTANBUL, TURKEY

Cannabis indica	fresh	lb	2
Turkish hash	what else	oz	5-7
		lb	70
Antonia hash	black; potent;	oz	8-10
	scarce	lb	100
Opium	domestic	oz	3-5
		lb	60
LSD	hit	hit	7-10
		100	50-70

## JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA

Swasigrass	outstanding	kilo	20-30
Durbanstick	very good	30gms	3-5
Soweto	good	100gms	5
Kalahari Stick	very good	3gms	.40
LSD	blue microdot	hit	6

## KABUL, AFGHANISTAN

Local hash	Kabul green	oz	1.50-2
		kilo	50-75
Water-pressed		oz	1
hash		kilo	30-50
Shirac hash		oz	3-5
		kilo	100-200
Hash oil		liter	600-800
Mazar-i-Sharif	primo; fresh	oz	4-6
		kilo	100-200

## KATMANDU, NEPAL

(same low prices)			
Mustang grass		oz	1
		lb	12
Gurka grass	unbelievably	oz	1.50
	potent	lb	15
Temple balls	poor to good	oz	4-6
		kilo	125-200
Local hash	poor quality	oz	5-7
		kilo	150-250
Mustang hash	poor	oz	9-11
		kilo	150-200
Afghani hash	very rare	oz	25-35
		kilo	400
Gosainkund	very good	oz	15-20
hash		kilo	275
Tantapani hash	red and soft;	oz	12-15
	good quality	kilo	175
Buddha sticks	fingerlike	one	1
		oz	8-10
India opium	tasty	oz	7-8
		kilo	150
Opium	Chinese	oz	10-12
		kilo	250
Hash oil		liter	400-800

## KINGSTON, JAMAICA

Jamaican grass	regular; bush	oz	4-5
		lb	35-40
Lambsbread	scarce; pungent;	oz	20-25
grass	paralyzing	lb	100-150
Cali	fair	oz	4-5
		lb	40-50
Wild bush	fair	oz	1-2
grass		lb	20 or less
Local oil		gm	1-2
		oz	30
Cocaine	no quality	gm	50-150
	available	oz	550-800
Mandrax		one	.80-1
		100	42

## LOGOS, NIGERIA

(dope is decriminalized)			
Regular	Igboo (healthy	3gms	.25
Nigerian	split)	1 lb	3.75-4
	delivered to U.S.	ton	500/lb

## LONDON, ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	average green	oz	60
		lb	625
Lebanese hash	blonde; fair	oz	70
		lb	875
Afghani hash	soft black slabs;	oz	70
	good	lb	875-1000
South African	excellent; resin	oz	55
hash		lb	600
Nepalese hash	temple balls	oz	75-80
		lb	875-1000
Hash oil	black and thick	lb	250
LSD	blotter	hit	2-3
		100	75-100
Cocaine		gm	50-80
Amphetamine		gm	20-25
sulphate			

## MARRAKECH, MOROCCO

Rif Mountain	abundant	oz	6-8
hash		kilo	150
Kif	high altitude	oz	4-5
		kilo	100
Kif	commercial	oz	2-3
		kilo	50
Hash oil	thick	liter	1000

## MAZATLAN, MEXICO

Torreón violet	seedy, psychedelic	oz	3
		lb	30-35
Guadalajara	fair to good	oz	2
green		lb	15-20
Oaxacan buds	green, excellent	oz	4-6
		lb	30 and up
Yucatan gold	very good	oz	3-4
		lb	30-40
Pueblo	mountain grown,	oz	4-6
	connoisseur	lb	40 and up
Culican	regular; good red	oz	1-2
		lb	15-20
Opium	banner year,	gm	1-2
	excellent	oz	40
Mexican brown	impurities	lb	5000
smack			
Cocaine	Peruvian yellow	gm	30-50
	rock	oz	600-1000
		lb	6000-8000
Oaxacan magic	incredible	oz	4-5
mushrooms		lb	30-50

## MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	grown from	oz	15-25
	Vietnamese,	lb	150-250
	Thai seeds		
Nepalese hash	fingers; some	oz	80-90
	temple balls	lb	900-1000
Indian hash	opiated	oz	70-80
		lb	800
Afghani hash	excellent	oz	90-100
		lb	1200
Cocaine	new routes	gm	80-110
		oz	1800-2100
LSD	blotter	100	300-500

## MOSCOW, USSR

Irkutsk hash	good	oz	70-80
		lb	800
Tashkent hash	dark brown	oz	55-60
		lb	600-700
Nepalese hash	not worth the	oz	170-190
	price	lb	2000
Steppe grass	good	oz	40-50
		lb	400-500
Siberian albino	strange;	oz	60-75
grass	debilitating	lb	600-800
Sugar cube LSD	Czech/	hit	8-10
	Yugoslavian made;	100	50-70
	good		

## NAIROBI, KENYA

Congolese	superb	oz	7-10
black grass		lb	75
Kisumu	strong	oz	4
		lb	50
Tasavo	dark brown;	oz	6-7
	powerful	lb	60
Zaire black	excellent	oz	6-8
banji		lb	80
Yohimbine root	stimulant	oz	1
		lb	10-12

## PARIS, FRANCE

Yamba	called Congolese but	oz	30-50
	comes from Senegal	lb	250-500
Colombian	varies greatly	oz	35-70
grass		lb	400-800
Brazilian grass	large green buds;	oz	35-70
	good	lb	400-800
Moroccan hash	(00)	oz	35-45
		lb	400-500
Lebanese hash	red	oz	75-90
		lb	800-1000
Afghani hash		oz	90-110
		lb	1000-1250
Mazar-i-Sharif	hand pressed	oz	80-120
		lb	800-1400
Chitral hash	hand pressed	oz	90-110
		lb	1000-1250
LSD		hit	3
Opium		gm	12
Cocaine	poor to good	gm	75-100
Morphine		gm	75-100

## ROME, ITALY

Colombian	very rare	oz	70-90
grass		100gms	250
Lebanese hash	blonde	oz	100
		100gms	300
Afghani hash	black	oz	100
		100gms	270
Moroccan hash	hand pressed	oz	100
		100gms	260
LSD	blotter	hit	5
		100	350-400
	gray windowpane	hit	4
		100	300-350
Speed		gm	50
		oz	1000
Smack	Thai white	gm	100
		oz	2000
Cocaine		gm	25
		oz	600-800

## TEL AVIV, ISRAEL

Lebanese hash	very good; blonde,	oz	25-40
	red	lb	300-500
Local hash	good	oz	20-30
		lb	250-400
Mandrax	British "quaaludes"	one	3
		100	150-250

## TORONTO, CANADA

Commercial	returning	oz	20-30
Mexican		lb	175-250
High-quality	light gold tops	oz	25-35
Mexican		lb	275-400
Commercial	decent; steady	oz	25-45
Colombian		lb	300-500
Honey oil	sweet	gm	25-35
		oz	450-600
Moroccan hash	standard green slabs	oz	95-115
		lb	1300-1450
Moroccan hash	yellow chunks; avoid	oz	95-115
	at all costs	lb	1300-1500
Afghani hash	black, excellent	oz	120-140
		lb	1550-1750
Thai sticks	scarce	one	18-30
		oz	200-250
LSD	good brown blotter	hit	1-2
		100	50-125
Cocaine	worth resisting	gm	60-90
		oz	1500-2000
MDA	old reliable	hit	5-10

## TOKYO, JAPAN

Fuji grass	green; very good;	oz	20-30
	plentiful		
	gold; excellent;	oz	20-35
	infrequent		
Thai sticks	excellent, plentiful	one	20-25
Cocaine	25-30% pure	gm	10-25
LSD	windowpane; blotter	hit	2-3

*High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.* ☐



# IKHNATON

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## SEE CARD

## Closers



### Up to a Point

When Ikhnaton I built his pyramid at Giza, he said he wished it higher than anything in all of Egypt. Unfortunately (or fortunately) for Ikhnaton's ghost, something higher has invaded the Valley of Kings.

### Let Hertz Put You in a Colombian Dungeon

*High Times* contributor and raconteur of the prison dope scene ("Dope Behind Bars," October/November '75), Chic Eder recently returned from a five-week research visit to Colombia. We asked Chic to give us a preview of his adventure tale. He provided us with this highlight:

"Guajira, the northeast tit of Colombia, has been a smugglers' paradise since the Europeans came and created boundaries. Cops stick to the main roads—and get rich or dead in a hurry. Papillon was safe in Guajira—where he lived with two young Indian women. His desire to return to 'civilization' was what got him back in the slam—first in Santa Marta, then Barranquilla.

"Being addicted to stupidity, I managed to clock both these jails *from the inside*. Papillon's press had done nothing for penal reform. The same incredibly filthy cages still house wall-to-wall human animals scratching away at body lice.

"Firing up a joint on Santa Marta's main drag has a way of attracting sub-machine-gun-toting DAS agents. \$60 U.S. got four gringos cut loose. We overpaid 'cause I was fool enough to be holding a \$60 bank roll.

"The scene in Barranquilla, however, was so surreal as to stretch one's practiced credulity. The manager of Hertz rent-a-car had me kidnapped by the national police and slammed till we paid a \$1,500 ransom. When a shakedown is so beautifully executed that it evokes admiration in the victim, you get some idea of why 'Hertz is Number One.'"

### Rif Kif

This issue's cover heralds our five-page center spectacle of kif harvesting in the Rif Mountains of Morocco, photographed by Pato, who tells us: "I wanted to make a photograph that would say Harvest 1975. I wanted to make a photo-

graph that would speak of the good clean life of the cannabis growers in the mountains—a photograph that would show the abundance, the luck of a successful crop and the innocence of what is, after all, a straight, ancient agricultural enterprise."

The woman in the picture is carrying approximately 30 kilos of freshly harvested kif plants away from the Moroccan fields.

### National Weed

In January the Trans-High Corporation, the publisher of *High Times*, introduced a new newsmagazine, *National WEED*. As devoted to dope as *High Times* is to adventures in consciousness, *National WEED* is an attempt to get into some things that never quite make it into *High Times*: politics, rock, sex and good old-fashioned comix. *WEED*'s editor is John Wilcock—a founder of the *Village Voice*, the *East Village Other*, the *Los Angeles Free Press* and other fine publications, as well as the author of many of Arthur Frommer's \$5-A-Day travel books—and its extra added attractions include underground cartoonists Gilbert Shelton, Spain, Kim Deitch and Bill Griffith, in frankly mind-blowing color that doesn't rub off on your hands.

According to Wilcock, "*National WEED* is sensational, funny, breezy, eclectic and deadly serious about being America's leading newsmagazine—sort of like the *National Enquirer*, *High Times*, *Newsweek* and the *Police Gazette* rolled into one." The first issue, still available for \$1.00 from *National WEED*, Box 687, Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y., 10011, contains the first battlefield reports from the feds' war on Mexican dope growers, a hilarious account of the theft of Jackie Onassis's garbage, an interview with a 14-year-old girl dealer and many other timely stories. Look for *National WEED* wherever fine magazines are sold. ☐



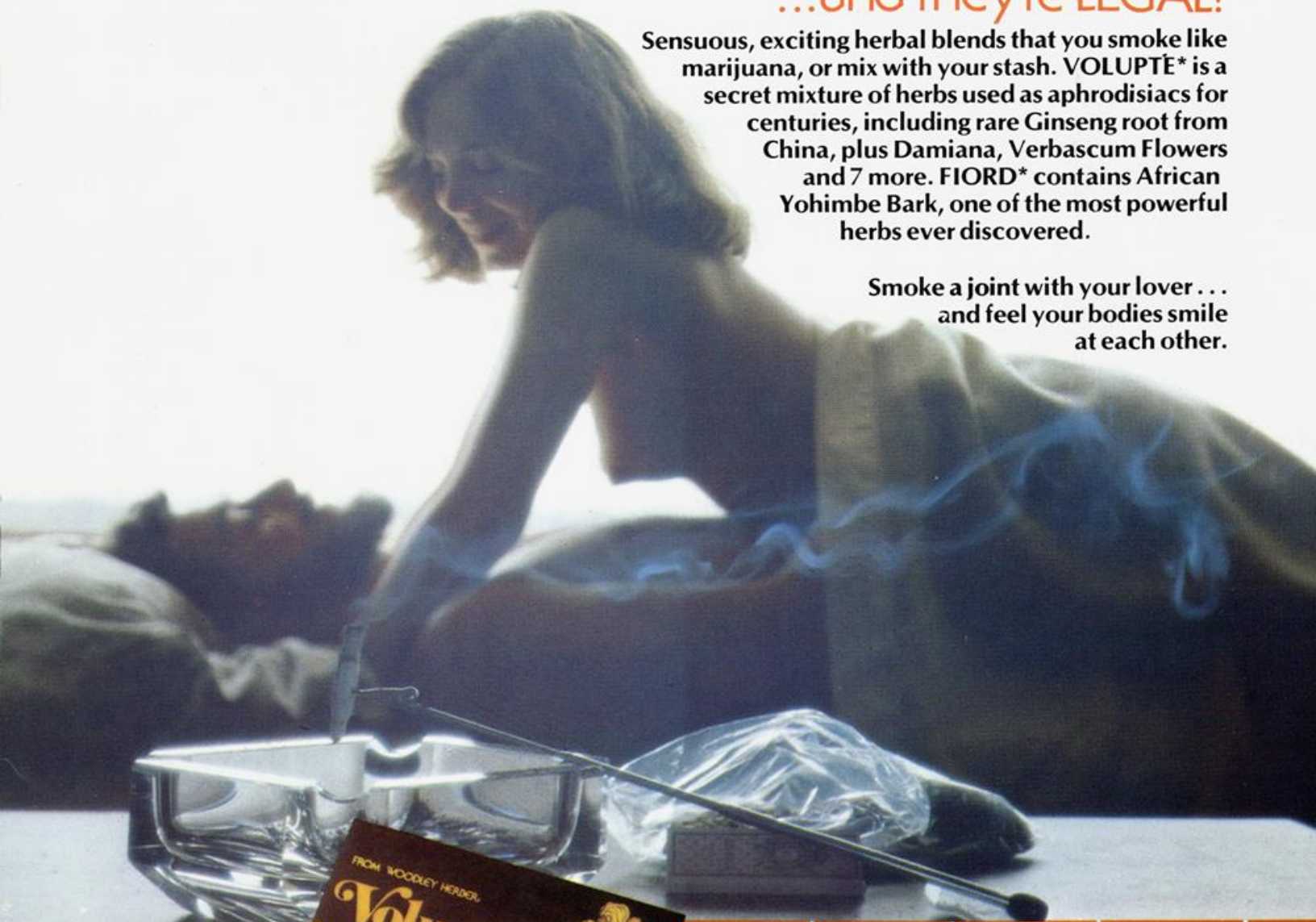
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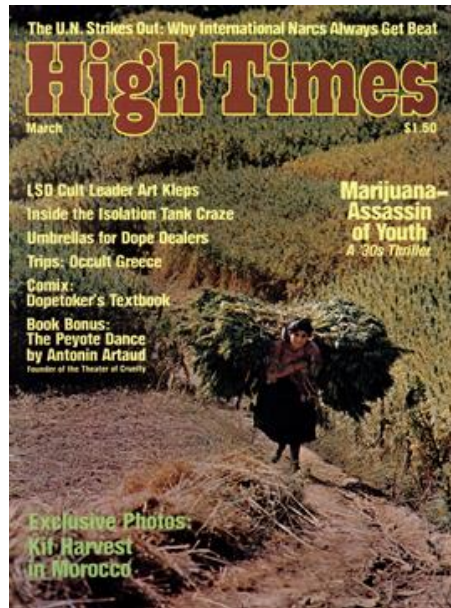
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MARCH 1976



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